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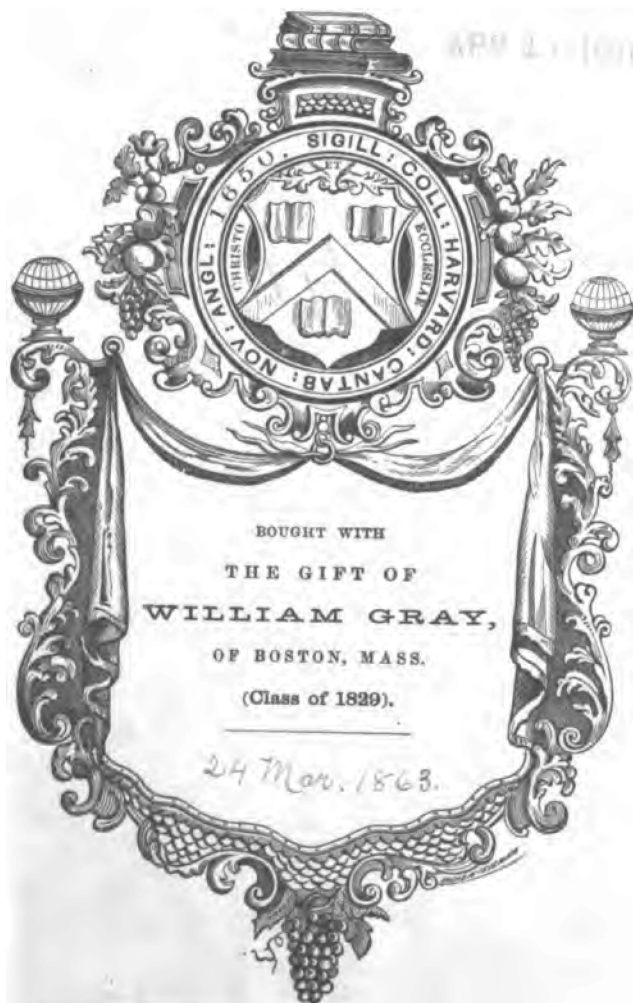
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MIRROR OF OLDEN TIME BORDER LIFE;

EMBRACING A
HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,
OF THE LANDING OF OUR FOREFATHERS AT PLYMOUTH, AND OF THEIR
MOST REMARKABLE ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE INDIANS, IN NEW
ENGLAND, FROM THEIR FIRST LANDING, IN 1620, UNTIL
THE FINAL SUBJUGATION OF THE NATIVES, IN 1673.

ALSO, HISTORY OF VIRGINIA,

EMBRACING ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS OF
CIVILIZATION AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT,
AND A NARRATIVE OF THE LONG CONTINUED AND BLOODY
STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE WHITE SETTLERS AND INDI-
ANS IN NORTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY,
&c., &c., INCLUDING ACCOUNTS OF ALL
THE BATTLES FROM THE BEGIN-
NING TO THE DECISIVE BLOW
BY GEN. WAYNE, AND
CONSEQUENT PEACE.

ALSO,
HISTORY OF THE EARLY
SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA,
PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, AND THE SUBSEQUENT WARFARE
WHICH MARKED THE EFFORTS TO SETTLE THE INTERIOR WITH DE-
VASTATION, BLOOD AND SUFFERING UNTIL THE FINAL
ESTABLISHMENT OF PEACE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF CAPTIVITIES AND ESCAPES—OF STRANGE AND THRILLING ADVENTURES—
PERSONAL PROWESS, &c., &c.

TOGETHER WITH NUMEROUS
SKETCHES OF FRONTIER MEN,
THE REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS AND INCIDENTS IN THEIR CAREER—WITH
NUMEROUS MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES OF DARING DEEDS,
REMARKABLE EVENTS, &c., &c.

As flies the sun over Larmon's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old—it is the voice of years
that are gone—they roll before me with all their deeds—I seize the tales as they pass and pour
them forth.—OSIAN.

My Countrymen,—These things ought not to be forgotten; for the benefit of our *Children*,
and those that follow them, they should be recorded in history.—DR. FRANKLIN.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,
BY J. PRITTS,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

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District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In presenting the present work to the public, but few words of introduction must suffice. The circumstances that called into existence the first edition of "Border Life," and the reasons of its being likely to prove acceptable to the community were fully set forth in the preface to that edition, which is also prefixed to this. The hopes and expectations therein expressed were more than realized, and the compiler has yet to hear a single dissenting voice from the general approbation which the work elicited. So successful did the book prove, that not only was a large edition of it rapidly exhausted, but the compiler found a ready sale for every copy he could procure at second hand. He was obliged to decline numerous solicitations to reprint the work, for various reasons—the principal one being a desire to remodel the compilation by a more methodical arrangement of the narratives. This he trusts has been effected in the present edition, which presents the thrilling incidents of that early period in the settlement of the country more in their natural order of time and place.

The compiler flatters himself that he has in a measure succeeded in his anxious endeavor to rescue from oblivion many of the most remarkable and interesting events in American History. Scattered as these were before in dusty and worn out pamphlets and manuscripts, they were in imminent danger of being totally lost. They are now, it is hoped, placed in a safe repository, by which they will be faithfully transmitted to future generations. The History of Indian warfare is always fraught with scenes of cruelty and bloodshed; and while the reader of these narratives will be often shocked by incidents of horror and suffering, he will be also not unfrequently called, in their perusal, to admire the heroism and constancy of a noble ancestry, and to appreciate better the value of that state of civilized tranquility which he enjoys, by contrasting it with the hardships and privations of those who have gone before him.

THE COMPILER.

PREFACE.

SEVERAL years since, the compiler of this work was in company, in a stage coach, with two gentlemen of the clerical profession, on our way to Philadelphia. In the course of the journey, the conversation happening to turn upon the early history of the region of country through which we were passing, one of our companions was very naturally led to touch upon some of those remarkable and stirring incidents of border life, to which the almost constant state of hostility between the white settlers and aboriginal inhabitants, so abundantly gave rise. The other of our companions—a gentleman distinguished for his piety, learning, and rarely surpassed powers of oratory—became so much interested in the subject of discourse, that he enquired with some earnestness of manner where he should be able to procure a work from which he might become more intimate with the details of those frontier events. To this it was replied, that it was to be regretted that the written history of these times was so very meagre; and that even what little has found a record in the detached and homely narratives of some participators in these frontier adventures, or in the equally unpretending and fragmentary chronicles of other, but contemporary writers of their deeds, had almost passed from the reach of the general reader—books of this kind having become extremely scarce. The result of the conversation was an expression of an increased desire on the part of the clergyman to obtain a particular work devoted to the subject, and of a determination on our part to collect as many of the printed fragments of that part of our country's history as a diligent research might enable us to procure; and from the collection, and such additional resources as might fall within our reach, to compile a volume embracing whatever might seem interesting and suitable to the design and scope of the desired work.—Though years elapsed without putting us in possession of the sought for materials as fully as we wished, we flatter ourselves that we have at length succeeded in bringing together such a collection of narratives, and detail of adventures, as seem sufficiently copious, authentic, and interesting to justify committing them to the press and the judgment of the reading public.

In presenting this work to his countrymen, the compiler feels that he has mistaken the American taste and greatly overrated the value attached to the contents of his book, if it does not meet with a welcome reception. It would be strange, indeed, if at a period when even the most extravagant and frivolous creations of fancy find ready consumption in the perhaps growing appetite for the marvellous and romantic, a narration of exciting scenes, known to be undoubted facts, and presented in the unadorned lan-

guage of truth, should be less acceptable. If the admiration and sympathy of readers can be so strongly enlisted in the heroism and suffering that never existed save in the creative imagination of the novelist, how much more readily and rationally should their sensibilities be touched by the noble daring, the toils and sufferings of the pioneers, seeking, amidst ceaseless peril, to convert a howling wilderness into "a land flowing with milk and honey," and preparing the way for us, their successors and children, to sit down in peace under our own vine and fig-tree, where there are none to make us afraid.

On many accounts, we think our volume must be received with great eagerness. As already intimated, there have been but few books ever offered to the world, whether of real or fictitious adventure, so rich in varied, thrilling, and wonderful incident. From the first sound of their axe on the borders of the wilderness, through all the successive stages of improvement, until the forest was gradually cleared away, and other frontier settlements formed by other but kindred adventurers, to be in their turn the scenes of wild and daring exploits, interposed to shield the first against the predatory incursions of a never-tiring foe, the original settlers of any given portion of the country whose early history it is intended to illustrate, passed through so many strange and exciting events that the unadorned record of the life of any one of these *back-woods-men*, appears far more like an ingenious romance than a sober and veritable biography. We do not purport to give a book made up entirely of the memorials of individual adventurers. For the most part our volume is filled with only the most remarkable incidents occurring in the settlements, of which any account has been preserved. It is much to be regretted that the entire lives of many more of the pioneers of civilization, are not recorded.—A few such, however, are to be found in the following pages.—And we defy any reader of the least pretension to literary taste, to take up any one of these, the *Life of Col. James Smith* for instance, which is contained in our volume, and perusing it as a mere story book, independent of its value as a record of very interesting events, and not pronounce that simple and artless narrative one of the most charming compositions he ever read. It is but recently we heard one of our friends, (alas! now no more,) a gentleman of a remarkably classic turn of mind, and keenly alive to all that is beautiful in literature, exclaim, unconsciously to himself, as he rose from the perusal of it, "The untutored Defoe!" We have often thought since how appropriately the term was applied. We see throughout the whole narrative, told in language always plain and simple as a child's, though in some places, it is true, not quite grammatically correct, the same minute yet not tiresome detail of circumstances, the same descriptive manner of relating events as they appeared to have occurred, which have made *Robinson Crusoe* a favorite with all, from the boy just beginning to read, or the unlettered servant girl half spelling through its pages, up to those most

distinguished for learning and cultivation of taste. But rich in wonderful, yet at the same time apparently natural incident, as this best production of Defoe undoubtedly is, we deem it to be even surpassed in that respect by the humble sketch we have just ventured to compare with it. And what has been said of this article of our volume, might be said also, to a certain extent, of nearly every one that follows. We have referred to it as a specimen merely because of its place, and not because of any great superiority, either in matter or in manner, it possesses over a number of the other articles, except that it is somewhat more complete as a biography. Our whole book throughout abounds with scenes and adventures equally romantic, and many of them are described as artlessly and as well.

Indeed, what almost every one knows generally of the kind of life led by the first settlers in the middle, and some parts of the western States, will serve to convince him that our compilation must be a work of no little interest. Almost every one knows something, yet how indefinite is his knowledge, of the early history of this now flourishing part of the country. He may have some general notion of brave men starting out, with their families, from homes of security, and settling in little groups in the wilderness, erecting their log cabins in their clearings, and a rude stockade fort near the centre of each of these little colonies, to which, at the alarm of an invasion, their wives and children were seen hastily flying—of the whole of one of these little settlements assembled at times of extraordinary danger, and going from farm to farm to plough their fields or to cut down their harvest, their rifles all the time at their sides, or ready to be seized at a moment's warning—of savages lurking in the woods, shooting down whoever ventured to go forth unarmed and alone to his labor, then rushing into the undefended door to kill or to carry into captivity, all the inmates of his dwelling—of desperate conflicts between the white settlers and their savage foes, sometimes one party victorious, and sometimes the other—of fugitive Indians pursued into the heart of the wilderness, and the captives they had carried off, perhaps the wives, children, brothers, or sisters of the pursuers, rescued—of other prisoners, when pursuit was either unsuccessful or not made, sometimes making their escape by the way, then chased by their disappointed captors, and if not again taken, wandering days and nights in the forest, without food or the means of procuring it, and at length reaching their homes, perhaps only to find them desolate; sometimes, less fortunate, bound to the stake, and expiring in tortures; and sometimes carried to the Indian villages, adopted into their families, and becoming learned in their language and traditions, their manners and customs, modes of life and of warfare, and then perhaps after long years of captivity, returning to their friends, and describing all the wonders they had witnessed during a sojourn among a strange and uncivilized people.—But beyond these vague generalities, how few know any thing of the life these settlers led. Yet who that knows aught of that life does not long to

know more? Who that has heard of any such incidents as we have just now enumerated, does not feel a longing desire to hear them described at length, with all their attending circumstances? To gratify such a feeling as this was one object of our compilation. Whether we have succeeded to the satisfaction of our readers it is for them to determine; but for our own part, we repeat, we would not know where to seek, whether in the pages of fiction or of history, a relation of events more romantic, or possessing a more absorbing interest, than many of the narratives we have given to the public.

But it is not merely as a collection of entertaining and wonderful adventure, to be read for a winter evening's amusement, and then to be thrown aside as a thing of little worth, our volume recommends itself to the American reader. It is still more valuable as a faithful chronicle of the times to which it relates. Decidedly the most interesting portions in the history of any part of our country, are those relating first to the period of its early settlement, and secondly to that period commencing with the French and Indian war, and terminating with the struggle of the revolution. But it so happens, that in the greater part of that region of country whose early condition this work is intended to illustrate, these two periods exactly coincide. Partly for this reason, and partly for others we shall presently mention, do we deem that very region of country the scene of more varied and stirring adventure than has been witnessed in almost any other section of the land—the incidents of a frontier settlement, and the incidents of one or the other of the wars referred to, all taking place at the same time. In the character of the aboriginal tribes who disputed with the settlers of this region the occupancy of the lands, and in the features of the country where their contests were had, may be found other causes both to multiply the adventures and to render them remarkable, beyond those of any other of our frontier settlements. The Indians who here resisted the advance of civilization, were certainly the most heroic and warlike race that ever claimed a portion of the territory we now call our own, and they kept up a more prolonged border warfare than was elsewhere witnessed in defence of it. During a great part of this protracted warfare, the white settlements were on the eastern side of the mountains, and the Indian villages on the western; the mountainous district between, while it served as a barrier to the tide of civilization, affording secure hiding places to small war parties of the savages, whence they could wait a favorable opportunity, and make an unexpected descent upon the settlements, and then again sheltering themselves in the fastnesses of the hills until at their leisure they could make good their retreat. And when the intrepid pioneers at length ventured to cross the mountains and establish themselves in the western valley, they were so few in number, and removed so far beyond the reach of any assistance their countrymen might have rendered them, that they were enabled to maintain themselves in their new homes against the formidable attacks of

their far more numerous adversaries, only by engaging in the most desperate conflicts. During such a period, and in such a condition of the frontiers, more remarkable scenes must have been enacted every year, than have been witnessed within the same extent of country, in any half a century since. But, for many reasons, it is of this very period we know the least. The adventurers had too much to do to write their own history.—Indeed the most of them knew far better how to wield the axe or the rifle than the pen. And even of those who live to enjoy, in the evening of their days, the quietness of a safe and peaceful home, and who were skilled enough to record the various adventures of which they had been witnesses or had borne a part, few, it is evident, thought the occurrences of their eventful lives worth the trouble of narrating. Such incidents as to us would appear strange, were to them of every-day occurrence, and perhaps they thought as little of them in many instances as the men of our own day do of the ordinary events of theirs. We suspect, however, that of the few memorials of the times that have been in print, some have been lost.—They may have fallen into the hands of those whose bad taste would lead them to despise the homeliness of the style in which they were written, and to cast them aside among the rubbish of forgotten things. This we know, that it was with great difficulty we were enabled to procure a number of the most interesting narratives in our volume. The copies of them to be found must be extremely scarce. What few remain of these homely, but at the same time valuable and highly entertaining productions, it is one main object of our publication to preserve. It is a duty which we of the present generation owe to the memory of the pioneers of civilization in the region where we dwell, to gather up with religious care whatever records of the times there are left, and, studying them well, to transmit them in as enduring a form as possible to the generations that succeed us. We, the children of these hardy adventurers, and the posterity that comes after us, should know how much we are indebted to them, in order to appreciate as we ought the blessings we enjoy, purchased and secured to us at such an expense of peril, suffering, and toil. How different from ours is the life they led! But where, save in these fragments of history we have endeavored to snatch from oblivion, can we obtain a correct knowledge of their times? If we form an idea of them from a comparison with what at present we may see going on, our impressions must be altogether wrong. There is nothing in the world now that in the least resembles the border scenes of that period.—The frontier adventurers of our own times, differ as much from those of that day, in all their habits and circumstances of life, as the open prairie lands, where the settler now finds his field ready for the plough, differ from the thickly wooded country, where the early pioneer cut his way through the forest to make himself a farm.

From the materials in our hands, we might have attempted a general outline of the history of the period we have undertaken to illustrate; we

might have given a more connected narrative of the frontier events we wished to preserve; and conclude with a general description of border life and border character of the period. Such attempts have been often made. But they are usually wanting in interest; they fail to give any vivid impressions of what they describe; and very frequently they are only calculated to mislead. We have chosen rather to give our *Incidents of Border Life* in detached pieces as we found them. And especially where the adventurers themselves, or those who were their contemporaries, have related the events of their times, we have greatly preferred preserving their own stories in their own homely language. Their deeds are best told in their own words. We have scarcely changed a syllable. This the taste of some may condemn, but in our opinion it is one of the chief merits of the work.—To have altered the style of the witnesses would have greatly marred and weakened their evidence.—To have attempted to improve the pictures they have drawn, would only have destroyed their identity; they would have been no longer, as they now are, perfect representations of border life—scenes of days gone by, fixed, at the time, in enduring colors, by the rude but faithful artists who were witnesses of what they paint with such untutored yet such graphic skill.

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HISTORY

OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—OF THE LANDING OF OUR FOREFATHERS, AT PLYMOUTH, AND OF THEIR MOST REMARKABLE ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND, FROM THEIR FIRST LANDING, IN 1620, UNTIL THE FINAL SUBJUGATION OF THE NATIVES, IN 1679.—By H. TRUMBULL.—1812.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

MANKIND owe the discovery of the Western World to the gold, the silver, the precious stones, the spices, silks, and costly manufactures of the East; and even these incentives were, for a considerable time, insufficient to prompt the undertaking, although the most skillful navigator of the age proffered to risk his life in the attempt.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, who was destined to the high honor of revealing a new hemisphere to Europeans, was by birth a Genoese, who had been early trained to a seafaring life, and, having acquired every branch of knowledge connected with that profession, was no less distinguished by his skill and abilities, than for his intrepid and persevering spirit.—This man, when about forty years of age, had formed the great idea of reaching the East Indies by sailing westward; but, as his fortune was very small, and the attempt required very effectual patronage, desirous that his native country should profit by his success, he laid his plan before the Senate of Genoa, but the scheme appearing chimerical, it was rejected.—He then repaired to the Court of Portugal; and although the Portuguese were at that time distinguished for their commercial spirit, and JOHN II., who then reigned, was a discerning and enterprising prince, yet the prepossessions of the great men in his court, to whom the matter was referred, caused COLUMBUS finally to fail in his attempt there also. He next applied to FERDINAND and ISABELLA, King and Queen of Arragon and Castile, and at the same time sent his brother BARTHOLOMEW (who followed the same profession, and who was well qualified to fill the immediate place under such a leader) to England, to lay the proposal before HENRY VII., which, likewise, very fortunately for the future well-being of the country, met with no success.—Many were the years which CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS spent in ineffectual attendance

at the Castillian court; the impoverished state into which the finances of the united kingdoms were reduced, the war with Granada, repressing every disposition to attempt great designs; but the war being at length terminated, the powerful mind of ISABELLA broke through all obstacles; she declared herself the patroness of COLUMBUS, whilst her husband, FERDINAND, declining to partake as an adventurer in the voyage, only gave it the sanction of his name. Thus did the superior genius of a *woman* effect the discovery of one-half the Globe!

The ships sent on this important search were only three in number, two of them very small: they had ninety men on board. Although the expense of the expedition had long remained the sole obstacle to its being undertaken, yet, when every thing was provided, the cost did not amount to more than \$17,760, and there were twelve months provisions put on board.

COLUMBUS set sail from port Palos, in the province of Andalusia, on the 3d of August, 1492: he proceeded to the Canary Islands, and from thence directed his course due W. in the latitude of about 28 N.—In this course he continued for two months, without falling in with any land, which caused such a spirit of discontent and mutiny to arise as the superior address and management of the commander became unequal to suppress, although for these qualities he was eminently distinguished.—He was at length reduced to the necessity of entering into a solemn engagement to abandon the enterprise and return home, if land did not appear in three days.—Probably he would not have been able to retain his people so long from acts of violence and outrage, in pursuing so untried and dreary a course, had they not been sensible that their safety in returning home depended very much on his skill, as a navigator, in conducting the vessel.

At length the appearance of land changed their despondency to the most exulting rapture.—It was an island abounding with inhabitants, both sexes of which were quite naked; their manners kind, gentle, and unsuspecting.—Columbus named it San Salvador: it is one of the clusters which bears the general name of Bahamia; it was only 30° lat. to the S. of the Island of Gomora, one of the Canaries, from whence he took his departure. This navigator was still so confirmed in the opinion which he had formed before he undertook the voyage, that he believed himself then to be on an island which was adjacent to the Indies.—Proceeding to the S. he saw three other islands, which he named St. Mary of the Conception, Ferdinand and Isabella.—At length he arrived at a very large island, and as he had taken seven of the natives of San Salvador on board, he learned from them it was called Cuba, but he gave it the name of Juanna.—He next proceeded to an island which he called Espagnola, in honor of the kingdom by which he was employed, and it still bears the name of Hispaniola.—Here he built a fort and formed a small settlement; he then returned home, having on board some of the natives, whom he had taken from the different islands: steering a more southern course, he fell in with some of the Carribee islands, and arrived at

the Port of Palos on the 15th of March, 1493; having been seven months and eleven days on this most important voyage.

On his arrival letters patent were issued by the King and Queen, confirming to COLUMBUS and to his heirs all the privileges contained in a capitulation which had been executed before his departure, and his family was ennobled.

Not only the Spaniards, but the other nations of Europe, seem to have adopted the opinion of COLUMBUS, in considering the countries which he had discovered as a part of India—whence FERDINAND and ISABELLA gave them the name "Indies" in the ratification of their former agreement with COLUMBUS.—Even after the error was detected, the name was retained, and the appellation of "West Indies" is now given by all Europe to this country, and that of Indians to the inhabitants.

Nothing could possibly tend more effectually to rouse every active principle of human nature, than the discoveries which COLUMBUS had made; no time was therefore lost, nor expense spared, in preparing a fleet of ships, with which this great man should revisit the countries he had made known.—Seventeen ships were got ready in six months, and fifteen hundred persons embarked on board them, among whom were many of noble families, and who had filled honorable stations.—These engaged in the enterprise from the expectation that the new discovered country was either the Cipango of Marco Paulo, or the Ophir from which SOLOMON obtained his gold and precious merchandize. FERDINAND, now desirous of securing what he had before been unwilling to venture for the obtaining, applied to the Pope to be invested with a right in these new discovered countries, as well as to all future discoveries in that direction; but as it was necessary that there should be some favor of religion in the business, he founded his plea on a desire of converting the savage natives to the Romish faith, which plan had its desired effect.

ALEXANDER VI., who then filled the papal chair, being a native of Arragon, and desirous of conciliating the favor of FERDINAND, for the purpose of aggrandizing his family, he readily granted a request, which, at no expense or risk, tended to extend the consequence and authority of the papacy: he therefore bestowed on FERDINAND and ISABELLA, "all the countries inhabited by infidels, which they had discovered." But as it was necessary to prevent this grant from interfering with one not long before made to the crown of Portugal, he appointed that a line supposed to be drawn from pole to pole, one hundred miles to the westward of the Azores, should serve as a limit between them; and in the plenitude of his power, conferred all to the East of this imaginary line upon the Portuguese, and all to the West of it upon the Spaniards.

COLUMBUS set sail on his voyage from the port of Cadiz, on the 25th of September, 1493; when he arrived at St. Espagniola, he had the affliction to find that all the Spaniards whom he had left there, amounting to thirty-six in number, had been put to death by the natives, in revenge for the insults and outrages which they had

committed. After having traced out the plan of a town in a large plain, near a spacious bay, and given it the name of ISABELLA, in honor of his patroness, the queen of Castile, and appointed his brother, DON DIEGO, to preside as Deputy Governor in his absence, COLUMBUS, on the 24th of April, 1494, sailed with one ship and two small barks, to make further discoveries in those seas. In this voyage he was employed five months, and fell in with many small islands on the coast of Cuba, but with none of any importance except the Island of Jamaica.

Soon after his return to Hispaniola, he resolved to make war with the Indians, who, according to the Spanish historians, amounted to 100,000 men; these, having experienced every lawless act of violence from their invaders, were rendered extremely inveterate, and thirsted for revenge, a disposition which appears to have been foreign from their natures. Having collected his full force, he attacked them by night, whilst they were assembled on a wide plain, and obtained a most decisive victory, without the loss of one man on his part.— Beside the effect of cannon and fire arms, the noise of which was appalling, and their effect against a numerous body of Indians, closely drawn together, in the highest degree destructive, COLUMBUS had brought over with him a small body of cavalry. The Indians, who had never before seen such a creature, imagined the Spanish horses to be rational beings, and that each with its rider formed but one animal; they were astonished at their speed, and considered their impetuosity and strength as irresistible. In this onset they had, beside, another formidable enemy to terrify and destroy them: a great number of the largest and fiercest species of dogs which were then bred in Europe, had been brought hither, which, being set on the Indians, they, without attempting resistance, fled with all the speed which terror could excite. Numbers were slain, and more made prisoners, who were immediately consigned to slavery.

The character of COLUMBUS stands very high in the estimation of mankind; he is venerated not only as a man possessing superior fortitude, and such a steady perseverance, as no impediments, dangers, or sufferings could shake, but as equally distinguished for piety and virtue. His second son, FERDINAND, who wrote the life of his father, apologises for this severity towards the natives, on account of the distressed state into which the colony was brought: the change of climate, and the indispensable labors which were required of men unaccustomed to any exertions, had swept away great numbers of the new settlers, and the survivors were declining daily, whilst such was the irreconcilable enmity of the natives, that the most kind and circumspect conduct on the part of the Spaniards, would not have been effectual to regain their good will. This apology seems to have been generally admitted, for all modern writers have bestowed upon the discoverer of the new world the warmest commendations, unmixed with censure. It is an unpleasant task to derogate from exalted merit, and to impute a deliberate plan of cruelty and extirpation to a man revered for moral worth: but, although a pert affectation of novel opin-

ions could only originate in weak minds, and can be countenanced only by such, yet a free and unreserved scrutiny of facts, can alone separate truth from error, and apportion the just and intrinsic degree of merit belonging to any character.—That COLUMBUS had formed the design of waging offensive war against the Indians, and reducing them to slavery, before he entered upon his second voyage, and, consequently, before he was apprised of the destruction of the people which he had left upon the island of Hispaniola, may be inferred from his proceeding, himself, with such a number of fierce and powerful dogs.

Having found the natives peaceable and well-disposed, he had no reason to apprehend that they would commence unprovoked hostilities; the cavalry which he took over, whilst it tended to impress those people with the deepest awe and veneration, was fully sufficient for the security of the new colony, if the friendship of the natives had been sincerely meant to be cultivated by a kind and equitable deportment; but to treat them as a free people, was inconsistent with the views which led to planting a colony; for, as the grand incentive to undertake the distant voyages was the hope of acquiring gold, so as COLUMBUS had seen some worn as ornaments by the natives, and had been informed that the mountainous parts of the country yielded that precious metal, he had excited expectations in his employers, and in the nation at large, which both his interest and ambition compelled him, as far as possible, to realise: the Spaniards could not obtain gold without the assistance of the natives, and these were so constitutionally indolent that no allurements of presents or gratifications could excite them to labor. To rescue himself, therefore, from disgrace, and to secure further support, he seems deliberately to have devoted a harmless race of men to slaughter and slavery. Such as survived the massacre of that dreadful day, and preserved their freedom, fled into the mountains and inaccessible parts of the island, which not yielding them sufficient means of subsistence, they were compelled to obtain a portion of food from their cruel pursuers, by procuring gold dust, in order to support life; a tribute being imposed upon them which was rigorously exacted. These wretched remains of a free people, thus driven from fruitfulness and amenity; compelled to labor for the support of life; a prey to despondency, which the recollection of their former happiness sharpened, and which their hopeless situation rendered unsupportable, died in great numbers—the innocent, but unrevenged victims of European avarice. Such are the facts which have ever been admitted, yet, strange contradiction!—COLUMBUS is celebrated for his humanity and goodness! but should he not rather be considered as a most consummate dissembler—professing moderation whilst he meditated subversion, and like most of the heroes and conquerors whom history records, renouncing every principle of justice and humanity when they stopped the career of his ambition!—FERDINAND COLUMBUS, his son, and biographer, has, with great address, covered the shame of his father, whilst the admiring world has been little disposed to censure a man, the splendor of whose actions so powerfully fascinates and dazzles.

CHAPTER II.

LANDING OF OUR FOREFATHERS AT PLYMOUTH.

THE English, conducted by JOHN CABOT, in the year 1497, found the way to North America soon after COLUMBUS had successfully crossed the Atlantic; but, as the torrents in that country brought down no gold, and the Indians were not bedecked with any costly ornaments, no attempts were made to explore the country for near a century after its discovery. Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, who traversed the whole circumference of the globe in one voyage, and in one ship, which had never been achieved before, when afterward annoying the Spaniards in the West Indies, and on the Maine, gained some knowledge of the eastern shore of the northern continent, as he had before of the western parts about the same parallel. Sir WALTER RALEIGH, however, was the first navigator who explored the coast, bestowed on it a name, and attempted to settle a colony.

At that time colonization made no part of the system of government, so that there were few stimulants to abandon a native soil for the purpose of seeking possessions in another hemisphere. At length a powerful incentive arose, stronger than the influence of kings, than the love of ease, than the dread of misery.—*Religion*, which had long been converted into the most powerful engine which human subtlety ever made use of to subjugate the mass of mankind, no sooner ceased to be so perverted, than by its own proper force it compelled large bodies of people to renounce every present enjoyment, the instinctive love of a native soil, rooted habits, and dearest connexions, and to settle in the dreary wilds of a far distant continent.

When England, by a very singular concurrence of circumstances, threw off the papal yoke, state policy so predominated in the measure, that the consciences of men were still required to bend to the discipline, conform to the ceremonials, and assent to the doctrines which the governing powers established. Although a dissent from the Church of Rome was considered as meritorious, yet a dissent from the Church of England was held to be heretical, and an offence to be punished by the civil magistrate. The human mind, somewhat awakened from a long suspension of its powers by a *Wickliffe*, further enlightened by an *Erasmus* and *Melancthon*, and at length called forth into energy by the collision of those two ardent and daring spirits, LUTHER and CALVIN, then began to bend all its attention to religious enquiries; and exercised all its powers in such pursuits. Hence arose a vast diversity of opinions, which gave rise to numerous sects and denominations of Christians, but as the protestant establishment in England, held it essential to preserve a unity of faith, those novel opinions obtained no more quarter there than under papal power.

In the year 1610, a company of the persecuted religionists, composing the church of a Mr. ROBINSON, having previously determined to remove to a country where they might be enabled to worship God agreeable to the dictates of their consciences, emigrated to Holland, and settled in the city of Leyden, where they continued to reside until the year 1620. Although the ecclesiastical laws of Holland did not at this time sanction or condemn the principles of any particular sect of christians, yet great were the disadvantages under which the emigrants labored; for, notwithstanding the Dutch gave them a welcome reception, and manifested a disposition to treat them with great respect, they never could be prevailed upon by the former to conform to their mode of worship, or to renounce principles which the English conceived destructive to moral society; nor did the emigrants here succeed in other respects agreeable to their views—so far from increasing their little flock, they found, that in the course of ten years, they had experienced a diminution of more than one-half their original number; many, in consequence of the impoverished state of the country, had spent their estates and returned to England. Hence it was that the remaining few formed the determination of attempting once more to seek a country better adapted to their pious purposes, and such as would promise a more fruitful abode to their offspring. By some the unexplored parts of America was proposed; and, after a day set apart for solemn humiliation and praise to ALMIGHTY GOD, it was resolved that a part of the church should first emigrate to America, and if there meeting with a favorable reception, should prepare an abode for the remainder.

They easily obtained a royal grant of a very extensive tract of land, (now called New England,) whither they intended to repair, not to amass wealth, or to exterminate the inhabitants, but to subsist by industry, to purchase security by honorable intercourse with the natives, and to acquire strength under the auspices of freedom.

They made a purchase of two small ships, and on the 5th August, 1620, having repaired to Plymouth, (Eng.,) for the purpose, were in readiness to embark; previous to which they were very affectionately addressed by their pious pastor, DR. ROBINSON, who, in fervent prayer, commended them to the holy keeping of HIM, who rules the destinies of all men.

At 11 A. M., with a fair wind, they set sail, and bid adieu, forever, to their native country. Nothing material occurred to obstruct their passage until the 20th, when they experienced a tremendous gale, which threatened them with instant destruction!—for three days successively they were tossed about at the mercy of the waves—the ships were, however, enabled to keep company until the storm had somewhat abated, when those on board one of them, conceiving their vessel no longer seaworthy, abandoned her, and were received on board the other.

On the 10th November, they, to their inexpressible joy, discovered land, which proved to be that of Cape Cod, where they, with much difficulty the day following, succeeded in landing; as soon as on shore

they fell upon their knees and returned thanks to the Almighty for enabling them to reach in safety their place of destination. But, although they had thus far succeeded in their views; although they had been enabled to flee from persecution; to cross a wide and boisterous ocean, what was their situation now!—sojourners in a foreign land!—traversing the broken and unwrought shores of a wild and unexplored country!—they found here no friends to welcome them, or house to shelter them from the inclemency of an approaching winter!—on one side they beheld nought but a hideous and desolate wilderness, the habitation of wild and ferocious animals, and probably the abode of a race of beings not less wild and unmerciful!—on the other, the briny ocean foaming, and with tremendous roar dashing against the huge and projecting rocks, which, as far as the eye could perceive, marked the sea-beaten shores!

After succeeding, with much difficulty, in discovering a harbor in which their ships could ride with safety, they made choice of ten of the most resolute of their number to explore the adjacent country, and discover, if possible, a more convenient place for their future abode; who, on the morning of the 16th, provided with a musket each, set out for this purpose. They had not penetrated the woods above three miles when they discovered five of the natives, which were the first seen by them since their arrival; they were clothed with the skins of animals, and armed with bows and arrows; the English, with signs of friendship, made toward them, but were no sooner discovered by the savages, than they, with a terrible yell, fled with the greatest precipitancy: night approaching, the English erected a small temporary encampment, and, after placing their sentinels, retired to rest. Early the ensuing morning, they continued their journey, following for a considerable distance the tracks of the five Indians above mentioned, in hopes thereby to discover their habitations, and obtain therefrom a fresh supply of provision, of which they were much in want; but in this they did not fully succeed. At about noon they arrived at an extensive plat of clear ground, near which they discovered a pond of fresh water, and several small hillocks of raised earth, which they conjectured to be the graves of the Indians—proceeding a little further west they discovered a large quantity of stubble, which they imagined to be some kind of Indian grain peculiar to the country; they also discovered a spot where they suspected an Indian hut had recently stood, as they found near by some planks, curiously wrought, and a small earthen pot; proceeding still farther, they discovered a number more of the little hillocks of broken ground, as above described, and which they now began to suspect to be the place of deposit of something more than the dead!—Curiosity leading them to examine more closely one of these, what they had before supposed to be Indian sepulchres, they, to their great surprise, found to contain a large quantity of the Indian grain (corn) above mentioned!—it was still in the ear, and excited, to no small degree, the curiosity of the English, as they had never before seen any thing of the kind. By a few of the company the discovery was

deemed of importance; but by others, who had attempted to eat of the corn in its raw state, it was pronounced indifferent food—of little value! They, however, concluded it best to return and make known the discovery to their brethren.

Having succeeded, with some difficulty, in reaching the place from which they started, they were met by those whom they had left behind, with the most unspeakable joy and satisfaction, to whom they exhibited a specimen of the grain which they had found, and recommended the spot from which it was procured, as the most convenient and suitable at which to abide through the approaching winter. The company accordingly, on the 25th, proceeded for, and in safety reached the place above mentioned, with which, being so much pleased, they termed *New Plymouth*, in remembrance of the port at which they last embarked in Europe. Here they concluded to abide until such time as further discoveries could be made—they erected a few temporary huts, sufficient to shelter them from the weather, and soon after, by mutual consent, entered into a solemn combination, as a body politic, and, on the 10th December, assembled to form for themselves such a government and laws as they should deem the most just and equitable; previous to which, the following instrument was drawn up, which being first read and assented to by the company, received their signatures—to wit:

“In the name of God, Amen!—We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, King JAMES, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and defender of the faith, &c., having undertaken for the glory of God, advancement of the christian faith, and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the north parts of America, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our own convenience and the preservation and support of the ends aforesaid: and, by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony—unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, at New Plymouth, on the 10th day of December, A. D., 1620.

JOHN CARVER,
WILLIAM BREWSTER,
JOSEPH FLETCHER,
CHRISTOPHER MARTIN,
JOHN HOWLAND,
THOMAS WILLIAMS,
PETER BROWN,
FRANCIS EATON,
JOHN BILLINGTON,
EDWARD TILLEY,
THOMAS TINKER,
RICHARD CLARKE,

WILLIAM BRADFORD,
ISAAC ALLERTON,
JOHN GOODMAN,
WILLIAM WHITE,
STEPHEN HOPKINS,
GILBERT WINSLOW,
JOHN ALDEN,
JAMES CHILTON,
GEORGE SOULE,
JOHN TILLEY,
JOHN RIDGALL,
RICHARD GARDINER,

EDWARD WINSLOW,
MILES STANDISH,
SAMUEL FULLER,
RICHARD WARREN,
DIDGERY PRIEST,
EDMUND MORGESON,
JOHN TURNER,
JOHN CRAXTON,
RICHARD BITTERIDGE,
THOMAS ROGERS,
EDWARD FULLER,
JOHN ALLERTON,

THOMAS ENGLISH,

EDWARD LIESTER.”

The company next proceeded, by ballot, to the choice of a Governor, and, on counting the votes, it appeared that JOHN CARVER had the greatest number, and was declared chosen for one year.

On the 19th December, Mrs. SUSANNAH WHITE, wife of WIL-

LIAM WHITE. was delivered of a son, which was *the first born of the English in New England.*

On the 21st it was agreed by the company to despatch a second exploring party, by water, to make, if possible, further discoveries.—The persons selected for this purpose were Governor Carver, Messrs. Bradford, Winslow, Standish, Howland, Warren, Hopkins, Allerton, Tilley, Clarke, Tinker, Turner and Brown; they embarked at 10 A. M., with a view of circumnavigating the bay of Cape Cod. On the morning of the 23d they discovered a large party of the natives on shore, who were employed in cutting up a fish resembling a grampus; by order of Governor Carver, the English made for the shore, but were no sooner discovered by the Indians, than they, with a yell peculiar to savages, deserted their fish and fled with precipitancy! The English landed and took possession of the fish, which, having enkindled a fire, they cooked and found to be excellent food; they concluded to continue encamped here through the night, and while employed (a few rods from their boat, in which their arms were deposited) in erecting a temporary dwelling for the purpose, they were suddenly attacked by a large party of the natives, who discharged a shower of arrows among them! The English, nearly panic struck at so sudden and unexpected an onset, were on the eve of retreating to their boat, when they were reminded by their Governor (a brave and experienced man) of the importance of facing the enemy, and maintaining their ground, as a precipitate flight might prove their total destruction.—In the mean time two or three of the company were despatched for their arms, which having obtained, the whole were ordered to form a close body and proceed with moderate pace for the boat, and if hard pushed by the natives, to face about and give them the contents of their muskets. The Indians perceiving the English retiring, rushed from their strong coverts, and were on the point of attacking them in the rear with clubs, hatchets, stones, &c., when they received the fire of the latter, which brought three or four of them to the ground; the Indians halted, viewed for a few moments with marks of astonishment and surprise, their wounded brethren, and then, with one general united yell, (which probably might have been heard at the distance of two miles,) fled in every direction! *This was the first engagement between the English and natives in New England, and probably the first time that the latter had ever heard the report of a musket!*

The English embarked and returned immediately to New Plymouth, having been absent four days without making any important discoveries. The company, despairing of making any further discovery of importance during the winter, concluded to remain at their winter quarters until the spring ensuing. The winter proved an uncommonly tedious one, during which a great proportion of the company sickened and died—unaccustomed to hardship, and deprived of many of the necessaries of life, they fell victims to the inclemency of the season. Being thus reduced to a very small number, they would have fallen an easy prey to the savages, had the latter (relying

on the superiority of their strength) attacked them; but the natives having, by bitter experience, learned the effects of their fire arms, although they were daily seen by the English at a distance, not one of them could be prevailed upon to approach them within gun shot, until about the 20th March, 1621, when to their great surprise, an Indian came boldly up to them and addressed them in broken English! He informed them that he belonged to an eastern part of the country, and was acquainted with a number of their countrymen, who came frequently there to procure fish, and of whom he learned to speak their language.

This Indian proved very serviceable to the company, in supplying them with provision, in acquainting them with the state of the country, the number and strength of the natives, and the name of their chief sachem, to whom he said the land which they improved belonged. The Indian being dismissed with many presents and friendly assurances, he, the day following, returned, accompanied by the grand sachem (MASSASOJET) and a number of his chief men, to whom the English gave a welcome reception, presenting them with many trinkets which the natives esteemed of great value. With Massasoiet a treaty was proposed and concluded the day following, in which it was stipulated that the English and natives were to live amicably together, and that the latter were to furnish the former with provision, and to receive in pay therefor such articles as the former were willing to part with—to which terms both parties continued ever after faithfully to adhere.

In May, 1621, the English *planted their first corn in New England*. In July, following, their worthy Governor sickened and died: his death was greatly lamented by those of the company who survived him, and by whom he was interred with all possible solemnity; his loving consort survived him but a few weeks. In August the company made choice of WILLIAM BRADFORD, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Gov. Carver.

New England, from this period, began to be rapidly peopled by the Europeans; so great was the emigration from the mother country that, in less than six years from the time that the first adventurers landed at New Plymouth, there were seven considerable towns built and settled in Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies.

In the summer of 1627, Mr. ENDICOT, one of the original planters, was sent over to begin a plantation at Naumkeag (now Salem); the June following about two hundred persons, furnished with four ministers, came over and joined Mr. Endicot's colony; and the next year they formed themselves into a regular church. This was the first church gathered in Massachusetts, and the second in New England. The church at Plymouth had been gathered eight years before. In 1629, a large embarkation was projected by the company in England, at the request of a number of respectable gentlemen, most of whom afterwards came to New-England; the general consent of the company was obtained that the government should be transferred and settled in Massachusetts.

In 1630, seventeen ships, from different ports in England, arrived in Massachusetts, with more than 1500 passengers, among whom were many persons of distinction. Incredible were the hardships they endured—reduced to a scanty pittance of provisions, and that of a kind to which they had not been accustomed, and destitute of necessary accommodations, numbers sickened and died; so that before the end of the year, they had lost two hundred of their number. About this time settlements were made at Charlestown, Boston, Dorchester, Cambridge, Roxbury and Medford.

In the year 1632 and 1633, great additions were made to the colony. Such was the rage for emigration to New England, that the King and Council thought fit to issue an order, February 7, 1633, to prevent it. The order, however, was not strictly obeyed.

In 1635, the foundation of a new colony was laid in Connecticut, adjoining the river which passes through the state; of this river, and the country adjacent, Lord SAY and Lord BROOK were the proprietors.—At the mouth of said river, a fort, by their direction was built, which, in honor to them, was called Saybrook Fort. New Haven was settled soon after the building of this fort, as was a number of other towns of considerable note in Connecticut. Some difficulty arising among those who first settled at New Plymouth, a part of the inhabitants, to prevent any serious consequences, removed to a pleasant and fertile island to the S. W. of Cape Cod, now called Rhode Island, while others settled at Providence, Warwick, Taunton, &c.—Thus it was, that in the course of a very few years, a great part of *New England*, which so late was an uncultivated forest, resounding with the yells of savages, and beasts of prey, became the place of abode of our persecuted forefathers.

But, this newly settled country was not to be acquired without bloodshed; the natives, although they at first appeared harmless and well disposed toward the new settlers, from the rapid increase and too frequent aggressions of the latter, the jealousy of the former was excited, which they soon began more openly to manifest as will appear by what follows.

CHAPTER. III.

HOSTILITIES WITH THE NATIVES.

THERE was a tribe of Indians which inhabited the borders of Connecticut river, from its mouth to within a few miles of Hartford, called *Pequots*, a fierce, cruel, and warlike tribe, and the inveterate enemies of the English; never failing to improve every opportunity to exercise toward them the most wanton acts of barbarity. In June, 1634, they treacherously murdered a Capt. Stone and a Capt. Norton, who had been long in the habit of visiting them occasionally to trade. In August, 1635, they inhumanly murdered a Mr. Weeks and his whole family, consisting of a wife and six children, and soon after murdered the wife and children of a Mr. Williams, residing near Hartford. Finding, however, that by their unprovoked acts of barbarity, they had enkindled the resentment of the English, who, aroused to a sense of their danger, were making preparations to exterminate this cruel tribe, the Pequots despatched messengers with gifts to the governor of the new colonies—the Hon. Josiah Winslow; he being, however, inflexible in his determination to revenge the deaths of his friends, dismissed these messengers without an answer. The Pequots finding the English resolute and determined, and fearing the consequence of their resentment, they, the second time, despatched messengers with a large quantity of *wampum*, (Indian money,) as a present to the governor and council, with whom the latter had a considerable conference, and at length concluded a peace on the following terms:—

ARTICLES.

I. The Pequots shall deliver up to the English those of their tribe that are guilty of the deaths of their countrymen.

II. The Pequots shall relinquish to the English all their right and title to the lands lying within the colony of Connecticut.

III. The English, if disposed to trade with the Pequots, shall be treated as friends.

To these articles the Pequots readily agreed and promised faithfully to adhere, and at the same time expressed a desire to make peace with the Narraganset Indians, with whom they were then at war.

Soon after the conclusion of peace with the Pequots, the English, to put their fair promises to the test, sent a small boat into the river, on the borders of which they resided, with the pretence of trade; but so great was the treachery of the natives, that after succeeding, by fair promises, in enticing the crew of said boat on shore, they were by them inhumanly murdered.

The Pequots despairing of again deceiving the English in the manner they had lately done, now threw off the mask of friendship, and avowing themselves the natural enemies of the English, commenced open hostilities against them, barbarously murdering all that were so

unfortunate as to fall into their hands. A few families were at this time settled at or near Weathersfield, (Conn.) the whole of whom were carried away captives by them; two girls, the daughters of a Mr. Gibbons, of Hartford, were, in the most brutal manner, put to death; after gashing their flesh with their knives, the Indians filled their wounds with hot embers, in the meantime mimicking their dying groans.

The Pequots, encouraged by the trifling resistance made by the English to their wanton acts of barbarity, on the 20th June, 1636, besieged Fort Saybrook, in which there were about twenty men stationed; the Indians were to the number of about one hundred and fifty; they surrounded and furiously attacked the fort at midnight, horribly yelling and mimicking the dying groans of such as had fallen victims to their barbarity; but the English, being fortunately provided with a piece of cannon or two, caused their savage enemies to groan in reality, who, after receiving two or three deadly fires from the besieged, retreated, leaving behind them dead, or mortally wounded, about twenty of their number; the English sustained no loss in the attack.

The Governor and Council of Massachusetts colony, alarmed at the bold and daring conduct of the Pequots, on the 20th August, despatched Capt. Endicot, of Salem, with ninety men, to avenge the murders committed by them, unless they should consent to deliver up the murderers, and make reparation for the injuries which the English had sustained. Capt. Endicot was directed to proceed first to Block Island, (then inhabited by the Pequots,) put the men to the sword, and take possession of the island—the women and children were to be spared—thence he was to proceed to the Pequot country, demand the murderers of the English, a thousand fathom of wampum, and a number of children as hostages.

Capt. Endicot sailed from Boston on the morning of the 20th; when he arrived at Block Island, about sixty Indians appeared on the shore and opposed his landing; his men soon, however, effected a landing, and, after a little skirmishing, drove the Indians into the woods, where they could not be found. The English continued two days on the island, in which time they destroyed one hundred wigwams and about fifty canoes, when they proceeded for the Pequot country. When they arrived in Pequot harbor, Capt. Endicot acquainted the enemy with his designs and determination to avenge the cruelties practiced upon his countrymen; in a few moments, nearly five hundred of the enemy collected upon the shores, but as soon as they were made acquainted with the hostile views of the English, they hastily withdrew, and secreted themselves in swamps and ledges, inaccessible to the troops.—Capt. Endicot landed his men on both sides the harbor, burnt their wigwams and destroyed their canoes, killed an Indian or two, and then returned to Boston. Enough, indeed, had been done to exasperate, but nothing to subdue a haughty and warlike enemy.

Sassacus (chief sachem of the Pequots) and his captains, were

men of great and independent spirits; they had conquered and governed the nations around them without control; they viewed the English as strangers and mere intruders, who had no right to the country, nor to control its original proprietors—*independent princes and sovereigns*; they had made settlements at Connecticut without their consent, and brought home the Indian kings whom they had conquered, and restored to them their authority and lands; they had built a fort, and were making a settlement, without their approbation, in their very neighborhood; indeed, they had now proceeded to attack and ravage the country;—the *Pequots*, in consequence, breathed nothing but war and revenge—they were determined to extirpate or drive all the English from New England. For this purpose they conceived the plan of uniting the Indians, generally, against them.—They spared no art nor pains to make peace with the *Narragansets*, and to engage them in the war against the English, to whom they represented that the English, who were merely foreigners, were overspreading the country and depriving the original inhabitants of their ancient rights and possessions; that unless effectual measures were immediately taken to prevent it, they would soon entirely dispossess the original proprietors and become the lords of the continent; they insisted that, by a general combination, they could either destroy or drive them from the country; that there would be no necessity of coming to open battles; that by killing their cattle, firing their houses, laying ambushes on the roads, in the fields, and wherever they could surprise them, they might accomplish their wishes;—they represented, that if the English should effect the destruction of the *Pequots*, they would also soon destroy the *Narragansets*. So just and politic were these representations, that nothing but that thirst for revenge, which inflames the savage heart, could have resisted their influence; indeed, it is said, that for some time the *Narragansets* hesitated.

The governor of the colonies, to prevent an union between these savage nations, and to strengthen the peace between the *Narraganset* Indians and the colonies, despatched a messenger to invite *Miantinomi*, their chief sachem, to Boston. The invitation was accepted by *Miantinomi*, and while at Boston, with the Governor and Council entered into a treaty, the substance of which was as follows, viz: That there should be a firm peace maintained between the English and *Narragansets*, and their posterity: That neither party should make peace with the *Pequots*, without its being first mutually assented to: That the *Narragansets* should not harbor the enemies of the English, but deliver up to them such fugitives as should resort to them for safety.—The English were to give them notice when they went out against the *Pequots*, and the *Narragansets* were to furnish guides.

In February, 1637, the English in Connecticut colony, represented to the Governor and Council their desire to prosecute more effectually the war with the *Pequots*, who yet continued to exercise toward them the most wanton acts of barbarity. They represented, that on the 10th January, a boat containing three of their countrymen was attacked by the enemy as it was proceeding down the river; that the

English for some time bravely defended themselves, but were at length overpowered by numbers; that the Indians, when they had succeeded in capturing the boat's crew, ripped them up from the bottom of their bellies to their throats, and in like manner split them down their backs, and, thus mangled, hung them upon trees by the river side!—they represented that the affairs of Connecticut colony, at this moment, wore a most gloomy aspect; that they had sustained great losses in cattle and goods the preceding years, but were still more unfortunate the present; that a most dreadful and insidious enemy were now seeking opportunity to destroy them; that they could neither hunt, fish, or cultivate their fields, nor travel at home or abroad but at the peril of their lives; that they were obliged to keep a constant watch, by night and day; to go armed to their daily labors and to the houses of public worship; and, although desirous to prosecute the war more effectually with the common enemy, they were not in a situation to do it, and therefore humbly prayed for assistance.

The report of the horrid and unprovoked cruelties of the Pequots, practised upon the defenceless inhabitants of Connecticut colony, roused the other colonies to harmonious and spirited exertions against them; Massachusetts determined to send two hundred and Plymouth forty men, to assist their unfortunate brethren in prosecuting the war. Capt. Patrick, with forty men, was sent forward before the other troops, in order that he might be enabled seasonably to form junction with the troops in Connecticut, who, notwithstanding their weak and distressed state, had engaged to furnish ninety men.

On Wednesday, the 10th May, the Connecticut troops proceeded for their fort at Saybrook; they consisted of ninety Englishmen and seventy Mohegan and river Indians—the latter commanded by Uncus, sachem of the Mohegans, and the former by Capt. John Mason, who was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Stone, of Hartford, as chaplain. The Mohegans, being detached from the English, on their way to Saybrook, fell in with a considerable body of the enemy, whom they attacked and defeated; they killed twenty-two and took eighteen of them prisoners.

Among the prisoners there was one who was recognised as a perfidious villain; he had lived in the fort with the English some time before, and well understood their language; he remained attached to their interest until the commencement of hostilities with the Pequots, when he deserted the garrison and joined the enemy, whom he served as guide, and through whose instigation many of the English had been captured and put to death. Uncus and his men insisted upon executing him according to the custom of their ancestors, and the English, in the circumstances in which they then were, did not judge it prudent to interfere.—The Indians enkindled a fire, near which they confined the prisoner to a stake, in which situation he remained until his skin became parched with the heat; the Mohegans then violently tore him limb from limb, barbarously cutting his flesh in pieces, they handed it round from one to another, eating it, while they sung and danced round the fire in a manner peculiar to savages!—the bones

and such parts of the unfortunate captive as were not consumed in this dreadful repast, were committed to the flames and consumed to ashes.

On the 19th, Capt. Mason and his men proceeded for Narraganset Bay, at which place they safely arrived on the 21st. Capt. Mason marched immediately to the plantation of Canonicus, (a Narraganset sachem) and acquainted him with his designs, and immediately after despatched a messenger to Miantinomi, to inform him likewise of the expedition. The next day, Miantinomi, with his chief counsellors and warriors, met the English.—Capt Mason informed him, that the cause of his entering the country, with an armed force, was to avenge the injuries which the Pequots had done the English, and desired a free passage to their forts, which they intended to attack.—After a solemn consultation, in the Indian manner, Miantinomi observed, that “he highly approved of the expedition, and would send men to assist the English, but that they were too few in number to fight the enemy—that the Pequots were great warriors, and rather slighted the English.”

Capt. Mason landed his men and marched to the plantation of Miantinomi, which, by previous agreement, was to be the place of general rendezvous. In the evening an Indian runner arrived with information that Capt. Patrick, with the men under his command, had arrived at the plantation of Roger Williams, in Providence, and was desirous that Capt. Mason should postpone his march until such time as he could join him. Capt. Mason, after mature deliberation, determined, however, not to wait his arrival, although a junction was considered important; his men had already been detained much longer than was agreeable to their wishes, and the Mohegans, apparently, were impatient for battle. The little army, therefore, (consisting of ninety Englishmen, sixty Mohegan and river Indians, and about two hundred Narragansets,) commenced their march on the 24th, and in the evening of that day reached Nihantick, which bounded on the country of the Pequots.—Nihantick was the seat of a Narraganset sachem, who seemed displeased with the expedition, and would not suffer the English to enter his fort.—Capt. Mason, suspecting the treachery of this fellow, placed a sentinel at night at the entrance of the fort, determined that, as he could not be permitted to enter, no one should come out to advise the enemy of his approach.

On the morning of the 25th, Capt. Mason was joined by an additional number of the Narragansets and a few of the Nihanticks—they formed a circle, and, brandishing their scalping knives, made protestations how gallantly they would fight, and what numbers they would kill, &c. Capt. Mason had now under his command near five hundred Indians, in addition to his former force, with whom he early resumed his march for the head quarters of the enemy. The day proved uncommonly warm, and the men, through excessive heat and want of provision, were only enabled by night to reach Paucatuck river, where the Narragansets began to manifest great fear, and to enquire of Capt. Mason his real designs; he assured them that “it

was to attack the Pequots in their fort!" at which they appeared greatly surprised, and exhibited a disposition to quit the English and return home.

Wequash, a Pequot sachem, who had revolted from Sassacus, was the principal guide of the English, and he proved faithful; he gave such information respecting the distance of the forts of the enemy from each other, and the distance they were then from that of the chief sachem's, as induced Capt. Mason to determine to attack the latter, which his guide represented as situated at the head of Mystic river; he found his men so much fatigued in marching through a pathless wilderness, with their provision, arms and ammunition, that this resolution appeared to be absolutely necessary. The little army, accordingly, on the morning of the 26th, proceeded directly for Mystic, and at about sundown penetrated a thick swamp, where (imagining that they could not be far distant from the fort) they pitched their little camp, between two large rocks, now known by the name of "Porter's Rocks," situated in Groton; the sentinels, who were considerably advanced in front of the main body of the English, distinctly heard the enemy singing and dancing through the night at their fort.

The important day was now approaching when the very existence of CONNECTICUT was to be determined by the sword in a single action! and to be decided by the valor of less than one hundred brave men! About two hours before day the men were aroused from their slumbers, and, after commending themselves and their cause to the ALMIGHTY, proceeded with all possible despatch for the enemy's fort; when within a few rods of the fort, Capt. Mason sent for Uncus and Wequash, and desired them, in their Indian manner, to harangue and prepare their men for combat; they replied, that "their men were much afraid, and could not be prevailed upon to advance any farther!" "Go, then," said Capt. Mason, "and request them not to retire, but to surround the fort at any distance they please, and see what courage Englishmen can display!" The day was now dawning, and no time to be lost; the fort was soon in view; the soldiers pressed forward, animated with the reflection, that it was not for themselves alone they were about to fight, but for their parents, wives, children and countrymen! As they approached the fort, within a short distance, they were discovered by a Pequot sentinel, who roared out, "*Owanux!*" "*Owanux!*" (Englishmen! Englishmen!) The troops pressed on, and, as the Indians were rallying, poured in upon them the contents of their muskets, and instantly hastening to the principal entrance of the fort, rushed in sword in hand!—an important moment this! for, notwithstanding the blaze and thunder of the arms of the English, the Pequots made a manly and desperate resistance; sheltered by their wigwams, and rallied by their sachems and squaws, they defended themselves, and, in some instances, attacked the English with a resolution that would have done honor to Romans! After a bloody and desperate conflict, of near two hours' continuance, in which hundreds of the Indians were slain, and many of the English killed and wounded, victory still hung in suspense! In this critical state of the action, Capt. Mason had recourse to a suc-

cessful expedient;—rushing into a wigwam within the fort, he seized a brand of fire, and, in the mean time, crying out to his men, "*We must burn them!*" communicated it to the mats with which the wigwams were covered, by which means the whole fort was very soon enwrapt in flames! As the fire increased, the English retired and formed a circle around the fort. The Mohegans and Narragansets, who had remained idle spectators to the bloody conflict, now mustered courage sufficient to form another circle in the rear of them. The enemy were now in a deplorable situation—death inevitably was their portion! Sallying forth from their burning cells, they were shot or cut in pieces by the English—many of them, perceiving the vigilance of the troops, threw themselves voluntarily into the flames!

The violence of the flames, the reflection of the light, the clashing and roar of arms, the shrieks and yells of the savages in the fort, and the shoutings of the friendly Indians without, exhibited a grand and awful scene! In less than two hours from the commencement of the bloody action, the English completed their work; eighty wigwams were burnt, and upwards of eight hundred Indians destroyed! Parents and children, the sannup and squaw, the aged and the young, perished in promiscuous ruin! The loss of the English was comparatively trifling, not exceeding twenty-five in killed and wounded.

After the termination of this severe engagement, as the English were proceeding to embark on board their vessels, which, fortunately for them, at this moment arrived in the harbor, they were attacked in the rear by about three hundred of the enemy, who had been despatched from a neighboring fort to assist their brethren.—The English gave them so warm a reception that they soon gave way and fell back to the field of action, where viewing for a few moments, with apparent marks of surprise and horror, the shocking scene which it presented, they stamped, beflowed, and with savage rage tore their hair from their heads! and then, with a hideous yell, pursued the English as if with a determination to avenge the deaths of their friends, even at the expense of their own lives.—They pursued the English nearly six miles; sometimes shooting at a distance, from behind rocks and trees, and sometimes pressing hard upon them and hazarding themselves in open field. The English killed numbers of them, but sustained no loss on their part; when a Pequot fell, the Mohegans would cry out, "run and fetch his head!" The enemy finding, at length, that they discharged their arrows in vain, and that the English appeared to be well supplied with ammunition, gave over the pursuit.

In less than three weeks from the time the English embarked at Saybrook, they returned, with the exception of the few killed and wounded, in safety to their respective habitations. Few enterprises were ever perhaps achieved with more personal bravery; in few have so great a proportion of the effective men of a whole colony, state or nation, been put to so great and immediate danger—in few have a people been so deeply and immediately interested, as were the English inhabitants of Connecticut at this important crisis. In these respects, even the great armaments and battles of Europe are

comparatively of little importance—and it ought never to be forgotten, that through the bravery and unconquerable resolution of less than one hundred men, Connecticut was once saved, and the most warlike and terrible tribe of Indians in New England completely exterminated.

The few Pequots that now remained alive, conceiving it unsafe to inhabit longer a country so exposed to invasion, removed far to the westward; among whom was Sassacus, their principal sachem. On the 25th June, the Connecticut troops, under command of Capt. Mason, together with a company from Massachusetts, commanded by Capt. Stoughton, were sent in pursuit of them; they proceeded westward, and on the 27th fell in with, attacked and defeated a considerable body of them: they took about 50 of them prisoners, among whom were two sachems, whose lives were offered them on condition of their serving as guides to the English.

The English, on their march, frequently fell in with small detached parties, whom they captured or destroyed, but could not obtain any information relative to the main body commanded by Sassacus.—Finding that the two sachem prisoners would not give them the information required, they, on the 29th, beheaded them at a place called Menunkatuck, (now Guilford,) from which circumstance the place still bears the name of “Sachem’s Head.” The English, on the 30th, arrived at Quinnipiak, (now New Haven,) where they were informed, by a friendly Pequot, that the enemy were encamped in a swamp, a few miles to the westward. The troops pushed forward, and on the succeeding day arrived at the border of said swamp, which they found a thicket, so extremely boggy, as to render it inaccessible to any one but the natives; the English, therefore, thought it most advisable to surround the swamp and annoy the enemy as opportunity presented. The Indians, after a few skirmishes, requested a parley, which being granted them, Thomas Stanton (interpreter to the English) was sent to treat with them; he was authorised to offer life to such as had not shed the blood of Englishmen; upon which the Sachem of the place, together with about three hundred of his tribe, came out, and, producing satisfactory proof of their innocence, were permitted to retire; but the Pequots boldly declared, that “they had both shed and *drank* the blood of Englishmen, and would not, upon such terms, accept of life, but would fight it out!” The English, unwilling to brook the threats and insulting language of the Pequots, attempted now to devise means to attack the whole body of them without further delay. The officers were, however, divided in opinion as to the mode of attack; some were for setting fire to the swamp; others for cutting their way through with hatchets, and others for surrounding it with a high fence or pallsado; neither of which plans were, however, fully adopted. As night approached, the English cut through a part of the swamp, by which means its circumference was much lessened, and they enabled so completely to surround the enemy as to prevent their escape during the night. Early the ensuing morning, the Indians, perceiving themselves completely hemmed in by the English, made a violent attempt to break through their

lines; they were, however, driven back with great loss.—They next attempted to force the line formed by the Connecticut troops, but here they met with a much warmer reception.—The contest now became close and severe; the Indians, who were about six hundred in number, appeared determined not to yield but at the expense of their lives; one of the most resolute of them walked boldly up to Captain Mason, with an uplifted tomahawk, and when about to give the fatal stroke, received a blow from the latter, who, with his cutlass, severed the head of the savage from his body! The enemy, soon after, made another attempt to break through the lines of the English, and in which, after a violent struggle, they succeeded; about sixty of their bravest warriors escaped, the remainder being either killed or taken prisoners; the loss of the English was eleven killed and about twenty wounded.

The prisoners taken were divided among the troops, some of whom were retained by them as servants, and the remainder sent to the West Indies and sold to the planters.—The prisoners reported, that the whole tribe of Pequots was now nearly exterminated; that, in different engagements, there had been upwards of two thousand of them killed, and about one thousand captured, among whom were thirteen sachems, and that six yet survived, one of whom was Sassacus, who had fled with the fragment of his tribe to the country bordering on Hudson river, inhabited by the Mohawks.

After the swamp fight, the Pequots became so weak and scattered that the Mohegans and Narragansets daily destroyed them, and presented their scalps to the English. The few that fled with Sassacus to the westward, were attacked and totally destroyed by the Mohawks. The scalp of Sassacus was, in the Fall of 1638, presented to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts.

Soon after the extermination of the Pequots, the Narragansets (the most numerous tribe in New England) being displeased with the small power with which they were vested, and the respect which the English uniformly manifested for Uncus, appeared disposed to break their treaty of friendship. Miantinomi, without consulting the English, according to agreement, without proclaiming war, or giving Uncus the least information, raised an army of one thousand men and marched against him. The spies of Uncus discovered the army at some distance, and gave him intelligence—he was unprepared, but rallying about five hundred of his bravest men he told them they must by no means suffer Miantinomi to enter their town, but must go and give him battle on his way. The Mohegans, having marched three or four miles, met the enemy upon an extensive plain.—When the armies had advanced within fair bow-shot of each other, Uncus had recourse to stratagem, with which he had previously acquainted his warriors.—He desired a parley, which being granted, both armies halted in the face of each other; Uncus, gallantly advancing in front of his men, addressed Miantinomi to this effect: "You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me; it is a great pity that so many brave warriors should be killed in consequence of a private misun-

derstanding between us two!—come, like a brave man, as you profess to be, and let us decide the dispute alone; if you kill me, my men shall be yours; but if I kill you, your men shall be mine!" "No!" replied Miantinomi, "my men come to fight, and they shall fight!" Upon which, Uncas falling instantly to the ground, his men discharged a shower of arrows among the Narragansets, and without a moment's interval, rushing upon them in the most furious manner, with a hideous yell, put them to flight. The Mohegans pursued the enemy with the same fury and eagerness with which they commenced the action.—The Narragansets were driven down rocks and precipices, and chased like a doe by the huntsman; many of them, to escape from their pursuers, plunged into a river, from rocks of near sixty feet in height. Among others, Miantinomi was hard pushed.—Some of the most forward of the Mohegans coming up with him, twirled him about and impeded his flight, that Uncas, their sachem, might alone have the honor of taking him. Uncas, who was a man of great bodily strength, rushing forward, like a lion greedy of his prey, seized Miantinomi by the shoulder, and, giving the Indian whoop, called up his men, who were behind, to his assistance. The victory was complete; about fifty of the Narragansets were killed, and a much greater number wounded and taken prisoners; among the latter was a brother of Miantinomi, and two of the sons of Canonicus, whom Uncas conducted in triumph to Mohegan. Some few days after, Uncas conducted Miantinomi back to the spot where he was taken, for the purpose of putting him to death; at the instant they arrived on the ground, an Indian (who was ordered to march in the rear for the purpose) sunk a hatchet into his head, and despatched him at a single stroke! He was probably unacquainted with his fate, and knew not by what means he fell. Uncas cut out a large piece of his shoulder, which he devoured in savage triumph! declaring, in the meantime, that "it was the sweetest meal he ever ate; it made his heart strong!" The Mohegans buried Miantinomi at the place of his execution, and erected upon his grave a pillar of stones. This memorable event gave the place the name of "Sachem's Plains"—they are situated in an eastern corner of Norwich.

The Narragansets became now greatly enraged at the death of their sachem, and sought means to destroy Uncas, whose country they, in small parties, frequently invaded, and, by laying ambushes, cut off a number of his most valuable warriors. As Uncas was the avowed friend of the English, and had, in many instances, signalized himself as such, they conceived it their duty to afford him all the protection possible; they despatched messengers to acquaint the Narragansets with their determination, should they continue to molest and disturb the repose of the Mohegans. The messengers of the English met with quite an unfavorable reception, to whom one of the Narraganset sachems declared, that "he would kill every Englishman and Mohegan that came within his reach: that, whoever began the war, he would continue it; and that nothing should satisfy him but the head of Uncas!"

The English, irritated at the provoking language of the Narragansets, now determined not only to protect Uncus, but to invade their country with an army of three hundred men; first to propose a peace on their own terms, but if rejected, to attack and destroy them.—For this purpose Massachusetts was to furnish one hundred and ninety, and Plymouth and Connecticut colonies fifty-five men each.

The Narragansets, learning that an army was about to enter the heart of their country, and fearful of the issue, despatched several of their principal men to sue for peace, on such terms as the English should be pleased to grant. The Governor and Council demanded, that they should restore to Uncus all the captives and canoes which they had taken from him, and pledge themselves to maintain perpetual peace with the English and their allies, and to the former pay an annual tribute of two thousand fathom of white wampum! These, indeed, were hard terms, against which the Narragansets, strongly remonstrated; but, aware that the English had already a considerable force collected for the express purpose of invading their country, they at length thought it most prudent to acquiesce.

During the war between the Narragansets and Uncus, the former once besieged the fort of the latter until his provisions were nearly exhausted, and he found that his men must soon perish either by famine or the tomahawk, unless speedily relieved. In this crisis, he found means of communicating an account of his situation to the English scouts, who had been dispatched from the fort, in Saybrook, to reconnoitre the enemy.—Uncus represented the dangers to which the English would be exposed if the Narragansets should succeed in destroying the Mohegans. It was at this critical juncture, that the greatest part of the English troops in Connecticut were employed on an expedition abroad; a Mr. Thomas Leffingwell, however, a bold and enterprising man, on learning the situation of Uncus, loaded a canoe with provision, and under cover of the night paddled from Saybrook into the river Thames, and had the address to get the whole into the fort. The enemy, soon after discovering that Uncus had received supplies, raised the siege. For this piece of service, Uncus presented said Leffingwell with a deed of a very large tract of land, now comprising the whole town of Norwich.

The English, in New England, now enjoyed a peace until the year 1671, when they again took up arms to revenge the death of one of their countrymen, who had been inhumanly murdered by an Indian belonging to the Nipnet tribe, of which the celebrated Philip, of Mount Hope, (now Bristol, R. I.) was sachem. It was thought the most prudent step, by the Governor and Council, first to send for Philip, and acquaint him with the cause of their resentment, and the course which they were determined to pursue in case he refused to deliver into their hands the murderer. Philip being accordingly sent for, and appearing before the court, appeared much dissatisfied with the conduct of the accused, assuring them that no pains should be spared to bring him to justice; and, more fully to confirm his friendship for the English, expressed a wish, that the declaration which he was

about publicly to make, might be committed to paper, that he and his Council might thereunto affix their signatures. The Governor and Council, in compliance with the request of Philip, drew up the following, which, after being signed by Philip and his chief men, was presented to the Governor, by Philip, in confirmation of his friendly assurances :

“Whereas, my father, my brother, and myself, have uniformly submitted to the good and wholesome laws of his majesty, the King of England, and have ever respected his faithful subjects, the English, as our friends and brothers, and being still anxious to brighten the chain of friendship between us, we do now embrace this opportunity to pledge ourselves, that we will spare no pains in seeking out and bringing to justice, such of our tribe as shall hereafter commit any outrage against them ; and to remove all suspicion, we voluntarily agree to deliver up to them, all the fire arms which they have heretofore kindly presented us with, until such time as they can safely repose confidence in us ; and, for the true performance of these our sacred promises, we have hereunto set our hands.

Chief Sachem — PHILIP'S X mark.

Chief Men — PORKANOKET'S X mark.
UNCOMBO'S X mark.
SAMKANA'S X mark.
WOCOKOM'S X mark.

In presence of the Council.

Notwithstanding the fair promises of Philip, it was soon discovered by the English, that he was playing a deep game ; that he was artfully enticing his red brethren, throughout the whole of New England, to rise, en masse, against them, and drive them out of the country ; the Narragansets, for this purpose, had engaged to raise four thousand fighting men ; the spring of 1672 was agreed upon, on which the grand blow was to be given. The evil intentions of Philip were first discovered and communicated to the English, by a friendly Indian, of the Narraganset tribe ; fortunately for them, this Indian had been taken into favor by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, by whom he had been taught to read and write, and became much attached to the English. The Governor, upon receiving the important information relative to the hostile views of Philip, ordered a military watch to be kept up in all the English settlements within the three colonies, by some of whom it was soon discovered that the report of their Indian friend was too well founded, as the Indians of different tribes were daily seen flocking, in great numbers, to the head-quarters of Philip — previously sending their wives and children to the Narraganset country, which they had never done before the commencement of hostilities.

The inhabitants of Swanzev (a small settlement adjoining Mount Hope, the head-quarters of Philip) were the first who felt the effects of this war. Philip, encouraged by the numbers who were daily enlisting under his banners, and despairing of discovering any cause that could justify him in the commencement of hostilities against his “friends and brothers,” as he had termed them, resolved to provoke them to war by killing their cattle, firing their barns, &c. This plan had its desired effect, as the inhabitants, determined to save their pro-

perty or perish in the attempt, fired upon the Indians, which was deemed cause sufficient by the latter to commence their bloody work ; the *war whoop* was immediately thereupon sounded, when the Indians commenced an indiscriminate murder of the defenceless inhabitants of Swanzey, sparing not the tender infant at the breast ;—but three of seventy-eight persons which the town contained, made their escape. Messengers were despatched with the melancholy tidings of this bloody affair, to the Governor, who by and with the advice and consent of the Council, despatched a company of militia with all possible speed to the relief the distressed inhabitants residing near the head-quarters of Philip. As soon as they could be raised, three companies more were despatched, under the command of Captains Henchman, Prentice and Church, who arrived in the neighborhood of Swanzey, on the 28th June, where they were joined by four more companies from Plymouth colony. It was found that the Indians had pillaged and set fire to the village, and with their booty had retired to Mount Hope. A company of cavalry were sent, under the command of Capt. Prentice, to reconnoiter them ; but before they arrived at a convenient place for this purpose, they were ambushed and fired upon by the enemy, who killed six of their number and wounded ten.—The report of their guns alarming the remaining companies of the English, they hastened to the relief of the cavalry, who, at this moment, were completely surrounded by about six hundred Indians, between whom and the English a warm contest now ensued. The savages fought desperately, and more than once nearly succeeded in overpowering the English ; but very fortunately for the latter, when nearly despairing of victory, a fresh company of militia arrived, which flanking the enemy on the right and left, and exposing them to two fires, soon overpowered them, and caused them to seek shelter in an adjoining wood, inaccessible to the English. The English had, in this severe engagement, forty-two killed and seventy-three wounded—many of them mortally ; the enemy's loss was supposed to be much greater.

On the 30th, Major Savage (who, by his excellency, the Governor, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the combined English forces) arrived with an additional company of cavalry, who, with the remaining companies, the following day, commenced their march for Mount Hope, the head-quarters of Philip.—On their way, the English were affected with a scene truly distressing : the savages, not content with bathing their tomahawks in the blood of the defenceless inhabitants of Swanzey, had, it was discovered, in many instances, detached their limbs from their mangled bodies, and affixed them to poles, which were extended in the air ! among which were discovered the heads of several infant children, the whole of which, by order of Maj. Savage, were collected and buried.

The English arrived at Mount Hope about sunset ; but the enemy, having received information of their approach, had deserted their wigwams and retired into a neighboring wood. Major Savage, to pursue the enemy with success, now divided his men into separate

companies which he ordered to march in different directions—stationing forty at Mount Hope. On the 4th July, the men under the command of Capts. Church and Henschman, fell in with a body of the enemy, to the number of two hundred, whom they attacked; the English being but thirty-two in number, including officers, victory for a considerable length of time appeared much in favor of the savages, but very fortunately for the former being commanded by bold and resolute officers, they defended themselves in the most heroic manner, until relieved by a company of cavalry, under the command of Capt. Prentice.—The Indians, now in turn, finding the fire of the English too warm for them, fled in every direction, leaving thirty of their number dead, and about sixty severely wounded, on the field of action; the English, in this engagement, had seven killed and twenty-two wounded—five of whom survived the action but a few hours.

This action, so far from daunting the bold and resolute Captain Church, seemed to inspire him with additional bravery. He boldly led his men into an almost impenetrable forest, into which those who survived the action had fled. The Indians, perceiving the English approaching, concealed themselves from their view by lying flat on their bellies, in which situation they remained concealed until the English had advanced within a few rods of them, when each unperceived fixing upon his man, discharged a shower of arrows among them—this unexpected check threw the English into confusion, which the Indians perceiving, rushed furiously upon them with their knives and tomahawks, shouting horribly!—the English (their cavalry being unable to afford them assistance) were now in a very disagreeable situation, the trees being so very large as to render it difficult to use their fire-arms with any effect, and they were very soon so encompassed by the savages, as to render almost every effort to defend themselves useless; of 64 who entered the swamp, but 27 escaped, among whom, very fortunately, was their valuable leader, Capt. Church.

The English, finding that they could neither bring their enemies to action in open field, or engage them with any success in the forest in which they were lodged, returned home, with the exception of three companies who were stationed by Major Savage near the borders of a swamp, into which it was strongly suspected that Philip, with a number of his tribe, had fled—this swamp was two miles in length, and to the English inaccessible. Philip, who had been watching the motions of his enemies, perceiving the greater part of them marching off, conjectured that their object was to obtain a reinforcement; impressed with this belief, he resolved to improve the first opportunity to escape with a few chosen men by water, which he with little difficulty effected the preceding night, taking the advantage of a low tide. The enemy were soon after their escape discovered, and pursued by the inhabitants of Rehoboth, accompanied by a party of the Mohegans, who had volunteered their services against Philip.

The Rehoboth militia came up with the rear of the enemy about sunset, and killed 12 of them, without sustaining any loss on their

part; night preventing their engaging the whole force of Philip, but early the succeeding morning they continued the pursuit; the Indians had, however, fled with such precipitancy that it was found impossible to overtake them—they bent their course to the westward, exhorting the different tribes through which they passed to take up arms against the English.

The United Colonies became now greatly alarmed at the hostile views and rapid strides of Philip—the General court was constantly in sitting endeavoring to plan means to cut him off before he should have an opportunity to corrupt the minds of too many of his countrymen.

While the Court was thus employed, information was received that Philip had arrived in the neighborhood of Brookfield (situated about 65 miles from Boston) and that a number of its inhabitants had been inhumanly butchered by his adherents. Orders were immediately thereupon issued for the raising of ten companies of foot and horse, to be despatched to the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants of Brookfield; but before they could reach that place Philip and his party had entered the town, and indiscriminately put to death almost every inhabitant which it contained, the few that escaped having taken the precaution, previous to the attack, to assemble together in one house, which they strongly fortified; this house was furiously attacked by the savages and several times set on fire, and the besieged were on the point of surrendering when Major Willard happily arrived to their relief. Between the English and the Indians a desperate engagement now ensued; the former, by the express command of their officers gave no quarter, but in a very heroic manner rushed upon the savages with clubbed muskets; the action continued until near sunset, when the few Indians that remained alive sought shelter in the neighboring woods. In this engagement the English had 22 killed and 75 wounded—the enemy's loss was 217 killed, and between 200 and 300 wounded, who, by way of retaliation (for their barbarity exercised towards the defenceless inhabitants of Brookfield) were immediately put to death.

The Governor and Council, on learning the fate of the unfortunate inhabitants of Brookfield, despatched a reinforcement of three companies of cavalry to Major Willard, and ordered the like number to be sent him from Hartford, in Connecticut colony, with which he was directed to pursue Philip with fire and sword to whatever part of the country he should resort.

It being discovered that a part of Philip's forces had fled to Hatfield, two companies of English, under the command of Captain Lathrop and Capt. Beers, were sent in pursuit of them, who within about three miles of Hatfield overtook and attacked them, but the force of the English being greatly inferior to that of the enemy, the former were defeated and driven back to the main body; which enabled the enemy (who had in the late engagement been detached from their main body) to join Philip. On the 18th September, information was received by Major Willard that the enemy had successfully at-

tacked and defeated the troops under the command of Capt. Lathrop; that they were ambushed and unexpectedly surrounded by 1,000 of the enemy, to whom they all (except three, who escaped) fell a sacrifice! The defeat of Capt. Lathrop took place in the neighborhood of Deerfield, for the defence of which there was an English garrison, which the Indians were about to attack when Major Willard happily arrived, on the approach of whom the Indians fled.

On the 10th October following, a party of Philip's Indians successfully assaulted the town of Springfield, which they pillaged and set fire to, killing about forty of the inhabitants. On the 14th they assaulted the town of Hatfield, in which two companies, under the command of Capt Mosely and Capt. Appleton, were stationed. The enemy continued the attack about two hours, when finding the fire of the English too warm for them, they fled, leaving a number of their party behind them dead.

Philip now finding himself closely pursued by a large and formidable body of the English, deemed it prudent to bend his course towards his old place of residence, there to remain until the ensuing spring.

But the Commissioners of the United Colonies, duly reflecting on the deplorable situation of their defenceless brethren throughout the country, aware that there were then a much greater number of their savage enemies embodied than at any former period, who, if suffered peaceably to retire into winter quarters, might prove too powerful for them the spring ensuing, resolved to attack the whole force under Philip in their winter encampment—for which purpose, every Englishman, capable of bearing arms, was commanded (by Proclamation of the Governor) to hold himself in readiness to march at the shortest notice. The 10th of December was the day appointed by the Commissioners on which the decisive blow was to be given.—Six companies were immediately raised in Massachusetts, consisting in the whole of 527 men, to the command of which were appointed Captains Mosely, Gardener, Davenport, Oliver and Johnson; five companies were raised in Connecticut, consisting of 450 men, to the command of which were appointed Captains Siely, Mason, Gallop, Watts and Marshall—two companies were likewise raised in Plymouth, consisting of 150 men, who were commanded by Captains Rice and Goram:—three Majors of the three respective divisions were also appointed, to wit: Major Appleton, of Massachusetts—Major Treat, of Connecticut, and Major Bradford, of Plymouth—the whole force, consisting of 1127 men, were commanded by Major General Winslow, late Governor of the colonies. On the 7th December, the combined forces commenced their march for the headquarters of the enemy. At this inclement season, it was with the utmost difficulty that the troops were enabled to penetrate through a wild and pathless wood. On the morning of the 9th, having travelled all the preceding night, they arrived at the border of an extensive swamp, in which they were informed, by their guides, the enemy were encamped to the number of four thousand. The English, after

partaking of a little refreshment, formed for battle. Capt. Mosely and Capt. Davenport led the van, and Major Appleton and Capt. Oliver, brought up the rear of the Massachusetts forces; General Winslow, with the Plymouth troops, formed the centre; the Connecticut troops, under the command of their respective captains, together with about two hundred of the Mohegans, commanded by Oneco, the son of Uncus, brought up the rear.

It was discovered by an Indian, sent for that purpose, that in the centre of the swamp the enemy had built a very strong fort, of so wise construction, that it was with difficulty that more than one person could enter at one time. About 10 o'clock, A. M., the English, with the sound of the trumpet, entered the swamp, and, when within about fifty rods of their fort, were met by the enemy. The Indians, in their usual manner, shouting and howling like beasts of prey, commenced the attack with savage fury—but, by a hideous noise, the English were not to be intimidated; charging them with unequalled bravery, the enemy were soon glad to seek shelter within the walls of their fort. The English having closely pressed upon the enemy, as they retreated, now in turn, found themselves in a very dangerous situation—exposed to the fire of the Indians, who were covered by a high breastwork, they were not even enabled to act on the defensive. At this critical juncture, the lion-hearted Oneco, with the assent of Gen. Winslow, offered, with the men under his command, to scale the walls of the fort, which being approved of by the English commanders, Oneco, with about sixty picked men, in an instant ascended to the top of the fort; where, having a fair chance at the enemy, they hurled their tomahawks and discharged their arrows with such success among them as, in a very short time, to throw them into the utmost confusion: those who attempted to escape from the fort, were instantly cut to pieces by the troops without. The enemy, finding themselves thus hemmed in, and attacked on all sides, in the most abject terms begged for quarter, which was denied them by the English. A great proportion of the troops being now mounted on the walls of the fort, they had nothing to do but load and fire, the enemy being penned up and huddled together in such a manner, that there was scarcely a shot lost. This bloody contest was of near six hours continuance, when the English, perceiving the fort filled with nought but dead, or such as were mortally wounded of the enemy, closed the bloody conflict.

The scene of action, at this instant, was indeed such as could not fail to shock the stoutest hearted! The huge logs of which the fort was constructed, were completely crimsoned with the blood of the enemy, while the surrounding woods resounded with the dying groans of the wounded. The number of slain of the enemy in this severe engagement, could not be ascertained, it was, however, immense; of four thousand, which the fort was supposed to contain at the commencement of the action, not two hundred escaped! among whom, unfortunately, was the treacherous Philip.

After the close of this desperate action, the troops, having destroy-

ed all in their power, left the enemy's ground, and carrying about three hundred wounded men, marched back to the distance of sixteen miles to head-quarters. The night proved cold and stormy, the snow fell deep, and it was not until midnight, or after, that the troops were enabled to reach their place of destination. Many of the wounded, who probably otherwise might have recovered, perished with the cold and inconvenience of a march so fatiguing.

Although the destruction of so great a number of the enemy was considered of the greatest importance to the English, yet it proved a conquest dearly bought—it was obtained at the expense of the lives of not only a great number of privates, but a great proportion of their most valuable officers—among whom were Captains Davenport, Gardner, Johnson, Siely, and Marshall.—On enumerating their number of slain and wounded, it was found as follows:

Of the company commanded by Capt. Mosely,.....	10	killed,	40	wounded.
" " " " Oliver,.....	30	"	48	"
" " " " Gardner,.....	11	"	32	"
" " " " Johnson,.....	18	"	36	"
" " " " Davenport,.....	15	"	19	"
" " " " Gallop,.....	28	"	43	"
" " " " Siely,.....	32	"	50	"
" " " " Watts,.....	19	"	33	"
" " " " Mason,.....	40	"	50	"
" " " " Marshall,.....	25	"	37	"
" " " " Goram,.....	30	"	41	"
" " " " Sachem Onego,.....	51	"	82	"
Total,.....	299		513	

The courage displayed during the action by every part of the army; the invincible heroism of the officers; the firmness and resolution of the soldiers, when they saw their captains falling; and the hardship endured, before and after the engagement, are hardly credible, and rarely find a parallel in ancient or modern ages! The cold (the day preceding the action) was extreme; and in the night of which, the snow fell so deep as to render it extremely difficult for the army to move the day succeeding—four hundred of the soldiers were so completely frozen as to be unfit for duty! The Connecticut troops were the most disabled, having endured a tedious march, without halting, from Stonington to the place of public rendezvous.—They sustained, too, a much greater loss in the action, in proportion to their numbers, than the troops of the other colonies. The bold and intrepid Capt. Mason (who received a fatal wound in the action, of which he died in about three months after) was the first, after the Mohegans, to mount the walls of the fort, nor did the troops under his command fail to follow the noble example.

The loss of the troops from Connecticut was so great, that Major Treat conceived it absolutely necessary to return immediately home. Such of the wounded as were unable to travel, were put on board a vessel and conveyed to Stonington. The troops, on their return, killed and captured about thirty of the enemy.

The Massachusetts and Plymouth forces kept the field the greater part of the winter; they ranged the country, took a number of prisoners, destroyed about three hundred wigwams, but achieved nothing brilliant or decisive.

The Nipnet and Narraganset tribes, being, by the late action, nearly exterminated, the few that survived, by direction of Philip, fled in small parties to different parts of the country, improving every opportunity that presented to revenge the untimely fate of their brethren. On the 10th February, 1678, about one hundred of them surprised the inhabitants of Lancaster, (Mass.), a part of whom, as a place of greater safety, had, the day previous, resorted to the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Rowland; this, however, being constructed of dry logs, was set on fire by the Indians, which the unfortunate English within being unable to extinguish, they fell victims to the devouring flames. On the 21st, the enemy attacked the inhabitants of Medfield, thirty-two of whom they killed, and of the remainder made captives.

On the 3d March, the Indians still continuing their depredations, two companies of cavalry, under the command of Capt. Pierce and Capt. Watkins, were ordered out for the purpose of affording protection to the defenceless inhabitants of towns most exposed to their incursions. On the 5th, they marched to Pautuxet, near where there were a considerable body of Indians encamped, whom, on the morning of the 5th, they fell in with and attacked. The enemy, at first, appeared but few in number, but these were only employed to decoy the English, who on a sudden found themselves surrounded by near 500 Indians, who, with their tomahawks and scalping knives, rushing furiously upon them, threatened them with instant destruction! The English, now acting upon the defensive, although surrounded by five times their number, fought with their usual spirit, and were resolved to sell their lives at as dear rate as possible; they were very soon, however, compelled to yield to the superior force of their savage enemies; but five escaped. This victory, though of considerable importance to the savages, cost them a number of their bravest warriors, ninety-three of whom were, the preceding day, found dead upon the field of action. There were in this engagement about twenty friendly Indians with the English, who fought like desperadoes; one of them, observing Capt. Pierce unable to stand, in consequence of the many wounds he had received, for nearly two hours bravely defended him; when, perceiving his own imminent danger, and that he could afford the captain no further assistance, by blacking his face, as the enemy had done, escaped unnoticed.

On the 25th March, a party of Indians attacked and burnt the towns of Weymouth and Warwick, killing a great number of the inhabitants. On the 10th April, following, they pillaged and burnt Rehoboth and Providence.

On the 1st May, a company of English and one hundred and fifty Mohegans, under command of Capt. George Dennison, were sent in pursuit of a body of the enemy, commanded by the son of Miantonomi; on the 8th, they met with and attacked them, near Groton.—The Indians, apparently determined on victory or death, displayed an unusual degree of courage; but the English and Mohegans proved too strong for them, who, after destroying the greater part with their mus-

kets and tomahawks, drove the remainder into a neighboring river, where they soon perished.

On the 23d Cononchet, sachem of the few scattered remains of the Narragansets, proposed to his Council, that the lands bordering on Connecticut river, not inhabited by the English, should be by them planted with corn, for their future subsistence; which, being approved of by the latter, two hundred of the Narragansets were despatched for this purpose. The Governor, being apprised of their intentions, despatched three companies of cavalry to intercept them; about one hundred of the Mohegans, under the command of Onero, accompanied the English. The enemy were commanded by Cononchet, in person, who first proceeded to Seconk to procure seed corn; it was in the neighborhood of this place that they were first met with and engaged by the English and Mohegans. The enemy, with becoming bravery, for a long time withstood the attack, but, being but poorly provided with weapons, they were at length overpowered, and compelled to yield to the superior power of their enemies. In the midst of the action, Cononchet, fearful of the issue, deserted his men and attempted to seek shelter in a neighboring wood, but being recognised by the Mohegans, they pursued him. Cononchet perceiving himself nearly overtaken by his pursuers, to facilitate his flight, first threw away his blanket, and then his silver laced coat (with which he had been presented by the English, a few weeks previous); but finding that he could not escape from his pursuers by flight, he plunged into a river, where he was even followed by half a dozen resolute Mohegans, who, laying hold of him, forced him under water, and there held him until drowned. The loss of the English and Mohegans in this engagement was twelve killed, and twenty-one wounded; that of the enemy, was forty-three killed, and about eighty wounded.

The inhabitants of New London, Norwich, and Stonington, having frequently discovered a number of the enemy lurking about in small bodies in the adjacent woods, by joint agreement voluntarily enlisted themselves (to the number of three hundred) under the command of Major Palmer, and Captains Denison and Avery, who, with the assistance of the Mohegans, and a few friendly Narragansets, in three expeditions, destroyed near one thousand of the enemy.

On the 8th June, the Indians assaulted and burnt Bridgewater, a small settlement in the colony of Massachusetts; forty of its inhabitants fell victims to savage barbarity.

The Governor and Council of Massachusetts colony, aware of the danger to which many of the inland settlements were exposed, by frequent incursions of the enemy, and finding it extremely difficult to raise a sufficient force to oppose them in the many parts to which the fragments of the broken tribes had resorted, adopted the policy of sending among them, as spies, such Indians as were friendly and could be depended on; which plan had its desired effect—these Indians representing the force of the English much greater than it really was, and warning the enemy of danger which did not at that time exist, deterred them from acting, in many instances, on the offensive.

One of the friendly Indians returning to Boston, on the 10th July, reported as follows:—"That a large number of Indians were embodied in a wood near Lancaster, which village they intended to attack and burn in a few days; that they had been encouraged to continue the war with the English, by *Frenchmen*, from the Great Lake, who had supplied them with fire arms and ammunition!"

On the receipt of this important information, the Governor despatched three companies of cavalry, under the command of Major Savage, for the defence of Lancaster, who, unfortunately, by mistaking the road, fell into an ambush of about three hundred and fifty Indians, by whom they were instantly surrounded. The English exhibited great presence of mind, and repelled the attack of the enemy in a very heroic manner; the savages being, however, well provided with fire arms, soon gained a complete victory over the English, whose loss in this unfortunate engagement was fifty-four! The number of killed and wounded of the enemy could not be ascertained, as they remained masters of the field of action.

On the 15th, a severe engagement took place between a company of English cavalry and about three hundred of the enemy, near Groton. The latter were not perceived by the former, until they were within a few paces of them, (the Indians having concealed themselves in the bushes,) when, suddenly issuing forth, with a hideous yell, the cavalry were thrown into confusion; but, instantly forming, and charging the enemy with great spirit, they fled in every direction.—The cavalry, in attempting to pursue them, were once more ambushed. The contest now became close and severe—the Indians, having succeeded in decoying the English into a thick wood, attacked them with great fury and success. The commander of the English being killed, every man sought his own safety; of forty-five, of which the company was composed, but twelve escaped! The loss of the enemy was, however, supposed to be much greater.

On the 12th August, a party of Indians entered the town of West-field, killed and took several of the inhabitants prisoners, and burnt several houses.—Three of them, soon after, made their appearance at a house near the said town, and fired at the man at his door, who fell; they ran towards him, and, one of them stooping to scalp him, was saluted by the man's wife, with a stroke from a large hatchet, which went so completely into his body, that, at three different efforts, she could not disengage it, and the Indian made off with it sticking in him; a second Indian also made an attempt, when she, by a well directed stroke with a stick she had got, laid him on the ground; the third then ran, and the other, as soon as he had recovered his feet, followed the example, on which the woman took her husband in her arms and carried him into the house, where he soon after recovered.

On the 17th, a party of Indians commenced an attack on Northampton; but there being a number of English soldiers therein stationed, the enemy were repulsed.

On the 20th, a number of the inhabitants of Springfield were attacked by a party of Indians as they were returning from divine service;

and, although the former were provided with fire arms, the enemy succeeded in making prisoners of two women and several children, whom they soon after inhumanly tomahawked and scalped; in which situation they were, the succeeding day, found by a party of English, sent out in pursuit of the enemy.—One of the unfortunate women, although shockingly mangled, was found still alive; and when so far recovered as to be enabled to speak, gave the following account of the fate of her unfortunate companions, to wit:—"That they were first conveyed by the savages to a thick wood, where they were severally bound with cords; that the Indians soon after built a fire, and regaled themselves with what they had previously stolen from the English; that soon after a warm dispute arose between them, relative to the prisoners, each claiming the women for their squaws, or wives; that they at length proceeded to blows, and after beating each other for some time with clubs, it was agreed by both parties, to prevent further altercation, that the women should be put to death, which they, as they supposed, carried immediately into execution; the unfortunate narrator received a severe blow on the head, which brought her senseless to the ground, and, while in that situation, was scalped and left for dead by her savage enemies!"

The inhabitants of Sudbury, with a company of soldiers, under the command of Lieut. Jacobs, of Marlborough, alarmed at the near approach of the enemy, who, to the number of about two hundred, were encamped near that place, resolved to attack them at night; accordingly, on the 6th September, they marched within view of them, and at night, as they lay extended around a large fire, approached them, unperceived, within gun shot, when they gave them the contents of their muskets; many of those that remained unhurt, being suddenly aroused from their slumber by the yells of their wounded brethren, and imagining that they were completely surrounded by the English, (whom the darkness of the night prevented their seeing,) threw themselves into the fire which they had enkindled, and there perished.—But few, if any, escaped; in this attack, the English sustained no loss.

On the 25th, a considerable body of the enemy attacked the inhabitants of Marlborough, many of whom they killed, and set fire to their houses. A company of English, who had been ordered from Concord for the defence of this place, were cut off by the savages, and totally destroyed; two other companies, despatched from Boston for the like purpose, met with the same fate. It appeared, that the Governor, on learning the situation of the unfortunate inhabitants of Marlborough, despatched to their relief two companies, under the command of Captains Wadsworth and Smith, who, before they arrived at their place of destination, were informed that the savages had quit Marlborough, and proceeded for Sudbury, twelve miles distant, which induced the English to alter their course, and proceed immediately for the latter place.—Of this, it appeared that the enemy had been apprized by their runners, and had concocted a plan to cut them off before they should reach Sudbury; which they, in the following manner,

completely effected: Learning the course which the English would take, they, within a few rods thereof, stationed fifty or sixty of their number in an open field, who were ordered to retreat into a neighboring thicket as soon as discovered and pursued by the English; in this thicket the remainder of the Indians, to the number of about three hundred, concealed themselves by lying prostrate on their bellies.—The English, on their arrival, espying the Indians in the field, and presuming them to be but few in number, pursued and attacked them, who very soon retreated to the fatal spot where their treacherous brethren lay concealed, and prepared to give their pursuers a warm, if not a fatal reception; here they were closely pursued by the English, who, too late, discovered the fatal snare which had been laid for them; in an instant they were completely surrounded and attacked on all sides by the savages; the English, for several hours, bravely defended themselves, but at length were borne down by numbers far superior to their own. Thus fell the brave Captain Wardswarth and Captain Smith, as well as most of the troops under their command.

The Indians bordering on the river Merrimack, feeling themselves injured by the encroachments of the English, once more resumed the bloody tomahawk, which had been buried for a number of years.—On the first November, they, in a considerable body, entered the villages of Chelmsford and Woburn, and indiscriminately put to death every inhabitant they contained, not sparing the infant at the breast. On the 9th, they burnt the house of a Mr. Eames, near Concord, killed his wife and threw her body into the flames, and made captives of his children. On the 15th, they took a prisoner, a young woman, (sixteen years of age,) who, by the family with whom she resided, had been placed on a hill in the neighborhood of their dwelling, to watch the motions of the enemy.—The account which the young woman gave of her capture and escape was as follows: That “on the morning of her capture, the family having been informed that a party of Indians had, the day previous, been discovered in a neighboring wood, she, by their request, ascended a hill near the house to watch their motions, and alarm the family if seen approaching the house; that about noon she discovered a number of them ascending the hill, in great haste; that she immediately, thereupon, attempted to evade them by retiring into a thicket; but that the Indians, who, it appeared, had before observed her, found her after a few moments search, and compelled her to accompany them to their settlement, about forty miles distant—it was here they gave her to understand she must remain and become their squaw, and dress and cook their victuals; that she remained with them about three weeks, during which time they made several expeditions against the English, and returned with a great number of human scalps; that on the night of the 6th December, they returned with six horses, which they had stolen from the English, which, having turned into a small enclosure, they set out on a new expedition; that she viewed this as a favorable opportunity to escape, to effect which, she caught and mounted one of the horses, and making use of a strip of bark as a bridle, she penetrated a wild

and pathless wood, and arrived at Concord, at seven o'clock, the morning succeeding, having travelled all the preceding night, to evade the pursuit of the enemy!" In like manner did one of the children of Mr. Eames (of whose capture mention is made in the preceding page) escape from the Indians; although but ten years of age, he travelled sixty miles, through an uninhabited wood, subsisting on acorns!

On the 12th December, a party of Indians attacked and killed several of the inhabitants of Bradford. The Governor of Massachusetts colony, for the protection of the defenceless inhabitants of the Merrimack, ordered the raising and equipping of four companies of cavalry, to the command of which were appointed Captains Sill, Holyoke, Cutler and Prentice.

On the 23d, the above troops proceeded for the borders of the Merrimack, and on the 26th fell in with a considerable body of the enemy, whom they engaged and completely defeated.

On the 4th January, 1679, Capt. Prentice, detached from the main body, fell in with and engaged about one hundred of the enemy, in the neighborhood of Amherst, whom he likewise defeated, but with considerable loss on his part.

On the 6th, a son of the brave Capt. Holyoke, of Springfield, receiving information that a number of the enemy, in small bodies, were skulking about in the woods bordering on that town, with twenty resolute young men, marched out to attack them.—Falling in with a considerable body of them, an engagement ensued, which, though severe, terminated, at length, in favor of the English.—The Indians, being furnished with muskets, were unwilling to give ground, and would, probably, have remained masters of the field, had not the English received a reinforcement, which put them to flight; the loss of the English in the engagement was five killed, and nine wounded; that of the enemy, twenty-three killed, and between thirty and forty wounded.

The savages were no longer confined to any particular tribe or place, but in parties of from fifty to three hundred, were scattered all over the thinly inhabited parts of New England. A considerable body of them were yet in the neighborhood of Hadley, Deerfield and Northampton, where they were continually committing their wanton acts of barbarity. Several of the inhabitants of the towns above mentioned, duly reflecting on the danger to which they and their families were daily exposed, formed themselves into several companies, and made choice of their commanders. On the 4th February, receiving information that there were near two hundred Indians embodied in a swamp in the neighborhood of Deerfield, the above-mentioned force marched to attack them. Arriving within view of them, about day-break, they discovered them in a profound sleep, stretched out upon the ground around their fire.—The cavalry, immediately thereupon, alighted, and after forming themselves, approached them within pistol shot, before they were discovered by the enemy; who, being suddenly aroused from their slumber, and astonished at the unexpected appearance of so many of their enemies, fell an easy prey

to the English, who, without the loss of a man, killed one hundred and twenty of them; the remainder, as the only means of escape, having plunged into a river, where probably many of them perished.

Although the English achieved this action without loss on their part, they were, on their return, unhappily ambushed by about four hundred of the enemy—the English having expended all their ammunition in the late engagement, and being much fatigued, were now in turn likely to fall an easy prey to their enemies, who, with their bloody knives and tomahawks, for the space of an hour, attacked them with the greatest success—not one of the English, it is probable, would have survived this bloody and unexpected attack, had it not been for the presence of mind of their brave commander, Capt. Holyoke, who, by a stratagem, succeeded in saving a part of them.—Capt. Holyoke had his horse killed under him, and at one time was attacked by five of the enemy, whom he beat off with his cutlass.—The loss of the English, in this unfortunate engagement was fifty-one killed and eighty-four wounded; many of the latter survived the action but a few days. The defeat and destruction of the English in this engagement was much to be lamented, as among the slain were the heads of several families, who had volunteered their services in defence of their infant settlements.

On the 10th, several hundreds of the enemy, encouraged by their late success, appeared before Hatfield, and fired several dwelling houses without the fortification of the town. The inhabitants of Hadley being seasonably apprized of the situation of their brethren at Hatfield, a number of them volunteered their services, and marched to their relief: the Indians, as they were accustomed to do on the approach of the English, lay flat on their bellies until the latter had advanced within bow shot, when, partly rising, they discharged a shower of arrows among them, which wounded several of the English; but they having wisely reserved their fire, now in turn levelled their pieces with the best effect before the savages had time to recover their legs, about thirty of whom were instantly despatched, and the remainder dispersed.

On the 15th February, the Governor of Massachusetts colony receiving information that the Indians were collecting in great numbers under the immediate guidance of Philip, near Brookfield, despatched Capt. Henchman, with fifty men, to dislodge them; who, proceeding first to Hadley, was joined by a company of cavalry from Hartford. On the 20th they discovered and attacked a party of Indians near Lancaster; they killed fifty of them, and took between fifty and sixty of their squaws and children prisoners. Capt. Henchman, on his way to Brookfield, discovered the dead bodies of several of his countrymen half consumed by fire, who it appeared had, a few days previous, fallen victims to the wanton barbarity of the savages.

The scattered remains of the enemy being now so completely harassed, and driven from place to place by the English, a number of them resorted to the western country, then inhabited by the Mohawks; but the latter being on friendly terms with the English and

Dutch, who were settling among them, were unwilling to harbor their enemies, and consequently attacked a considerable body of them on the 5th March; the engagement was a severe one—the fugitive Indians being furnished with fire-arms, repelled the attack of the Mohawks with a becoming spirit, but were at length overpowered and completely defeated. The loss on both sides was very great.

On the 20th, the Indians took a Mr. Willet prisoner, near Swanzezy, and after cutting off his nose and ears, set him at liberty! On the 23d they made prisoners of the family of a Mr. Barney, of Rehoboth, consisting of himself, his wife, and six children; two of the youngest of the latter they killed and scalped, and threw their mangled bodies to their dogs to devour!

On the 28th, a negro man who had been for several months a prisoner among the savages, escaped from them and returned to the English, to whom he gave the following information, to wit:—That the enemy were concerting a plan to attack Taunton, and the villages adjacent; that for this purpose there were then embodied, near Worcester, one thousand of them, at the head of whom was Philip, and that near one hundred of them were furnished with fire-arms: that a few days previous to his escape, a scouting party arrived, and brought in with them two prisoners and three human scalps! To frustrate the intentions of the enemy, the Governor of Massachusetts colony despatched three companies of cavalry for the defence of Taunton.

The English of Connecticut colony, although but little troubled with the enemy since the destruction of the Pequots, were not unwilling to afford their brethren all the assistance possible in a protracted and bloody war with the common enemy—they accordingly furnished three companies of cavalry, who, under command of the experienced Major Talcott, on the 5th April proceeded to the westward, in search of the enemy: on the 11th they fell in with, attacked, and defeated, a considerable body of them. Apparently, by the special direction of Divine Providence, Major Talcott arrived in the neighborhood of Hadley in time to preserve the town, and save its inhabitants from total destruction! The savages, to the number of five hundred, were on the eve of commencing an attack, when they were met by the Major, with the troops under his command; this unexpected relief animating the few inhabitants which the town contained, they hastened to the assistance of the cavalry, who at this moment were seriously engaged with the whole body of the enemy. The savages having gained some signal advantages, victory for a considerable length of time appeared likely to decide in their favor—fortunately, the inhabitants of Hadley having for their defence a few weeks previous procured from Boston an eight-pounder, it was at this critical period loaded by the women, and being mounted, was by them conveyed to the English, which (being charged with small shot, nails, &c.) was by the latter discharged with the best effect upon the enemy, who immediately thereupon fled in every direction.—Thus it was that the English in a great measure owed the preservation of their lives to the unexampled heroism of a few women!

The Governor and Council of the United Colonies, taking under serious consideration the miraculous escape of the inhabitants of Hadley from total destruction, and the recent success of the arms of the English in various parts of the country, appointed the 27th day of August 1679, to be observed throughout the Colonies as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise to Almighty God. This, it may be well to observe, was the commencement of an annual custom of our forefathers, which to the present day is so religiously observed by their descendants throughout the New England States.

On the 3d September, the Connecticut troops, under command of Major Talcott and Captains Dennison and Newbury, proceeded to Narraganset in quest of the enemy, who, to the number of about three hundred, had been discovered in a piece of woods; the English were accompanied by their faithful friend Oneco, with one hundred Mohegans under his command. In the evening of the 5th they discovered the savages encamped at the foot of a steep hill, on which Major Talcott made arrangements for an attack. The Mohegans were ordered to gain the summit of the hill, by a circuitous route, to prevent the flight of the enemy; two companies of cavalry were ordered to flank them on the right and left, while Major Talcott, with a company of foot stationed himself in their rear. Having thus disposed of his forces a signal was given by the Major for the Mohegans to commence the attack, which they did and with such spirit, (accompanied by their savage yells) that had the enemy been renowned for their valor, they must have been to the highest degree appalled at so unexpected an onset. After contending a few moments with the Mohegans, the enemy were attacked on the right and left by the cavalry, who, with their cutlasses, made great havoc among them:—they were, however, unwilling to give ground until they had lost nearly one-half their number, when they attempted a flight to a swamp in their rear; but here they were met by Major Talcott, with the company of foot, who gave them so warm a reception, that they once more fell back upon the Mohegans, by whom they were very soon overpowered and would have been totally destroyed, had not Major Talcott humanely interfered in their behalf, and made prisoners of the few that remained alive. Among the latter was their leader, a squaw, commonly termed the queen of Narraganset; and among them an active young fellow who begged to be delivered into the hands of the Mohegans, that they might put him to death in their *own way*, and sacrifice him to their cruel genius of revenge, in which they so much delighted! The English, although naturally averse to acts of savage barbarity, were not in this instance unwilling to comply with the voluntary although unnatural request of the prisoner, as it appeared that he had in presence of the Mohegans exultingly boasted of having killed nineteen of the English with his gun, since the commencement of the war, and after loading it for the 20th (there being no more of the latter within reach) he levelled at a Mohegan, whom he killed; which completing his number, he was willing to die by their hands. The Mohegans accordingly began to prepare for the tragical event.

Forming themselves into a circle (admitting as many of the English as were disposed to witness their savage proceedings) the prisoner was placed in the centre, when one of the Mohegans, who in the late engagement had lost a son, with his knife cut off the prisoner's ears, then his nose, and then the fingers of each hand; and after the lapse of a few moments, dug out his eyes, and filled their sockets with hot embers! Although the few English present were overcome with a view of a scene so shocking to humanity, yet the prisoner (so far from bewailing his fate) seemed to surpass his tormentors in expressions of joy. When nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, and unable longer to stand, his executioner closed the tragic scene by beating out his brains with a tomahawk!

The few Indians that now remained in the neighborhood of Plymouth colony, being in a state of starvation, they surrendered themselves prisoners to the English; one of whom being recognised as the person who had, a few days previous, inhumanly murdered the daughter of a Mr. Clarke, was, by order of the Governor, publicly executed; the remainder were retained, and treated as prisoners of war. By the assistance of one of the prisoners, who served as guide, twenty more of the enemy were, on the succeeding day, surprised and taken prisoners by the English.

The troops under the command of Major Bradford, and Captains Mosely and Brattle, on the 15th September surprised and took one hundred and fifty of the enemy prisoners near Pautuxet, among whom was the squaw of the celebrated Philip: and on the day succeeding, learning that the enemy in considerable bodies were roving about in the woods near Dedham, Major Bradford despatched Capt. Brattle with fifty men to attack them; who, the day following, fell in with about one hundred of them. As hatchets were the only weapons with which they were provided, they made but a feeble defence, and were soon overpowered by the English, who took seventy-four of them prisoners, the remainder having fallen in the action. The loss of the English was two killed and five wounded. The above party was commanded by a blood-thirsty Sachem, called Pomham, renowned for his bodily strength, which exceeded that of any of his countrymen ever met with. He bravely defended himself to the last, being wounded in the breast, and unable to stand, he seized one of the soldiers while in the act of despatching him with the butt of his gun, and would have strangled him, had he not been fortunately rescued by one of his comrades.

A general famine now prevailing among the enemy, in consequence of being deprived of an opportunity to plant their lands, numbers were daily compelled by hunger to surrender themselves prisoners to the English, among whom was a Nipnet Sachem, accompanied by one hundred and eighty of his tribe.

On the 12th October, Capt. Church, with fifty soldiers and a few friendly Indians under his command, attacked and defeated a party of the enemy near Providence, and on the day following (conducted by Indian guides) discovered a considerable body of the enemy en-

camped in a swamp near Pomfret—a friendly Indian first espying them, commanded them to surrender, but the enemy did not appear disposed to obey, and being sheltered by large trees, they first discharged their arrows among the English, and then with a terrible yell, attacked them with their long knives and tomahawks. The English, meeting with a much warmer reception than they had expected, gave ground, but being rallied by their old and experienced commander, Capt. Church, they rushed upon them with such impetuosity, that the enemy were thrown into confusion, and dislodged from their coverts. The action continued about an hour and a quarter. The English had seven men killed, and fourteen wounded; among the latter their brave commander, who received an arrow through his left arm. The loss of the enemy was thirty-two killed, and between sixty and seventy wounded.

On the 20th, information was forwarded the Governor and Council that the famous Philip, who had been for a long time skulking about in the woods near Mount Hope, much disheartened by the ill success of his countrymen, was the morning preceding discovered in a swamp near that place, attended by about ninety Seaconet Indians; on which the brave Capt. Church, with his little band of invincibles, were immediately despatched in pursuit of him. Captain Church was accompanied as usual by a number of the Mohegans, and a few friendly Seaconet Indians. On the 27th they arrived in the neighborhood of the swamp, near the border of which he stationed several of the Mohegans, to intercept Philip in case he should attempt an escape therefrom. Capt. Church, at the head of his little band, now with unconquerable resolution plunged into the swamp, and wading nearly to his waist in water, discovered and attacked the enemy. The Indians were nearly one hundred strong, but being unexpectedly attacked, they made no resistance, but fled in every direction; the inaccessible state of the swamp, however, prevented the English from pursuing them with success. Their dependence was now upon their friends stationed without; nor did it appear that those faithful fellows suffered so good an opportunity to pass unimproved. The reports of their muskets convinced Capt. Church that they were doing their duty; in confirmation of which, he was very soon after presented with the head of King Philip.

Philip, it appeared, in attempting to fly from his pursuers, was recognised by one of the English who had been stationed with the Mohegans to intercept him, and at whom he levelled his piece, but the priming being unfortunately wet, and preventing the discharge thereof, the cunning Sachem would yet have escaped had not one of the brave sons of Uncus at this instant given him the contents of his musket. The ball went directly through his heart; and thus fell by the hands of a faithful Mohegan, the famous Philip, who was the projector and instigator of a war, which not only proved the cause of his own destruction, but that of nearly all his tribe, once the most numerous of any inhabiting New England.

It was at this important period the English were made witnesses

of a remarkable instance of savage custom. Oneco, on learning that Philip had fallen by the hand of one of his tribe, urged that, agreeable to their custom, he had an undoubted right to the body, and a right to feast himself with a piece thereof, which the English not objecting to, he deliberately drew his long knife from his girdle, and with it detached a piece of flesh from the bleeding body of Philip, of about one pound weight, which he broiled and eat; in the meantime declaring that "he had not for many moons eaten anything with so good an appetite!" The head of Philip was detached from his body and sent by Capt. Church to Boston, to be presented to the Governor and Council, as a valuable trophy.

The few hostile Indians that now remained within the United Colonies, conscious that if so fortunate as even to evade the vigilance of the English, they must soon fall victims to the prevailing famine, fled with their families far to the westward. The English were disposed rather to facilitate than prevent their flight: having been for a number of years engaged in a destructive and bloody war with them, they were willing that the few that remained alive should escape to a country so far distant, that there was no probability of their returning to resume the bloody tomahawk. Impressed with this idea, and that the enemy were completely exterminated, they were about to bury the hatchet and turn their attention to agricultural pursuits, when by an express they were informed that the natives in the eastern part of the country (Province of Maine) had unprovokedly attacked and killed a considerable number of the English in that quarter.

To quench the flame which appeared to be enkindling in the east, the Governor despatched four companies of cavalry to the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants. The enemy, who were of the Kennebeck and Amoscoggin tribes, first attacked with unprecedented fury the defenceless inhabitants settled on Kennebeck river, the most of whom were destroyed or dispersed by them.

On the 2d November, about seven hundred of the enemy attacked with their accustomed fury, accompanied by their savage yells, the inhabitants of Newchewannick, an English settlement, situated a few miles from the mouth of the river Kennebeck, but before they had fully accomplished their hellish purposes, they were surprised by the troops sent from Boston, between whom a most bloody engagement now ensued. The Indians, encouraged by their numbers, repelled the attack of the English in so heroic a manner, that the latter were very soon thrown into disorder and driven out of town, where they again formed, faced about, and in turn charged the enemy with unconquerable resolution. The contest now became close and severe, the savages, with their terrific yells, dexterously hurled their tomahawks among the English, while the latter, with as much dexterity, attacked and mowed them down with their cutlasses. Each were apparently determined on victory or death. The English at one moment, unable to withstand the impetuosity of the savages, would give ground; at the next, the latter hard pushed by the cavalry would fall back; thus for the space of two hours did victory appear balance-

ing between the two contending parties; the field of action was covered with the slain, while the adjacent woods resounded with the shrieks and groans of the wounded. At this critical juncture the English, when on the very point of surrendering, were providentially preserved by a stratagem. In the heat of the action, Major Bradford despatched a company by a circuitous route to attack the enemy in the rear, which had the most happy effect; the enemy supposing this company a reinforcement of the English, fled in every direction, leaving the English masters of the field: thus, after two hours hard fighting, did the English obtain a victory, at the expense of the lives of more than half their number. Their killed and wounded amounted to ninety-nine. The loss of the enemy was not ascertained; it was, however, probably, three times greater than that of the English.

The day succeeding this bloody engagement, a lieutenant, with twelve men, were sent by the commander to the place of action to bury their dead, when they were, a few rods therefrom, unexpectedly attacked by about one hundred of the enemy, who had lain in ambush. The lieutenant ordered his men to reserve their fire until they could discharge with the best effect upon the enemy, by whom they were soon surrounded and furiously attacked on all sides—the savages, yelling horribly, brandished their long knives in the air, yet crimsoned with the blood of their countrymen. The brave little band, however, remained firm and undaunted; and, as the savages approached them, each taking proper aim, discharged with so good effect upon them, that the Indians, amazed at the instantaneous destruction of so many of their comrades, fled in every direction; the English sustained no loss.

On the 5th, the enemy successfully attacked the inhabitants of the village of Casco—thirty of whom they killed, and made prisoners of the family of a Mr. Bracket, who, on the 7th, in the following manner, made their escape:—The Indians, on their return to their wigwams, learning that a detached party of their brethren had attacked, with success, and plundered the village of Arowsick, to enjoy a share of the spoils, hastened to join them, leaving the prisoners in the care of two old men and three squaws.—Mr. Bracket, whose family consisted of himself, wife, three small children, and a negro lad, viewed this as a favorable opportunity to escape, to effect which, he requested the lad to attempt an escape by flight, which, being uncommonly active, he easily effected.—The plan of Mr. Bracket had now its desired effect, as the old men, pursuing the negro, left him and his family guarded only by the three squaws, whom (being intoxicated) he soon despatched, and returned the day following, with his family, to Casco, where the negro lad had arrived some hours before.

On the 15th, the Indians attacked the dwelling houses of a Capt. Bonithon, and a Major Philips, situated on the East side of Casco river.—They having received notice of the hostile views of the enemy, the family of the former, as a place of greater safety, had resorted to the house of the latter, a few moments previous to the attack. The savages, first communicating fire to the house of Captain

Bonithon, next proceeded furiously to attack the dwelling of Major Philips, in which there were about twenty persons, by whom it was most gallantly defended. The enemy had their leader and a number of their party killed by the fire of the English.—Despairing of taking the house by assault, they adopted a new plan to communicate fire thereto; they procured a carriage, on which they erected a stage, in front of which was a barricador, rendered bullet proof, and to which long poles were attached, nearly twenty feet in length, to the ends of which were affixed every kind of combustible, such as birch rinds, straw, pitch, pine, &c.; the Indians were sheltered by the barricador from the fire of the English, while they approached the walls of the house with their carriage. The English were now on the eve of despairing, when, fortunately, one of the wheels of the carriage, being brought in contact with a rock, was turned completely round, exposing the whole body of Indians to their fire! This unexpected opportunity was improved with the greatest advantage by the English, who, with a few rounds, soon dispersed the enemy with no inconsiderable loss.

The day following, the Indians attacked and set fire to the house of a Mr. Wakely, whom, with his whole family, they murdered.—A company of English, apprized of their dangerous situation, marched to their relief, but arrived too late to afford them assistance. They found the house reduced to ashes, among which they discovered the mangled bodies of the unfortunate family, half consumed by fire.

The savages, emboldened by their late success, on the 20th attacked a small English settlement on Piscataqua river, and succeeded in murdering a part, and carrying away the remainder of the inhabitants into captivity. As an instance of their wanton barbarity, it should be here mentioned, that after tomahawking and scalping one of the unfortunate women of the above place, they bound to the dead body her little infant, in which situation it was, the succeeding day, discovered by the English, attempting to draw nourishment from its mother's breast.

The Governor and Council of the United Colonies, conceiving it their duty, if possible, to put a final stop to the ravages of the enemy, in the east, and to prevent the further effusion of innocent blood, despatched Major Wallis and Major Bradford, with six companies under their command, to destroy, "root and branch," the common enemy. On the 1st December, they arrived in the neighborhood of Kennebeck, near where, they were informed, the main body of the enemy were encamped. On the morning of the 3d, they fell in with and attacked them.—The enemy, who were about eight hundred strong, appeared disposed to maintain their ground; they fought with all the fury of savages, and even assailed the English from the tops of lofty trees which they ascended for the purpose; they were possessed of but few fire arms, but hurled their tomahawks with wonderful exactness, and checked the progress of the cavalry with long spears. Victory for a long time remained doubtful; the ground being covered with snow, greatly retarded the progress of the troops,

who, probably, would have met with a defeat had not a fresh company of infantry arrived in time to change the fortune of the day.— These having remained inactive, as a body of reserve, the commander found himself under the necessity of calling for their aid. The enemy, disheartened at the unexpected arrival of an additional number of the English, fled with precipitancy to the woods; but very few of them, however, escaped—more than two hundred of them remained dead upon the field of action, and double that number mortally wounded; the loss of the English was fifty-five killed and ninety-seven wounded. This engagement, which proved a decisive one, was of the greatest importance to the English—the great and arduous work was now completed. The few remaining Indians that inhabited the eastern country, now expressed a desire to bury the bloody hatchet, and to make peace with the English—their request was cheerfully complied with, and they continued ever after the faithful friends of the English.

From this important period, which being the 5th day of December, 1679, ought the peace and prosperity of the now flourishing States of New England to receive their date. It was at this period that her hardy sons quit the sanguine field, and exchanged their implements of death for such as were better calculated for the cultivation and tillage of their farms. The forests, with which they were encompassed, no longer abounded with fierce and untutored savages; the Indian death-song and war-whoop was no longer heard. The greater part of the Indians that survived the many bloody engagements, had sought peace and retirement far westward. The prisoners, which the English had captured, were liberated upon condition of resorting to and remaining with them—they proved faithful to their promise; they took possession of the country bounding on the great lakes, and in possession of which their descendants remain to the present day—a description of whose manners and customs will be found in the succeeding chapter.

We shall close this with a few remarks relative to the state, customs, and ludicrous opinions of the Indians, in New England, when first visited by our forefathers, and of their rapid depopulation since that period.

We cannot even hazard a conjecture respecting the Indian population of New England, at the time of its first settlement by the English. Capt. Smith, in a voyage to this coast, in 1614, supposed, that on the Massachusetts island, there were about three thousand Indians—all accounts agree, that the sea coast and neighboring islands were thickly inhabited.

Three years before the arrival of the Plymouth colony, a very mortal sickness (supposed to have been the plague, or, perhaps, the yellow fever,) raged with great violence among the Indians in the eastern parts of New England; whole towns were depopulated; the living were not able to bury the dead, and their bones were found lying above the ground many years after. The Massachusetts Indians are said to have been reduced from thirty thousand to three hundred

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RELATIONS WITH THE NATIVES

who, probably, would have met with a different fate. The first company of infantry arrived in time to engage the Indians. These having remained inactive, as a party of the English, under the command of the governor, found themselves under the necessity of attacking the enemy, disheartened at the unexpected number of the English, fled with a few of them, however, escaped—some were slain, and many wounded; the loss of the Indians was seven wounded. The result of the battle was of the greatest importance to the Indians, as their work was now completed. The Indians of the eastern country, now expressed a desire to make peace with the English, and they commenced negotiations with the English.

From this important period, which began in 1779, began the peace and prosperity of New England to receive their rise. The narrow compass of the sanguine field, which had been so long as were better than the peace of the Indians. The forests, which had been so long bounded with fire and war, were now a scene of peace and whoop was heard from the Indians, and arrived the English, who had been so long far westward, were now so near. The Indians were liberated from the hands of the English—they were now in the hands of the country, and their descendants were now in the hands of the English, and their descendants were now in the hands of the English.

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If the second company of infantry arrived in time to engage the Indians, these having remained inactive, as a party of the English, under the command of the governor, found themselves under the necessity of attacking the enemy, disheartened at the unexpected number of the English, fled with a few of them, however, escaped—some were slain, and many wounded; the loss of the Indians was seven wounded. The result of the battle was of the greatest importance to the Indians, as their work was now completed. The Indians of the eastern country, now expressed a desire to make peace with the English, and they commenced negotiations with the English.

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fighting men. In 1633, the small-pox swept off great numbers of the Indians in Massachusetts.

In 1763, on the Island of Nantucket, in the space of four months, the Indians were reduced by a mortal sickness, from three hundred and twenty, to 85 souls. The hand of Providence is notable in these surprising instances of mortality among the Indians, to make room for the whites. Comparatively few have perished by wars; and the descendants of the few that were not driven to the westward by the English, waste and moulder away, and, in a manner unaccountable, disappear.

The number of Indians in the state of Connecticut in 1774, was one thousand three hundred and sixty-three; but their number is now doubtless much lessened. The principal part of their population in this state, is at Mohegan, in the county of New London—these are the descendants of the Mohegans, of whom frequent mention is made in the foregoing pages, as being very servicable (under the command of Uncus) to the English, in their many engagements with the natives. The Mohegans have ever exhibited great reverence for the descendants of their royal Sachem. After the death of Uncus, his body was conveyed (by his request) to Norwich, and there interred in the neighborhood of one of his forts—this spot was selected by him, previous to his death, and it was his dying request that the whole family of Uncus should be there buried, a request which has been strictly complied with by the Mohegans; who, although the distance is seven miles from their own burying ground, have continued to deposit there the descendants of their revered Sachem.

The number of Indians in Rhode-Island in 1783, was only five hundred and twenty-five. More than half of these lived in Charleston, in the county of Washington. In 1774, the number of Indians in Rhode-Island was one thousand four hundred and eighty-two; so that in nine years the decrease was nine hundred and fifty-seven.—We have not been able to ascertain the exact state of the Indian population in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire. In 1784, there was a tribe of about forty Indians at Norridgewalk, in the Province of Maine, with some few other scattering remains of tribes in other parts; and a number of towns thinly inhabited round Cape Cod.

When the English first arrived in America, the Indians had no time or place set apart for religious worship. The first settlers in New-England were at great pains to introduce among them the habits of civilized life, and to instruct them in the Christian religion. A few years intercourse with the Indians induced them to establish several good and natural regulations.

The Rev. Mr. ELLIOT, of Roxbury, near Boston, who had been styled the great Indian apostle, with much labor learned the Natic dialect of the Indian languages. He published an Indian grammar, and preached in Indian to several tribes, and in 1664, translated the Bible and several religious books into the Indian language. He relates several pertinent queries of the Indians, respecting the Christian religion. Among others, whether Jesus Christ, the mediator or in-

terpreter, could understand prayer in the Indian language? If the father be bad and the child good, why should God in the second commandment be offended with the child? How the Indians came to differ so much from the English in the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, since they all sprang from one father? Mr. ELLIOT was indefatigable in his labors, and travelled through all parts of Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, as far as Cape Cod. The colony had such a veneration for him, that in an act of the General Assembly relating to Indians, they express themselves thus, "By the advice of the said magistrates and Mr. ELLIOT."

Concerning the religion of the untaught natives of New-England, who once held a plurality of deities, after the arrival of the English, supposed there were only three, because they saw people of three kinds of complexions, viz—English, Negroes, and themselves.

It was a notion pretty generally prevailing among them, that it was not the same God made them who made us; but that they were created after the white people: and it is probable they supposed their God gained some special skill, by seeing the white people made, and so made them better; for it is certain they looked upon themselves and their methods of living, which they say their God expressly prescribed for them, as vastly preferable to the white people and their methods.

With regard to a future state of existence, many of them imagined that the *chicung*, i. e. the shadow, or what survived the body, would at death go southward, and in an unknown but curious place would enjoy some kind of happiness, such as hunting, feasting, dancing and the like. And what they supposed would contribute much to their happiness, was, that they should there never be weary of those entertainments.

The natives of New England believed not only a plurality of Gods, who made and governed the several nations of the world, but they made deities of everything they imagined to be great, powerful, beneficial, and hurtful to mankind; yet they conceived an Almighty Being, whom they called *Kichtau*, who at first, according to their tradition, made a man and woman out of stone, but upon some dislike destroyed them again, and then made another couple out of a tree, from whom descended all the nations of the earth; but how they come to be scattered and dispersed into countries so remote from one another they could not tell. They believed their Supreme God to be a good being, and paid a sort of acknowledgment to him for plenty, victory, and other benefits.

The immortality of the soul was universally believed among them. When good men died, they said their souls went to *Kichtau*, where they met with their friends, and enjoyed all manner of pleasures:—when the wicked died, they went to *Kichtau* also, but were commanded to walk away; and so wander about in restless discontent and darkness forever.

The natives of New England, in general, were quick of apprehension, ingenious; and when pleased nothing could exceed their cour-

tesy and friendship—gravity and eloquence distinguished them in council—address and bravery in war: they were not more easily provoked than the English, but when once they had received an injury, it was never forgotten: in anger they were not like the English, talkative and boisterous, but sullen and revengeful. The men declined all labor, and spent their time in hunting, fishing, shooting, and warlike exercises. They imposed all the drudgery upon their women, who gathered and brought home their wood, planted, dressed and gathered their corn; when they travelled, the women carried their children, packs and provisions. The women submitted patiently to such treatment; this ungenerous usage of their husbands they repaid with smiles and good humor.

The clothing of the natives was the skins of wild beasts, the men threw a mantle of skins over them, and wore a small flap which was termed Indian breeches; the women were much more modest, they wore a coat of skins, girt about their loins, which reached down to their hams, which they never put off in company: if the husband chose to dispose of his wife's beaver petticoat, she could not be persuaded to part with it, until he had provided another of some sort.—In the winter their blanket of skins which hung loose in summer, was tied, or wrapped more closely about them. The old men, in the several seasons, also wore a sort of trowsers made of skins, and fastened to their girdles, and on their feet they wore moccasins, made of moose leather, and their chiefs or sachems wore on their heads a cap decorated with feathers.

Their houses or wigwams were at best but miserable cells; they were constructed generally like arbors, of small young trees bent and twisted together, and so curiously covered with mats or bark, that they were tolerably dry and warm—the natives made their fires in the centre of the house, and there was an opening at the top which emitted the smoke. For the convenience of wood and water, these huts were commonly erected in groves, near some river, brook, or living spring; when either failed, the family removed to another place.

They lived in a poor, low manner; their food was coarse and simple, without any kind of seasoning; they had neither spice, salt or bread—their food was principally the entrails of moose, deer, bears, and all kinds of wild beasts and fowls; of fish and snakes they were extremely fond: they had strong stomachs, and nothing came amiss. They had no set meals, but like other wild creatures, ate when they were hungry, and could find any thing to satisfy the cravings of nature; they had but little food from the earth except what it spontaneously produced: Indian corn, beans and squashes, were the only eatables for which the natives of New England labored.

Their household furniture was of but small value. Their beds were composed of mats or skins; they had neither chairs nor stools, but commonly sat upon the ground, with their elbows upon their knees: a few wooden and stone vessels and instruments served all the purposes of domestic life—their knife was a sharp stone, shell, or kind of reed, which they sharpened in such a manner as to cut

their hair, make their bows and arrows, &c.; they made their axes of stone, which they shaped somewhat similar to our axes, but with the difference of their being made with a neck instead of an eye, and fastened with a withe, like a blacksmith's chisel.

The manner of the courtship and marriage of the natives manifested the impurity of their morals.—When a young Indian wished for marriage, he presented the girl with whom he was enamored with bracelets, belts and chains of wampum; if she received his presents, they cohabited together for a time upon trial—if they pleased each other they were joined in marriage: but if, after a few weeks, they were not suited, the man, leaving his presents, quitted the girl and sought another mistress, and she another lover.—In this manner they courted until two met who were agreeable to each other.

The natives of New England, although they consisted of a great number of different nations and clans, appear to have spoken, radically, the same language, from Piscataqua to Connecticut.—It was so nearly the same, that the different tribes could converse tolerably together.—The Mohegan, or Pequot language was essentially that of all the Indians in New England; the word Mohegan, is a corruption of Muhhekaneew, in the singular, or of Muhhekaneek, in the plural. The Penobscots, bordering on Nova Scotio—the Indians of St. Francis, in Canada—the Delawares, in Pennsylvania—the Shawanese, on the Ohio—and the Chippewaus, at the westward of Lake Huron, all now speak the same radical language.

FROM
CAMPBELL'S
HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE origin of Virginia is not, like that of most nations, involved in fable and obscurity. Not much more than two centuries have elapsed since our shores were first visited by European adventurers. We are able to trace our history from the first movements of colonial infancy, and can mark with precision our moral and physical progress. If a paucity of interesting materials sometimes check our research, we are compensated for the deficiency of matter by the recency of the events, and the interest they are calculated to excite. To observe the rise of society and the changes and revolutions of States and Empires, is the most pleasing, and not the least profitable employment of the human mind. But we must feel a peculiar interest in reviewing the conduct and marking the policy of our ancestors. We shall behold our State, from the very embryo of her existence, rising amidst enemies, and progressing amidst difficulties towards her present grandeur and population.

It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh projected a settlement on our coast. This illustrious statesman having obtained letters patent empowering him to discover and settle remote lands, fitted out, with the assistance of his friends, two small vessels for this purpose. These, under the command of captains Philip Amydas and Arthur Barlow, sailed from the Thames, on the 27th of April, 1584. About the middle of July, they cast anchor at a place called Wococon, on the coast of North Carolina.

Soon after their landing they were visited by several of the natives, and among others by the king's brother, whose name was Grannameo. This chief discovered no apprehensions from the intrusion of the strangers, but invited them to sit down on his mat with him and his attendants.

After this first interview, frequent visits were made by the natives, chiefly for the purpose of trading in skins, corals, and other articles.

The village where Granganameo resided was situated on the island of Roanoke, about twenty miles from the place of their first landing. Thither Captain Amydas, with seven of his companions, went on a visit, and were hospitably entertained by the wife of that chief, who was himself absent.

The town consisted of eight or nine houses, built of cedar, and enclosed by a slender palisade. The attention of the wife of Granganameo to the English, is worthy of remark. It shows, that hospitality is not confined to civilized nations, and that the rudeness of the savage may be mingled with the noblest traits of humanity. She ordered the boat of the English to be drawn on shore that it might not be injured by the surge. When dinner was ready, she invited her guests into a room, where they were presented with venison, fish, and hominy, or boiled corn. How fearless soever the natives might be of the designs of the English, all suspicion was not removed from the breasts of the latter. Observing some of the Indians approach with their bows and arrows, they seized their arms and put themselves in a posture of defence. The wife of Granganameo, on this occasion, endeavored to remove their fears by commanding those implements of war to be taken from the Indians, whose vain or thoughtless parade had excited alarm. In the evening they returned to their boat, and lay at some distance from the shore, for fear of some hostility from the natives during the night.

The discoveries of the English during their stay on these coasts were very limited. They penetrated but a few leagues from the place of their first landing, and gained from the natives but little information respecting their country. No trace of this coast having ever been visited by any civilized people was discovered. Nothing but a confused account of a vessel having been wrecked on their shores, about thirty years before, was obtained from the natives.

About the middle of September, our adventurers returned to England, carrying with them two of the natives, Manteo and Wanchese, who showed a willingness to visit the land of the English.

This discovery produced so much satisfaction to Queen Elizabeth, that she named the country Virginia, in honor, as has been supposed of her own virginity.

Sir Richard Grenville, with seven ships, sailed from Plymouth, in the following year, 1585, for Virginia. With him returned Manteo, whose knowledge of his native country and the language of the Indians, rendered him of singular service to the English both as a guide and interpreter. Under his guidance they visited several towns and made various excursions through the country. During their stay at one of the towns called Akascogock, an Indian stole from the company a silver cup. This trivial offence brought destruction on their town, which was reduced to ashes by their merciless invaders.

Grenville after this sailed for Hatteras, leaving about a hundred men at Roanoke, under the command of Ralph Lane. During his

stay at Hatteras he received a visit from Granganameo, whose friendship and services the English had much cause to remember. He soon after sailed for England, where he arrived on the 18th of September, with a Spanish prize, taken on his way.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE we proceed in our colonial history, it may be proper to give some account of the inhabitants of this newly discovered country. Their history becomes so much blended with that of the colony, as to make an inquiry into their situation and population at this time an object worthy the attention of the reader. Our limits will confine us, however, to a few general observations.

According to the account of Captain John Smith, that part of Virginia that lies between the sea and the mountains was inhabited by forty-three different tribes of Indians. Thirty of these were united in a grand confederacy under the emperor Powhatan. The dominions of this mighty chief, who was long the most powerful rival, and most implacable foe, with whom the English had to contend, extended over that part of the country that lies south of the Potowmack betwixt the coast and the falls of the rivers.

In comparison with civilized countries this extensive territory contained but a scanty population. The Powhatan confederacy consisted of but about eight thousand inhabitants, which is less than a twentieth of its present population.

Besides this confederacy, there were two others which were combined against that of Powhatan. These were the Mannahoacks and Manakins; the former of whom, consisting of eight tribes, occupied the country lying between Rappahannock and York rivers; and the latter, consisting of five tribes, was settled between York and James rivers, above the falls. Besides these, were the Nottoways, the Meherricks, the Tuteloes, and several other scattering and independent tribes.

The hereditary dominions of Powhatan lay on James river, which originally bore his name. He had a seat on this river about a mile below the falls, where Richmond now stands, and another at Werowocomoco on the north side of York river, within the present county of Gloucester.

This monarch was remarkable for the strength and vigor of his body, as well as for the energies of his mind. He possessed great skill in intrigue and great courage in battle. His equanimity in the career of victory, was only equalled by his fortitude in the hour of adversity. If he had many vices incident to the savage life, he had some virtues seldom found among the civilized. He commanded a respect rarely paid by savages to their werowance, and maintained a

dignity and splendor worthy the monarch of thirty nations. He was constantly attended by a guard of forty warriors, and during the night a sentry regularly watched his palace. Though unlimited by custom in the number of his wives, his seraglio exhibited the apathy of the Indian character. When he slept, one of his women sat at his head and another at his feet. When he dined, they attended him with water, or brought him a bunch of feathers to wipe his hands. His regalia, free from the glitter of art, showed only the simple royalty of the savage. He wore a robe composed of skins, and sat on a throne spread with mats and decked with pearls and with beads. The furniture of his palace, like the qualities of his mind, was adapted to war, and the implements of death rather than of pleasure garnished his halls.

The small number of the natives compared with their extent of territory, may to some be a matter of wonder. It is, however, a circumstance inseparable from savage life, where the checks to population are numerous and powerful. Amongst uncivilized nations the means of subsistence are often precarious and always scanty. The labors and hardships of the women, and the constant and destructive wars of the men, equally tend to retard the progress of population.

When the first settlement of Europeans was made in Virginia, it is probable the whole number of Indians did not amount to twenty thousand. The wants and even the superfluities of civilized life tend equally to condense and increase the mass of society. Arts and manufactories, trade and commerce, strengthen its bonds and promote its population. But to savages who support themselves by hunting, whose places of abode are the forest and the wilderness, the multiplication of their species is rather an inconvenience than a blessing, as it lessens the public stock and divides the means of subsistence.

The Indians of Virginia were generally well formed, and something above the European stature. Smith, in his History of Virginia, represents some of the tribes, particularly the Susquehannocks, as approaching to the gigantic. He describes one of their chiefs, the calf of whose leg, he says, measured three-quarters of a yard in circumference. Their complexion in infancy is white, but in riper age it becomes a copper brown. Their hair is straight, long, and dark. In their moral disposition they are generally cunning and deceitful, and always revengeful and cruel. Such was the state and character of the people whom the English found scattered over the wilds and forests of America.

The colony left at Roanoke made some attempts to explore the interior of the country. They penetrated on the north as far as the Chesapeake nation of Indians, who were situated on what is now called Elizabeth river, and to Secotan, on the south. Towards the northwest they discovered the Ohowhanocks, who dwelt about the junction of the Meherrin and Nottoway rivers. The chief of this tribe amused the English with an account of a copper mine and pearl fishery, and a marvellous description of the source of the Roanoke, which he said gushed from a rock on the borders of a great ocean. The credulous adventurers supposing this to be the South Sea, hoped

soon to find a short route to South America. With a view also of finding rich mines they ascended the river in their boats until want of provisions compelled them to return. About this time they met with a real loss in the death of Granganameo, whose friendship to the English had been constant and sincere.

Many of the Indian chiefs, who had heard of the arrival of the English, began to testify their friendship by presents and by visiting the colony, accompanied by numbers of their subjects. The king of the island, however, whose name was Wingina, did not imitate the example of Granganameo, and other friendly natives. When the English arrived in his country he was confined by wounds which he had received in battle. He had no sooner recovered than he began to plot the ruin of the invaders. For this purpose he issued secret orders to his warriors to assemble and attack the colony. The plot, fortunately for the English, was discovered, and Wingina and a number of his men were drawn into ambush and slain.

During this year, (1585,) Sir Francis Drake, who had been cruising in the West Indies, against the Spaniards, visited the infant colony in Virginia, and supplied them with such articles as their wants required. He gave them a ship, also, to enable them, in case their situation made it necessary, to return to England. Before he left the coast of Virginia, there happened a violent storm, which drove their vessel from its anchorage, and so alarmed the colonists that they determined to abandon their settlement. They sailed with Drake for England, where they arrived in July, 1586.

CHAPTER. III.

A few days after the departure of Lane and his companions, for England, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships, and provisions for the colony. Finding none of the colonists, they suspected that they had been exterminated by the Indians. Their fears were removed by the information of Manteo, from whom they learned that their countrymen had returned to England, with Sir Francis Drake. Sir Richard Grenville concluded to leave fifty men at Roanoke, and, having supplied them with provisions for two years, he returned to England.

The following year, John White, with three ships, sailed for Virginia. He was appointed Governor of the colony, with the assistance of twelve counsellors. On their arrival at Cape Hatteras, they despatched a party in search of the fifty men left at Roanoke, by Grenville. They found their houses abandoned, their fort destroyed, and no sign of recent habitation, except the bones of a man on the place where the fort had stood. Twenty men under the guidance of

Manteo were then sent to Croatan, to gain, if possible, some information respecting the colony. They there understood, that in a quarrel betwixt Wingina's people and the English, one of the latter had been slain, and that they had soon after abandoned the settlement.

On the 13th of August, Manteo underwent the ceremony of baptism; and, for his friendship to the English, was honored with the title of Lord of Dessamonpeake. White soon afterwards returned to England, leaving one hundred persons on one of the islands adjacent to Hatteras.

In the year 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh assigned to Thomas Smith and others his patent, with a donation of one hundred pounds for the propagation of Christianity in Virginia. The projects of Raleigh for the discovery and settlement of Virginia had been attended with much expense and many disappointments. To the enterprise of this illustrious, but unfortunate nobleman, however, we may be proud to trace our origin. Sir Walter Raleigh was equally distinguished as a soldier, a statesman, and a scholar. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth he was among the first courtiers in the kingdom, no less honored for his talents than beloved for his virtues and admired for his accomplishments. He early excited the enmity of the Spanish Court by his active enterprises against that nation, both in Europe and America. On the accession of James I, he lost his interest at Court, and was tried and condemned for a conspiracy against the king. He was, however, reprieved, and was employed afterwards in the public service of his monarch. The sentence of death was still suspended over his head, and was at last executed, to appease the wrath of his enemies. He suffered in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His talents and his virtues merited a better fate, and his name, however it may have been traduced by his enemies, deserves a place amongst those whose actions have been the theme of other nations, and whose misfortunes have been the disgrace of their own.

John White again sailed for Virginia, in the year 1590, with three ships supplied with provisions for the colony. They came to anchor on the 15th of August, and the first object of their search was the men that had been left on the island near Hatteras. They fired a cannon to announce their arrival, and although they discovered smoke at the place where the colony had been left, they found no person.— Observing on a post the word *Croatan*, in large letters, they weighed anchor for that place, but meeting with disastrous fortune, they changed their course and steered for the West Indies, neglecting the welfare of the colony to preserve their own.

A succession of unfortunate voyages began to damp the spirit of discovery, which was not again revived until the year 1606.

Bartholomew Gosnold, an enterprising navigator, obtained letters patent from James the First, who succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England, by which that tract of country, from thirty-four to forty-five degrees of north latitude, was divided into southern and northern colonies of Virginia, and persons appointed as a council for both divisions. About this time the celebrated adventurer, John Smith, arrived

in London, decked with the laurels of military adventure and heroic achievement. To him Gosnold made known his projects, and engaged him to enter into the spirit of the enterprise. As Smith is to act a conspicuous part in the colonial history of Virginia, it may be amusing to the reader to have a sketch of his life previous to his adventures in America. He was born at Willoughby, in England, in the year 1579. He early discovered a romantic turn of mind, which, at the age of fifteen, he endeavored to gratify by embarking for France in the train of a young nobleman. After visiting Paris, he travelled into the low countries, where he learned the art of war. At the age of seventeen, he entered into the train of a Frenchman, who persuaded him to accompany him to France. They arrived at St. Valory during the night, where, with the connivance of the master of the vessel, the trunks of Smith were carried on shore and plundered by the Frenchman, who made his escape before the landing of our adventurer. When Smith came on shore, he found himself deprived of his baggage, and deserted by his companion. He afterwards embarked at Marseilles for Italy, in company with a number of pilgrims. On their passage there arose a violent storm, which the pilgrims imputed to their having a heretic on board. They were at length induced, by their superstitious fears, to throw Smith into the sea, in order to calm its waves. He swam to land, which, fortunately, was at no great distance, and was next day taken on board a ship which was going to Egypt. After coasting the Levant, he was at length set on shore with a box of one thousand chequins, which enabled him to pursue his travels. His roving disposition carried him into Stiria, where he was introduced to Lord Eberspaught and Baron Kizel.—The emperor being then at war with the Turks, Smith entered his army as a volunteer. When Eberspaught was besieged in Olinpack by the Turkish army, and cut off from all means of intelligence, he obtained relief by means of a telegraph constructed by Smith. Information was given of their design to attack the Turks on the east quarter, and advising Eberspaught at what time to make a sally. The Turks were defeated, and the enterprise of Smith was rewarded with the command of a troop of horse.

At the siege of Rigal, the Ottomans sent a challenge to the Transylvanian army, announcing the offer of the Lord Turbisha to fight any captain of the Christian troops. Thirty of the bravest captains being selected, they chose by lot one of that number to fight the Turkish hero. The lot fell upon Smith, who cheerfully accepted the challenge. He met his antagonist on horseback, and soon bore away his head in the presence of both armies. He immediately received and accepted a challenge from another Turkish lord, who shared the fate of the former.

Smith, in his turn, sent an offer to the enemy, which was accepted by Bonamalgro. This Turk unhorsed Smith, and had nearly gained the victory; but fortune at length declared for the English captain, and enabled him to add to the glory of his former victories the head of Bonamalgro. For these exploits he was honored with a grand

military procession, in which three Turks' heads, borne on the points of lances, graced their march. In addition to these honors; his general, the Lord Moyzes, presented him with a horse richly caparisoned, a sword and belt worth three hundred ducats, and a commission of major in his regiment.

Some time after this the Transylvanian army was defeated, and Smith being wounded in the battle, lay among the slain. He was taken prisoner by the enemy, and after being cured of his wounds he was sold to the bashaw Bogul, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople. This lady became captivated with the fine appearance and heroic character of her prisoner, but fearing he might be ill-treated by Bogul on his return, she sent him for safety to her brother, the bashaw of Nailbraitz, on the borders of the sea of Asoph. This transfer proved a very unfortunate one for our adventurer, who exchanged the amatory smiles of his mistress for the oppressive commands of an unfeeling master. Within an hour after his arrival he was dressed in hair-cloth, and sent, with his head shaved and an iron collar about his neck, to work among the slaves of the bashaw. In this hopeless situation, his services were rewarded only by severe blows and repeated indignities, to which his proud spirit could not long submit. One day, while he was threshing in the field, his master began to beat him in his usual rigorous and brutal manner. Smith, unable to bear the treatment of his tyrant any longer, raised his flail and beat out his brains; then, hiding his body in the straw, he filled a bag with grain, and set off on his master's horse, through the inhospitable deserts of Russia. After travelling through the wilds for sixteen days, he at length arrived at a Russian garrison on the river Don, where he was kindly received.—He afterwards visited France, Spain, Germany, and Morocco, and returned at last to England. Such is the history of the man whom Gosnold engaged to accompany him to America. His adventures in the western world remain yet to be told. They will be equally amusing to the reader, and as they more directly belong to our subject, they shall be more minutely related, as they occur in the course of our history.

CHAPTER IV.

On the 19th of December, 1606, Gosnold sailed from Blackwall with two ships, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport. In this voyage, Captain Smith, whose active mind had already excited the envy of the other adventurers, was arrested on a charge of aiming at usurping the power vested in the council, and kept in confinement during the rest of the voyage. On the 26th of April,

1607, they entered the bay of Chesapeake, and gave to the two points of land which formed its entrance, the names of the king's two sons, Charles and Henry.

On opening their orders, which had been delivered them in a sealed box, it appeared that Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Martin, John Ratcliffe and George Kendall, were appointed a council for the colony. Having elected Wingfield president, they entered on their minutes their reasons for excluding Smith from a participation in the duties of the council.

The first river they entered was called by the natives Powhatan, but by the English was honored with the name of their own sovereign. While in search of a place of settlement, they met with some Indians who invited them to their town Kichotan, which stood where Hampton now stands, and regaled them with tobacco and a dance. In their passage up the river, they met with another party of the natives, whose chief, with a bow and arrows in one hand and a pipe with tobacco in the other, demanded the cause of their coming.

On the 13th of May they landed at a place to which they gave the name of Jamestown. At this memorable spot the first permanent settlement was made in Virginia. The Indians who inhabited the adjacent country appeared friendly, and their chief Paspiha sent the English a present of venison, and offered them as much land as they should want.

Captain Newport, accompanied by captain John Smith, who was released from confinement though not absolved from the charge of treason, ascended the river with only twenty men, as high as the falls. During this excursion they made their first visit to the seat of the emperor Powhatan. The town where this monarch of so many nations then resided, stood about two miles below where Richmond now stands, and consisted of about a dozen of houses.

The first appearance of the natives was calculated to inspire confidence in the English; but the traits of the Indian character were not yet fully unfolded. A little farther acquaintance seemed necessary to put the English on their guard against that hostile spirit which lurked under the mask of friendship. An opportunity offered in the absence of Smith and Newport of estimating the faith and attachment of the natives. The colony at Jamestown was attacked by a party of Indians, who killed one and wounded seventeen of the English. This attack showed them the necessity of union among themselves, and more vigilance towards their enemies.

Hitherto they had been distracted by domestic feuds, the constant companions of popular and incongruous bodies. They were now compelled to think of their mutual defence. A fort which had been constructed since their arrival, was strengthened by a palisade, and mounted with five pieces of cannon.

Captain Smith, who had strenuously demanded a trial, at length succeeded in his wishes, against the machinations of his enemies.—He was acquitted of the charges against him, and consequently admitted to his seat in the council.

On the 22d of June, 1607, Newport returned to England, leaving in Virginia one hundred and four persons, with but a scanty stock of provisions. Owing to the scarcity or bad quality of their food, and no doubt in part to the climate, which now when meliorated by the cultivation of the soil is not of the most salubrious kind, about fifty of those that remained at Jamestown died within a month after the departure of Newport. The survivors lived during the summer chiefly on crabs and sturgeon.

During this time of famine and distress, the President, Wingfield, was charged with feasting on the provisions belonging to the colony, and other improper conduct. What might have been the degree of his guilt it is not worth our time to inquire. It is sufficient to observe, that the council dismissed him from his office, and elected John Ratcliffe in his room.

The adventurous mind of Smith, which could not be restrained by the love of ease nor the fear of danger, led him into various parts of the country, and enabled him to make important discoveries. In one of these excursions he discovered the people of Chickahomony.— In another he procured a quantity of corn, as a ransom for an idol which he had taken from the Kickotan Indians. He made another voyage up the river, with a design of exploring the source of the Chickahomony. After ascending as far as possible in a boat, he proceeded in a canoe, accompanied by only two Englishmen and two Indians. The rest of his party, who were left to guard the boat, were attacked soon after his departure by the famous Opechancanough, whose treacherous and implacable hostility is indelibly recorded in the annals of our country. This wily chief, with a number of his subjects, having discovered from one of the English whom he had taken prisoner, the route of captain Smith, pursued him without delay up the river. They surprised his companions asleep, and after killing them, soon overtook Smith, whom after a long and obstinate resistance they took prisoner. During the fight he killed three of his assailants with his musket, and would have made good his retreat to the canoe, had not the loss of blood from his wounds deprived him of strength, and compelled him to surrender to an enemy who even in the moment of victory trembled at his prowess.

They carried him prisoner to Orapaxe, a town situated on the upper part of Chickahomony swamp. On their arrival at that place they were surrounded by the women and children, whose war songs, accompanied by frantic gestures and savage ceremonies, formed a novel spectacle to captain Smith. He was afterwards confined in a log house under a guard of about forty Indians. The capture of Smith induced the enemy to think of an attack upon Jamestown. In order the better to succeed in this attempt, they endeavored to attach him to their interests, by offering him a large tract of land and a number of beautiful women if he would assist them in their project. However strong these motives might appear, they were not sufficient, if we may credit his own account, to draw him from the line of his duty, or shake the firm foundation of his patriotism. He so magnified

the difficulties of the enterprise to their view, as to induce them to relinquish their project.

They afterwards conducted Smith through different towns under the dominion of Opechancanough, and at last brought him to the seat of Powhatan at Werowocomoco. This place was situated on the north side of York river, within the present limits of Gloucester county. When captain Smith appeared in the presence of this venerable old monarch, he found him dressed in skins, and surrounded by his chiefs and counsellors. It did not require a long consultation to determine the fate of the captive. He was sentenced to die, and the emperor himself undertook the office of executioner.

The head of Smith was laid on a large stone, and Powhatan being provided with a club, was aiming a fatal blow, when the intercession of his daughter, the princess Pocahontas, averted the stroke. She placed herself betwixt the instrument of death and the prisoner, whose head she clasped in her arms to shield it from the vengeance of her father. Whether this intervention of Pocahontas be imputed to generous sorrow, or the softer sympathies of the mind, I leave others to determine. It is certain that it succeeded in softening the rigor of the monarch, and releasing the prisoner from destruction.— He was set at liberty and allowed to return to Jamestown, where he safely arrived after an absence of about seven weeks.

The colony about this time was much in want of provisions, but was relieved by the return of Captain Newport from England, after a tedious voyage, in which he had been compelled by stress of weather to stop at the West Indies. He brought with him one hundred and twenty adventurers, with a supply of provisions and a number of presents for the emperor Powhatan. Not long after his arrival he made a visit to this monarch, for the purpose of delivering his presents and bartering for such articles as might be of service to the colony. He also paid his respects to Opechancanough, and returned to Jamestown which had been consumed by fire in his absence.

The hope of finding gold on the shores, or in the recesses of Virginia, was not yet entirely abandoned, notwithstanding it had hitherto been rewarded only by chagrin and disappointment. Newport, possessing the cupidity of his countrymen, made an attempt to discover these imaginary treasures, with more care, but as little success as others. He shortly afterwards returned to England, accompanied by the late President, Wingfield.

Captain Nelson, who had sailed from England with Newport, but on account of the damage sustained at sea, had remained longer in the West Indies, arrived in Virginia in the year 1608, with a seasonable supply of provisions.

Captain Smith, anxious to make new discoveries, undertook a voyage up the Chesapeake Bay, with a design to explore the mouths of the large rivers that empty into it. His attention was particularly arrested by the great width of the Potowmack, and the beauty and verdure of its banks. In sailing up this river he found his movements closely watched by the natives. A large body of them lay in

ambush on the bank, but were frightened and dispersed by the firing of a few muskets. He was afterwards wounded, at the mouth of the Rappahannock, by a fish called the stingray, and his life being thought in danger, he was induced to return to Jamestown.

Ratcliffe, whose conduct was not more correct than that of his predecessor, became equally unpopular. He was dismissed from office, and the vacancy filled by the appointment of Captain John Smith as his successor. This active and enterprising man, however, could not be confined to the dull pursuits of domestic life or colonial government. A few days after his appointment to the Presidency, he set off on a second voyage to the Chesapeake, during which expedition he visited the Susquehannocks, Manahocks, Nansemonds, Chesapeake and other Indian tribes, and returned in September to Jamestown, after a voyage of near three thousand miles in an open boat.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1609, Captain Newport again returned to Virginia, bringing with him two females, Mrs. Forrest and Anne Burras, her maid, the first European women that had arrived in the colony.

Newport was required by his commission to discover the South Sea, or one of the lost company of Sir Walter Raleigh, or a lump of gold. Without the attainment of one of which objects he was not allowed to return to England.

A short time after his arrival in Virginia, he went to see the emperor Powhatan, accompanied by a guard of fifty men. He had brought with him, from England, several costly presents for that monarch, and among others a crown, the value of which this savage chief did not seem to appreciate. The condition on which this ensign of royalty was to be bestowed, was homage to the crown of England, a price that was easily paid, and which was accompanied by an offer, equally valuable to the English, of his old mockasins and mantle.

Newport, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain from Powhatan a guide for the purpose of exploring the country of the Manakins, proceeded thither without such help, accompanied by about one hundred men. The hope of realising those golden dreams, which had so often proved illusory, was no doubt a principal cause of this expedition, which like those undertaken with the same views, was attended with the same success. After a fatiguing journey they returned to Jamestown, without having added much to their treasures.

During this year was celebrated, betwixt Anne Burras and John Laydon, the first marriage that is recorded in Virginia.

The scarcity of provisions that prevailed in the colony induced Captain Smith to undertake another expedition among the Indian tribes, during which he discovered the Appamattox nation. He seldom failed of procuring, for the colony, corn or some other article of provision, of which they were often in want, and he was not very scrupulous about the manner in which he procured it. After his return from this expedition he received and accepted an invitation from Powhatan, to visit him at Werowocomoco.

During his stay at the imperial court, various plans were laid by the monarch to entrap the English, and by Smith to procure a supply of corn for the colony. The vigilance of the latter, aided by the unwavering friendship of Pocahontas, preserved them from the wiles and stratagems of the savage chief. This amiable princess, whose sylvan virtues were untarnished by the manners of courts and the false delicacy of civilized life, gave frequent instances of her attachment to the English. While her father was meditating an attack, under cover of the night, she found her way to their camp and informed them of their danger.

Captain Smith afterwards made a visit to Pamunkey. During his stay at this place he was attacked by several hundred Indians, under the command of Opechancanough. During the engagement, he seized the chief and led him prisoner in the midst of his own warriors, who instantly laid down their arms. He obtained a supply of corn, as a ransom for his royal captive, whom he consequently delivered up to his people. A few days after this, Captain Smith was attacked, as he travelled through the woods alone, by the king of Paspahey, a man of gigantic stature. After a long contest the chief was overcome by the prowess of Smith, who led him prisoner to Jamestown.

By a new charter, dated May, 1609, the powers of the president and council were transferred to a company in London, to whom was intrusted the appointment of officers, civil and military, for the colony. The company, soon after incorporation, appointed Lord De la War captain general of Virginia, Sir Thomas Gates lieutenant general, Sir George Somers admiral, and Captain Newport vice admiral.

Towards the latter end of May, Gates, Somers and Newport, sailed for Virginia, with nine ships plentifully supplied with provisions, and containing a number of passengers. The admiral's ship was unfortunately wrecked in sight of Bermudas, but the rest of the fleet, with the exception of a bark that foundered at sea, got safe to Virginia. Gates and Somers arrived in two barks which they had constructed with much trouble and difficulty, in Bermudas. They found the colony in the most deplorable situation. Captain Smith, tired of the quarrels and jealousies of his countrymen, and anxious to visit his native land, sailed for England, no more to visit the shores of Virginia. After his departure the Indians, no longer restrained by the terror of his name, broke out into open hostilities. Martin and West, who had been stationed, the former at Nansemond and the latter at the falls of James river, with upwards of a hundred men each, were driven from their posts, and compelled to take refuge in the set-

dement, after losing their boats and a number of their men. Ratcliffe, with a party of about thirty men, were surprised and cut off by Powhatan. Famine, the frequent attendant on war, increased the catalogue of colonial miseries, and rendered the existence of the colony precarious. From five hundred, the inhabitants were in a short time reduced to sixty, when the arrival of Gates and Somers shed a beam of joy over the gloomy prospects of Virginia.

These, however, had not the means of affording substantial relief, and being discouraged by the dismal aspect of affairs, they resolved, with the miserable residue of the colony, to abandon their settlements, and return to England. They accordingly embarked, and had proceeded down the river some distance, when they were met by Lord De la War, and brought back to Jamestown.

It was in June 1610, that Lord De la War arrived in Virginia.— After landing his men, he read to the colony his commission appointing him their captain-general for life. He did not, however, remain long in a country that offered rewards only to patient industry, and in a climate that seemed destructive to the constitution of Europeans. After building two forts, and making some successful incursions against the Indians, he returned in a debilitated state of body to England. On his departure the colony was left under the direction of George Percy, who had been appointed successor to Captain Smith in the presidency.

On the 10th of May, 1611, arrived Sir T. Dale with three ships, and a good supply of provisions for the colony. Hitherto little attention had been given to the improvement of Jamestown, which continued in a state of infancy without exhibiting marks of enterprise, and scarcely of ordinary industry. Captain Smith had indeed turned his attention to the improvement of the little metropolis of Virginia, but his roving disposition would not allow him leisure to carry his plans into execution. As the improvement of Jamestown was so much neglected, it can scarcely be thought that the establishment of new towns would be an object of attention.

The first undertaking of Dale, however, was the establishment of a town, the ruins of which are still visible at Tuckahoe in Henrico county. It contained three streets of framed houses, with a good church, besides storehouses, watch-houses, &c., and was defended by a palisade and several forts.

Dale afterwards took the town of the Appamattox Indians, and annexing to it as a corporation the plantations of Rocksdales Hundred, Shirley Hundred, and Upper and Lower Hundred, he gave to them the name of New Bermudas, and conferred on them some valuable privileges.

Dale was succeeded in the government by Sir T. Gates, who arrived in Virginia in the month of August, 1611. During this year Captain Argall made an expedition to the Potowmack Indians, where, by the treachery of Japauzas, king of that nation, he got the princess Pocahontas into his hands. This rich prize was carried in triumph to Jamestown, where she soon after won the heart of a Mr. Rolfe,

whose tender addresses awoke a reciprocal attachment. The consent of Powhatan to the marriage of his daughter with an alien and an enemy was not easily obtained. His difficulties, however, were at length overcome, and the marriage betwixt Mr. Rolfe and the princess was celebrated in presence of her two brothers.

In the year 1613, Sir T. Gates returned to Europe, and the government, on his departure, devolved once more on Dale. During the administration of this gentleman, an expedition was set on foot against the French and Dutch settlements on the Bay of Fundy and the Hudson. The forts being unprepared for defence, surrendered without resistance.

In the year 1616, Sir T. Dale returned to England, accompanied by Pocahontas and her husband, Rolfe, with several Indians of both sexes. On the departure of Dale the government devolved on Captain George Yeardly. Soon after his accession, he marched against the Chickahomnies, whom he defeated in battle, and compelled to yield at least a temporary submission to the English.

The arrival of Pocahontas excited much curiosity in England, while the wonders of the metropolis were no less calculated to awake her own. Having at length satisfied her eyes with beholding the works of men in a civilized state of society, she retired with her husband to Brentford. Here she was unexpectedly visited by her old acquaintance, Captain Smith. It appears, however, that the attention and gratitude of this hero was not as great as she seemed to wish, and was entitled to expect. She died, soon after, at Gravesend, while she was preparing to return to her native shores. She left behind her an only son, who, on the departure of his father for Virginia, was entrusted to the care of his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. This youth afterwards became a respectable citizen of Virginia, and his posterity are not unworthy of their royal ancestry. He left, at his death, a daughter, who was married to Col. Robert Bolling, from whom are descended many reputable families. Thus while the government of Powhatan has crumbled into dust under the arms of European invaders, the imperial blood has flowed into new channels, and infused its virtues into the veins of those who tread on the ruins of his empire.

Powhatan died soon after he received the news of the death of his beloved Pocahontas. The character of this monarch, while ennobled by all the virtues which seem to characterise the savage life, is also marked with some of its vices. Courage in battle and fortitude in adversity, mingled with treachery and cunning in their domestic intercourse, form the grand lineaments of the Indian character. We must not, however, exclude from the list of their virtues the warm fidelity of the friend, and the tender sympathies of the parent.—These are not the effects of civilization, nor the production of enlightened reason alone. The sentiments of the heart, like the features of the face, or the members of the body, may be distorted by the trammels of education as well as marred by the ferocity of passion, but they are engraven too deep to be erased by either. Civilization

seems, in some instances, to have refined the manners of mankind at the expense of their virtues and their happiness. War, in its present form, in the garb of honor, and regulated by the law of nations, is accompanied by a destruction of the human race greater than that which marks the progress of savage arms. The right of extermination, often claimed by nations at war, is less excusable than that ferocity which hurries the savage from his native woods against the enemy of his nation. All that was noble, all that was brave, and all that was good in the Indian character, belonged to Powhatan. His name was known and revered among the American tribes from the ocean to the lakes; and, by the English, his skill in intrigue and his valor in war were not to be despised.

Sir George Yeardley, having been appointed Governor, arrived in Virginia, in the year 1619. During this year, six new members were added to the council, and one hundred disorderly persons were sent over as servants to the colonists. These unwelcome visitors were followed by a more agreeable cargo of a hundred unmarried females, designed to soften the labors of life, by mingling with them its conjugal joys.

In the following year, a Dutch ship, with a cargo of negroes, arrived on the coast of Virginia, and commenced that detestable commerce that has entailed disgrace upon our national character.

About this time, 1621, the hostilities of the natives began to be attended by more serious consequences than the settlers of Virginia had seemed to expect. Opechancanough, if not the most powerful, was, at least, the most inveterate enemy that they had encountered since their arrival. His enmity grew with the colony, and he seemed to think that his own security depended on its entire destruction. This he had planned in his own mind, and the time at length arrived when the plan was to be put in execution with the same skill with which it had been devised. This plot was laid with the deepest cunning, and matured by the most profound dissimulation. The wily chief, while he endeavored to inflame the enmity of the Indians against the colonists, tried no less to blind the watchfulness and lull the suspicions of the colonists against the Indians. While the planters, secure in this specious appearance of friendship, were beginning to taste the blessings of affluence and the pleasures of society, the enemy was aiming a blow no less fatal than unexpected. The Indians were drawn together with a secrecy, and the attack made with a precision and celerity scarcely to be found in the movements of civilized armies.

On the morning of the 22d of May, 1622, the Indians, under cover of thick woods, approached the plantations of the English. In order to render their attack more unsuspected, those of the colonists who were found straggling from their homes were suffered to pass unmolested, after receiving from Opechancanough many marks of attention. About twelve o'clock, the whoop of battle was heard, and the Indians, in different parties, bursting from the woods and thickets, carried death through the defenceless settlements of the English. In less than an hour, about three hundred and fifty men, women and

children, fell victims to the vengeance of the remorseless savages.— The friendly discovery, made by a converted Indian in the service of one of the colonists, apprizing them of their danger, saved a part of the colony from ruin. The information was received in time to put Jamestown and the adjoining plantations in a posture of defence.

By this fatal stroke, the number of plantations was reduced from about eighty to only six; to wit, Paspaha, Shirley Hundred, Flower de Hundred, Kickotan, Jamestown, and Southampton. Industry and business, of every kind, seemed to wither under the loss of colonial blood, and the dreary prospect of war and desolation. The recent attack was too fatal to admit of immediate retaliation, and too wanton and cruel to be easily forgotten. During the succeeding year, several expeditions were set on foot against the enemy, and were generally attended with success. The towns of the natives were burnt and their corn destroyed, while the slaughter of men, women and children, showed a spirit of revenge that did not well correspond with a claim to civilization.

In the year 1624, the London Company, to which had been confided the direction of affairs in Virginia, was dissolved, and the powers vested in it by charter, reverted to the crown. A provisional government was immediately formed, consisting of a Governor and eleven counsellors. Sir Francis Wyatt, who had been commissioned Governor, in the year 1621, was continued in office, but having obtained leave to visit Ireland, Sir George Yeardley was appointed to fill the vacancy made by his absence.

The colony had been much harassed for some time by the Indians, and an expedition was again undertaken and directed principally against Opatcapan, whose warriors dwelt on the Pamunky. The Indians were defeated in a battle and a number of them slain. The English destroyed their huts and provisions, and returned, setting fire on their way to the long grass and underwood that served to conceal the approach of the enemy.

On the death of Sir George Yeardley, in the year 1627, the council elected Captain F. West to fill the vacancy. During the succeeding year, above one thousand emigrants from Europe arrived in Virginia. This great accession to the population of the colony serves to show the estimation in which the new settlements were held in Europe, and the inducements that colonial prosperity must, at this time, have afforded to adventurers.

About this time also arrived Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic nobleman, who had previously settled in Newfoundland, but was attracted to Virginia by the fame of its growing prosperity. As the settlement of Catholics, in Virginia, had been prohibited by the colonial charters, the assembly thought proper to tender to his lordship the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. These oaths he refused to take, preferring an exile from the blessings of colonial protection and favor to base subjection to the unreasonable restraints imposed by government.

Lord Baltimore was fortunate enough, however, to obtain a grant

of a large territory on the northeast corner of Virginia, which was settled in the reign of Queen Mary, and, in honor of that princess, was called Maryland.

Meanwhile, the Indians continued their incursions; and the Pamunkies and Chickahomnies, in particular, made frequent attacks on the colony, marking their course with terror and devastation—the constant attendants on Indian warfare. Many of the English were carried off prisoners, and made the victims of remorseless cruelty or implacable revenge.

Captain F. West, in the year 1628, was succeeded in the government by John Pott, during whose administration the colonial assembly was twice convened, and many regulations made for the defence of the colony.

Pott was succeeded, in the year 1629, by Sir John Hervey, a man of an arbitrary and ambitious mind. His administration, however, was attended with some advantages to the colony, and marked by some attention to public interest. The establishment of a court at Jamestown, to meet twice a month, in which the members of the council were to preside in turn; the erection of a fort at Point Comfort, and the encouragement given to the establishment of salt works in Accomack, were among the wise measures of this administration. Some parts of the Governor's conduct, however, excited much discontent among the people; and the assembly, which met during his administration, showed the apprehensions they entertained from his tyranny, by the restrictions they imposed on his prerogative. They forbade, by law, the imposition of any tax, without the consent of the assembly. They likewise prohibited the raising of troops without their order, unwilling to admit, in the representative of the crown, a power not claimed by the crown itself. In the year 1635, Hervey was, for his rapacity and tyranny, suspended from his office, and Captain F. West appointed in his room. But, as the former had been appointed by royal commission, the assembly deemed it necessary to exhibit articles of impeachment against him, and for this purpose they appointed commissioners, to visit the court of England, for the purpose of preferring the accusation. The commissioners were received with coldness by Charles, and their accusations against Hervey dismissed with but little regard. This odious man was reinstated, and continued in office till the year 1639, when he was succeeded by Sir Francis Wyatt. The term of Wyatt's administration was short, for, in the year 1641, it appears that Sir William Berkeley became Governor of the colony.

About this time, the Indians, under the command of Opechancanough, made an irruption into the colony, marking their course, as usual, with slaughter and dismay. This massacre, like the former, conducted by the same chief, had nigh proved fatal to the colony.—The loss was estimated at about five hundred persons, the greater part of whom were slain about the heads of the rivers—particularly York and Pamunky, where Opechancanough commanded in person. The militia were immediately armed, and the colony put in a posture

of defence. A body composed of every twentieth man, and commanded by Sir William Berkeley, in person, marched against the enemy to revenge the murders so recently perpetrated on their countrymen.

Little is now known, nor is it very important to know much of the events of this war. It is only necessary to observe, that hostilities were brought to a close by the capture and death of Opechancanough. This chief, who was now grown old, but who still appeared at the head of his warriors, was at last surprised by a party of the English, and carried in triumph to Jamestown. The hoary monarch showed no signs of fear while in the hands of his enemies, but supported, in captivity, that majestic deportment and contempt for pain that distinguished his more prosperous years. He was cruelly murdered by one of his guards, whose recollection of injuries, sustained by the hand of the chief, probably prompted the bloody deed.

The dissolution of the Powhatan confederacy followed the death of Opechancanough, and a general peace succeeded to the horrors of war.

In the year 1644, Sir William Berkeley returned to England, and during his absence, of about twelve months, Richard Kempe, officiated as Governor.

About this time commenced, in England, the civil war betwixt Charles the First and his parliament. During this struggle, which proved so unfortunate for the monarch, Virginia adhered to the royal cause.

The parliament, after the establishment of their power, despatched a fleet with a body of land forces to reduce the colony. This armament arrived in the Chesapeake, in the year 1651, under the command of Sir G. Aiskew, who summoned the colony to surrender to the commonwealth. Virginia, at this time, contained a population of nearly twenty thousand persons, and was able to bring into the field a force neither contemptible as to numbers or valor. She had, also, at her head a man of loyalty and courage, who had not neglected to prepare for any attack that might be made. Several Dutch ships, then lying at Jamestown, were mounted with cannon, and arrayed in defence of the colony.

When the forces of the commonwealth arrived at Jamestown, they were surprised to find their summons rejected, and preparations made for a vigorous defence. Terms were, however, proposed for the settlement of matters without appeal to arms, and agreed to by the colonists, who, without relinquishing any of their former privileges, transferred their allegiance from the king to the commonwealth. In consequence of this change, it became necessary to appoint a provisional government, until the regular appointments could be made, by the Council of State, in England. Accordingly, in the year 1652, an assembly was convened at Jamestown, when Richard Bennet was chosen Governor, and a council, consisting of thirteen members, elected to assist in the administration.

CHAPTER VI.

THE hostility of the Indians, although suspended by the death of Opechancanough, was far from being entirely extinguished. The Rappahannocks first began to make inroads, destroying, as they proceeded, the property and lives of the colonists. To repel these aggressions, an expedition was set on foot, in the year 1654, against that nation, and a body of troops, under the command of General Carter, marched to the Rappahannock towns. Little, however, is known of the events that occurred in that expedition, although it is supposed that the Indians of this tribe were destroyed or driven from their homes, as the name of Rappahannock, in the following year, appears on the list of counties.

Bennet was succeeded by Edward Digges, during whose administration a body of six or seven hundred Indians, having removed from the mountains and settled about the falls of James river, began to excite the attention of the government. The assembly, who were at this time in session, despatched a company of about one hundred men, under the command of Captain Hill, for the purpose of repelling the invaders. In this attempt, Hill was defeated; and Totopotomoi, king of the Pamunkies, whom he had engaged to assist him, with a number of his warriors, were killed.

The affairs of Virginia, at this period, afford little worthy of record. The royal government was reestablished in the mother country, and the colony in Virginia felt much joy at the restoration, notwithstanding their recent submission to the commonwealth.

The assembly testified their satisfaction by many expressions of attachment to a throne which they had lately abjured, and from which they had not always received the most conciliating treatment.

During the short administration of Samuel Matthews, nothing of importance can be found to relate.

In the year 1659, the assembly elected Sir William Berkeley Governor of Virginia, and accompanied his commission with a body of instructions, and permission to return to England. During his absence in England, Francis Moryson, by the appointment of the council, acted as Governor.

The spirit of persecution, which reigned so long in Europe, began at length to show itself in America. The Quakers, a sect in whose opinions and practice it is difficult to find any thing offensive to public peace or injurious to social happiness, became the subjects of malevolent censure and intemperate zeal. If their tenets appear whimsical to some and unreasonable to others, their innocence of life and simplicity of manners might silence the censure or soften the severity of their enemies. Persecution, however, seldom finds its victims among the disturbers of the human race: the weak and the friendless, those who are struggling with adversity, or emerging from the

weakness of infancy, are often the objects of intolerance and fury.—The Quakers in Virginia were excluded from the rights of citizens, and exposed to the arbitrary control of the magistrate. In the assembly of the year 1663, one of that sect was expelled from his seat in the house, to which he had been elected by the inhabitants of Norfolk county.

About this time a conspiracy against the government of the colony was formed, and when nearly ripe for execution was discovered by the vigilance of the Governor, and the conspirators executed. The assembly, which convened a few days after the disclosure of the plot, expressed their gratitude by appointing the 13th of September, the day on which the conspiracy was to be carried into execution, a day of Thanksgiving.

Charles II., with a generosity which cost him nothing, and from which he gained but little credit, bestowed upon his favorites large tracts of land in Virginia, some of which grants included the plantations of actual settlers, and proved the source of much trouble and embarrassment. The assembly, after remonstrating against the injustice and impolicy of the grants, appointed four gentlemen to go to England to act as agents for the colony in this affair. In the event of this mission proving ineffectual, it was resolved to purchase those grants from the patentees. The commissioners exerted themselves for the interests of the colony, but the rebellion, which broke out in Virginia about this time, rendered their zeal and fidelity abortive.

During the year 1667, an expedition was set on foot for exploring the western parts of Virginia. Captain Batte was appointed by the Governor to the command of this party, which consisted of about an equal number of whites and Indians. In seven days after their departure from Appamattox, they arrived at the foot of those lofty mountains which ignorant credulity had hitherto pronounced impassable. According to the accounts given by Beverly, the first ridge of mountains they reached was neither high nor difficult to surmount; but after crossing this, their march was obstructed by others that seemed to reach to the clouds. In these transmontane regions they discovered numerous flocks of deer, elks, buffaloes and other animals feeding on the luxuriant herbage which the rich valleys and lofty hills presented to their view. These explorers continued their course westward, until they saw, to use their own language, the waters "running backwards," or taking a different course from those which empty into the Atlantic Ocean.

The accounts brought by Batte and his company, of the beauty and fertility of this country, induced Sir W. Berkeley to undertake an expedition in person; but his plans were disconcerted by the rebellion above alluded to, the circumstances of which we are now going to detail.

The discontents that had long existed in the bosom of the colony, began at length to wear a more serious aspect, and to threaten direful consequences. Those who imagined their rights and privileges abridged by restrictions on commerce, united themselves with disaf-

fect ed emigrants, whose misguided zeal for liberty had been repressed in England only to break out with greater violence in the colony.— The incursions of the Indians, and the rumors of a plot for a general massacre, gave a pretext for popular commotion and military preparation. So great an alarm was excited by groundless rumors and inflammatory reports, that the people flew to arms, and prepared for defence or aggression, as their fears or ambition might dictate.— Blending their fears of Indian hostility with their domestic and civil grievances, they excited the passions of the populace as well by their dread of extermination as by their horror of oppression.

No serious danger, however, could at this time be justly apprehended from the incursions of the natives. Their strength was broken by the dissolution of the Powhatan confederacy, and the population of Virginia was sufficient to repel the attacks of their most powerful tribes. But their proximity and known hostility, afforded to the disaffected a pretext for arming without law and without authority, while a deadly enmity to the measures of government was the principal cause of their movements.

The insurgents chose for their leader, Nathaniel Bacon, a young man of enterprise and talents, who had been educated in England.— The first object of this aspiring man was to inflame the minds of the populace by portraying the grievances they had suffered from the interruption of their trade, and from the arbitrary measures of their rulers. Being possessed of a lively and impressive elocution he did not fail to employ it on those topics which had excited murmurs among the colonists. He also published a paper setting forth the numerous causes of discontent since the restoration, and the motives that induced them to take up arms on this occasion. Having collected a body of about six hundred men, he directed his course towards the Indian settlements, where alone he was likely to meet with an enemy who would give him a chance of acquiring the fame of military prowess. Before his departure he had sent a messenger to the Governor, Sir William Berkeley, requesting a commission, that he might have the sanction of government as well as the voice of the populace on his side. The Governor, instead of granting his request, with a firmness that does honor to his memory, published a proclamation commanding Bacon and his followers to disperse, under penalty of being proclaimed traitors. Not relying, however, on mere proclamations, the Governor determined on more effective measures.— Having raised a force to aid the constituted authorities, he marched in pursuit of the insurgents, and proceeded as far as the falls of James river, when he was alarmed with the news of another insurrection at Jamestown. He immediately hastened back to the defence of the metropolis, and of the little remaining power in his hands. On his arrival he found that a body of men from the lower and middle counties, headed by two men, Ingram and Walklate, had usurped the government, and were now too strong to be resisted. In this dilemma the Governor, finding opposition hopeless, thought proper to accommodate matters with the rebels, by yielding at present to their

demands. They required the dissolution of the assembly, which was granted, and writs issued for a new election. The spirit of disaffection became at last so general, that the friends to order were outvoted in the succeeding election, and the Governor had the mortification to find in the assembly a majority opposed to his measures.

In the mean time, Bacon had raised his popularity by a successful attack on the Indian settlements, in which he had made a number of prisoners. He was returning, swelled with the importance of his victory, when he received the news of the revolution at Jamestown. He immediately left the army, and proceeded down the river, accompanied by a small detachment. There were, at this time, several English ships lying in the river, by one of which Bacon was intercepted and carried prisoner to Jamestown. The fame of his victory, however, had given such force to the current of public favor, that the Governor found it necessary to release him, and after giving his parole, he was admitted to a seat in the council. The spirit of rebellion, far from having subsided, acquired new strength from the mildness of opposition. No art was left untried to pervert the judgment and excite the passions of the people.

Bacon, having again put himself at the head of his troops, determined to march to Jamestown. After travelling all night, he arrived early next day at that place, and having drawn up his men in front of the State-House, while the assembly were sitting, he found it an easy matter to bring them into his measures. A deputation was sent from that body to the Governor, advising him to accede to the wishes of the people, as the only means of restoring peace and order to the colony. Finding the assembly carried off in the torrent of disaffection that had overspread the land, Sir William Berkeley deemed it vain any longer to oppose the rage for reform that existed in the minds of the people. He, therefore, signed an act of general indemnity, and granted a commission of General to Bacon, whom he had lately proclaimed a traitor. It is certain, however, that this change in Sir William Berkeley's conduct was owing to the influence of the assembly, which was under a panic from the force of the insurgents, rather than to any fear inspired by the arms of the latter. He, therefore, dissolved the assembly; and having received an invitation from the inhabitants of Gloucester county to take up his residence among them, he left Jamestown, and once more raised the standard of government in the colony.

Bacon had set out on a new expedition to the frontiers, when he heard of the proclamation of the Governor, again declaring him a traitor. He instantly changed his course, and marched with all speed towards Gloucester. The Governor, finding his force too small to meet the insurgents in the field, thought proper to retire, with a few of his friends, to Accomack. Bacon now placed himself at the head of civil and military affairs; and under pretence that Sir William Berkeley had abdicated the chair of government, he called a convention, for the purpose of settling a provisional government until the pleasure of his majesty should be made known. The convention,

accordingly, met at Middle Plantation, on the 3d of August, 1676, and proceeded to declare the government vacant, by the voluntary abdication of Sir William Berkeley. They also declared the power of the people to supply the vacancy until the pleasure of the king should be known. Writs were afterwards issued, signed by Bacon and four others, members of the council, for calling an assembly. Having procured something like the sanction of civil authority to his illegal usurpations, this ambitious man once more set off at the head of his soldiers against the Indians. After destroying the towns of Pamunkey, Chickahomony and Matapony, he directed his course towards the falls of James river, where the enemy were uniting their forces to give him battle. At a place that has been since called Bloody Run, an engagement took place, in which the Indians were defeated with considerable loss. Their main body was posted on an eminence, and defended by a palisaded fort, through which the English broke with a fury which the savages could not resist. By these attacks of the insurgent army, the power of the Indians, in this quarter, was broken with but little loss to the colony.

The insurgents, not contented with the triumph so lately gained over their governor, determined to surprise him at Accomack. For this purpose, a number of armed men, with one Giles Bland at their head, privately embarked in two or three small vessels and proceeded towards that place. The intention of Bland had fortunately been conveyed to Sir William Berkeley, by a Captain Larimore, whose vessel had been pressed into the service. In consequence of this information, twenty-six men, under the guidance of Larimore, embarked at midnight in some boats, and by a sudden and bold attack made themselves masters of the whole naval force of the enemy. This fortunate adventure gave to the affairs of Sir William Berkeley a brighter aspect, and put into his hands the naval empire of Virginia. He was able, soon after, to raise a force of about six hundred men, with which he marched to Jamestown, and reinstated himself in the government. The insurgents were now on their return from the frontiers, when hearing of the counter-revolution at Jamestown, they hastened their march and arrived before that place just as the sun was setting. They immediately proceeded to form a kind of intrenchment, to defend them from the attacks of the loyalists, and having completed their works, about midnight retired to rest. They were not allowed long repose. The Governor with all his force, which wanted in discipline and valor what it was superior in numbers, marched out to attack the insurgents. He was beaten back, with the loss of several of his men killed in the engagement. The loyalists embarked next night on board their vessels, taking with them whatever was most valuable; and dropping down the river, came to anchor out of reach of the batteries on the island. Finding that their enemies had evacuated the town, Bacon and his followers entered in triumph, but were much disappointed on discovering that their parsimonious opponents had left them nothing to plunder. The enraged conquerors immediately set the houses on fire, and reduced the infant metropolis of Virginia to ashes.

Bacon found himself once more at the helm of affairs in the colony, and thinking himself placed above the power of the loyalists, he dismissed his followers, and retired to his former residence at Middle Plantation. Death, soon after, closed the career of this restless demagogue, and left his seditious partisans without a leader.

CHAPTER VII.

THE death of their leader had broken the strength of the insurgents, and the sad reverses of fortune had taught the loyalists not to rely on her smiles. Both parties appeared tired of the contest, and disposed to close hostilities by an amicable adjustment. Commissioners were accordingly appointed to meet at West Point, for the purpose of settling all differences betwixt them. Terms equally agreeable to both, consisting of a general indemnity on the part of the government, and submission on that of the insurgents, were settled without difficulty.

Sir William Berkeley has been charged with violating the promise of general pardon, and accused of treating the rebels after his restoration with great severity. It is stated that a number of the insurgents suffered death under the sentence of martial law, and many were confined in jails by the severity of legal process. So great was the rigor of punishment that some were preparing to leave the colony, when the aspect of affairs was fortunately changed by the arrival of commissioners from England, with power to examine and redress the grievances of the colony. They brought with them a regiment of regulars, for the purpose of suppressing rebellion and restoring peace and order to the community. The disturbances had already ceased among the people, but the rigor of the Governor against the insurgents still continued.

The conduct of Sir William Berkeley at this time does not well accord with his general character, which had not hitherto been marked by either duplicity or cruelty. His resentment, however, was so great, that he refused to publish an act of general amnesty, brought over by the commissioners. This general pardon included all who would submit to the government, with the exception of Bacon alone, who was now beyond the reach of human justice. Finding the Governor inflexible, the commissioners proceeded to open their court for hearing and determining grievances. The joy that diffused itself through the colony, when the nature of their commission was known, was equal to the gloom that pervaded the public mind before their arrival. The assembly, which met about this time, concurred with the commissioners, and even remonstrated against the conduct of the Go-

vernor. Soon afterwards, Sir William Berkeley sailed for England, leaving the affairs of government in the hands of Herbert Jeffries, as lieutenant-governor, whose appointment is dated 11th November, 1676.

The colony, having been for some time free from the inroads of the Indians, began at length to be alarmed by the frequent incursions of the Six Nations. This confederacy of savage tribes was very extensive. The terror of their arms was felt from the Carolinas to New England, and as far as the Mississippi on the west. Both French and English were anxious to procure their friendship, and fearful to provoke their vengeance. Fortunately, for the peace of the colony, a treaty was formed with this powerful coalition. The terms were settled at Middle Plantation, where deputies from the several tribes met those of Virginia. By the death of Jeffries, in 1678, the government devolved on Sir H. Chicherly, who, in 1680, was succeeded by Lord Culpeper. This nobleman brought with him several new laws, which the King had thought proper to recommend to the general assembly. He also published an act of general amnesty for all offences committed during the rebellion. The prudent administration of Culpeper entitled him to the friendship of the colony, which could not have been better expressed than by making an addition of one thousand pounds to his salary.

On the departure of this nobleman for England, the government once more devolved upon Sir H. Chicherly. The affairs of Virginia exhibit nothing worthy the attention of the historian, until the arrival of Lord Howard, who was appointed in the year 1684 to administer the government of the colony. During his administration, the Indians of the Six Nations renewed their depredations on the frontiers of Virginia, and those tribes who continued in alliance with the colonists suffered equally from their incursions.

The Governor had the good fortune to stop their inroads, by a treaty, which he concluded with the chiefs of those warlike nations, at Albany. On his return from this place, he sent a body of militia to the head of the Chesapeake Bay, against a nation of Indians who had attacked the frontiers in his absence.

During the year 1684, died Charles II., a monarch neither famed for the wisdom of his public, nor the virtues of his private life. During his exile at the court of France, he acquired habits of licentiousness and debauchery, which he brought with him and rendered fashionable in his native land. He was succeeded in the throne of England by James the Second, who, as well as his predecessor, had been forced to seek, in France, an asylum from the rage of his enemies.

At the restoration, James had been declared Admiral of England, and, in the year 1665, he obtained a celebrated victory over Opdam, the Dutch Admiral. James, however, did not carry with him to the throne those virtues which had distinguished him while Duke of York. He was a bigoted and selfish monarch, and seemed to have lost that courage which had marked his early life. As soon as his appointment was known in Virginia, the Governor and council made

an humble address to his majesty, congratulating him on his accession to the throne, and tendering their lives and fortunes in his defence whenever he should demand them. The spirit of discontent, however, which began to rise in England, soon found its way into her colonies.

The Governor, in order to check these seditious appearances, published a proclamation, forbidding all inflammatory discourses and factions tending to disturb the peace of government. Several persons were also apprehended and brought before the council for treasonable proceedings. The dread of Popery, so strong in the mother country, operated also on the minds of the colonists. The discontents on this side the ocean almost kept pace with those in England.

At length the unfortunate monarch, finding the popular current too strong to be resisted, with a timidity that perhaps saved him from the fate of his father, resolved to abdicate his throne.

When this event was known in Virginia, and it was formally announced that William and Mary were recognised as sovereigns by the British nation, a general joy was diffused amongst the colonists. The council, who had so lately pledged their lives and fortunes in defence of James, naturally felt some embarrassment on the occasion. Their hatred to the catholic religion, however, which was not diminished by their security from its influence, overcame every obstacle, and, a few months after the accession of William and Mary was made known, they were publicly proclaimed in Virginia.

In the year 1689, Sir Francis Nicholson was appointed Governor in the absence of Howard, who returned to England. It was during the administration of Nicholson, that the establishment of a post-office was first proposed; and a subscription for a college was also set on foot and patronised by the Governor and council. For this institution two thousand five hundred pounds were obtained, and a charter was soon after procured from the king, accompanied by a donation of about two thousand pounds sterling, due on account of quitrents, twenty thousand acres of land, and the revenue arising from the penny per pound on tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland to the other plantations.

In the year 1692, Nicholson was removed from the chair of government to make room for Sir Edmund Andros, a flatterer and favorite of kings, but an oppressor of the people. This man had been formerly Governor of New York. He afterwards received from King James a commission for the government of New England, where he imitated the conduct of his royal master in bigotry and oppression. At length the indignation of the people could no longer be repressed, and they determined on resistance. On a report that a massacre was intended by the Governor's guards, the people of Boston took up arms, and surrounding the palace, seized the Governor and about fifty of his coadjutors and placed them in confinement. Sir Edmund was carried to England for trial, but instead of meeting with the punishment which his crimes had deserved, he was honored with the appointment of Governor of Virginia.

On his arrival in Virginia, writs were issued for a new election of burgesses, and several proclamations were published relative to the general interests of the colony. From the character given by Beverley of Sir Edmund Andros, we must conclude that he had been much reformed by his transportation to England. He is represented by this historian as a liberal and enlightened man, of a mild deportment, and a great encourager of industry and manufactures. He was succeeded by Sir F. Nicholson, who was again appointed to the government of Virginia, and continued in office until 1705, when he was recalled and Edward Nott appointed in his room. There is nothing worthy of notice during the administration of Nott, or that of his successor Edmund Jennings.

The administration of Alexander Spotswood, which commenced in the year 1710, opens a wider and more interesting prospect to the historian. This gentleman, with an enlightened and enterprising mind, united in himself the accomplishments of the statesman and the soldier. Soon after his appointment he determined on exploring the country west of that great range of mountains which seemed to prescribe limits to his predecessors. This undertaking was accomplished, and the passage of the mountains effected without much difficulty. The splendor of the achievement far overbalanced the dangers of its execution.

About this time the encroachments of the French, on the north-western waters, induced the Governor to propose to the British ministry the establishment of a company, to settle such lands on the Ohio as they might be able to procure from the natives. He likewise proposed the establishment of a chain of forts from the Lakes to the Mississippi, by which the encroachments of the French might be restrained, and the fur trade might be secured to the English. The ministry did not, however, enter into his views, and it was not till after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle that his plans were revived and adopted by the British government.

Spotswood was equally unsuccessful in another application which he made to the government, requiring that the men employed under him in exploring the country should be paid for their services.—However reasonable might be his request, it seemed to make him more unpopular with the ministry, and was soon after followed by his dismissal from office.

The enterprising talents and inflexible virtues of Governor Spotswood might have been highly useful to the interests of Britain in America, at a time when her ancient European rival, France, was endeavoring to wrest from her hands the trade and riches of the new world. The former, with her possessions on the sea coast and country adjacent, beheld with a jealous eye the progress of her enemy on the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. The latter claimed the country west of the Alleghany, on the ground of her being the first who explored it. The English claims, founded on the charters of their monarchs, were much more extensive, and seemed to be as boundless as their ambition itself. They thought themselves entitled to the

whole country, as far as the South Sea; and although they were compelled to recede from the extravagance of this claim, yet the encroachments of both France and Spain seemed to indicate the necessity of strong and effective resistance. The antipathy which prevailed betwixt those nations in Europe, seemed to extend its influence to their remotest colonies; and peace, so seldom enjoyed at home, was scarcely to be expected to continue on this side the ocean.—Accordingly, in the year 1739, hostilities commenced against Spain, and soon after against France. In the commencement of this war the late Governor Spotswood was again called into public service, and honored with the command of the colonial troops. But he did not live to enjoy the returning smiles of royal favor.

Spotswood had been succeeded in the government by Sir Hugh Drysdale, who arrived in Virginia in the year 1723, and during whose administration nothing occurred worthy of record.

Drysdale was succeeded in office by Gooch, soon after whose accession an expedition was set on foot against Carthagena. In this unsuccessful attempt, Gooch, who had been formerly an officer in the British service, commanded the colonial troops.

About this time (1742), considerable alarm was excited in Virginia, by the news of a skirmish betwixt a party of Shawanese and a detachment of militia. In this engagement the Virginians lost a captain M'Dowell, and several men. The Governor, with the advice of the council, adopted such measures as might prevent aggression from the same quarter. A supply of ammunition was sent to the frontiers, and commissioners appointed to visit the Indian tribes for the purpose of promoting peace.

In the year 1743, the college of Virginia lost her first president, the Rev. James Blair. This learned and eminent divine was born and educated in Scotland, but on account of the unsettled state of religion in that kingdom, he passed over to England near the end of the reign of Charles the Second. He sailed for Virginia as a missionary, in the year 1685, and soon after his arrival was appointed to the highest honors the church could offer in the colony. The establishment of a college in Williamsburg, was in part owing to his exertions, and its subsequent prosperity was much indebted to his zeal in its behalf. In the year 1691, he sailed for England, to procure a charter and the pecuniary aid of government, and his mission was attended with the desired success. Blair was named in the charter as the first president, in which office he continued fifty-one years. He was also ecclesiastical commissary and member of the council about the same number of years.

The vacancy in the council occasioned by the death of Mr. Blair, was filled by the appointment of William Fairfax, son of the proprietor of the northern neck.

By the death of Colonel William Byrd, the colony was deprived of another valuable citizen, as well as member of the council. His extensive education and ample fortune threw a lustre round the virtues of his private life. His death was a serious loss to Virginia.

In the year 1746, the public buildings in Williamsburg were destroyed by fire, supposed to be the work of some incendiary. In consequence of the destruction of the capitol, the next assembly, agreeably to summons, met in the college. It may be proper to notice here, a proclamation of the Governor, forbidding the meetings of Moravians, Newlights and Methodists, under severe penalties. Enjoying, as we do now, the blessings of a free government, and feeling the influence of principles, the offspring of the Revolution, we look back with astonishment, almost with incredulity, on the bigotry and intolerance which so lately influenced the councils of Virginia.

About this time, a bill was brought forward, and passed in the house of burgesses, for the removal of the seat of government to some more central part of the colony. The Governor and council, some of whom possessed property in Williamsburg, refused their assent to a measure which threatened to injure their private interests.—The matter was again brought forward in the year 1748, but met with no better success than before. During this year, the towns of Petersburg and Blandford were established by law, and acts of assembly passed establishing towns in Augusta, King William, and Henrico counties.

Among other acts of this session, the assembly ordered a general revival of the colonial laws, and, for this purpose, appointed a committee consisting of the following persons: Peyton Randolph, Philip Ludwell, Beverly Whiting, Carter Burwell, and Benjamin Waller.

Gooch, who had been Governor of Virginia for upwards of twenty years, at length resolved on visiting his native country. Before his departure, he was waited upon by the president and council, with an address of thanks for his able and upright administration. His correct and uniform conduct had, indeed, procured him the esteem of the Virginians generally, and his departure was sincerely regretted.

The administration now devolved upon Robinson, as president of the council, and at his death, which happened soon after, Thomas Lee, who had succeeded him in the presidency, was advanced to the chair of government.

CHAPTER. VIII.

HITHERTO the genius of the colonists had been repressed by the labors they had to undergo, and the difficulties they had to surmount. The western horizon at length began to brighten, and arts and manufactures, literature and commerce, seemed to excite attention, and gradually to extend their influence in Virginia. New characters also appeared on the stage of action, some of whom were to act a distin-

guished part in the military and civil affairs of the colony. This epoch commences with the administration of Governor Dinwiddie, who arrived in Virginia in the year 1752.

Peace, however, was not yet secured to the colony; but the hostility of her neighbors served to call into action the latent powers she possessed. The encroachments of the French in the north west, and particularly the establishment of a fort at Au Beuf, first brought into public notice George Washington, whose name has so distinguished a place in the annals of his country. He was scarcely in his nineteenth year, when he was despatched by Governor Dinwiddie, with a message to the French commandant, on the Ohio. He accomplished his journey through an unknown wilderness, and executed with faithfulness the trust committed to his hands.

The French officer transmitted the Governor's letter to the commanding officer in Canada, and returned for answer, that he would wait the orders of his superior. This answer was probably viewed in the light of a denial by the government of Virginia, as she began to make provision for expelling the French by force. For this purpose, a regiment of three hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Colonel Fry, who was assisted by George Washington, as lieutenant colonel. The French, expecting an attack from this quarter, did not neglect the proper means of defence. They endeavored to secure the friendship of the Indians, as well as to exasperate them against the English. They also strengthened their posts by reinforcements from Canada, and proceeded to destroy the English forts and trading houses before they could be relieved by the colonial troops. In the fort, at Logstown, they found stores and furs to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The fort which had been erected at the junction of the Ohio and Monongahela, also fell into their hands.

Before the troops were in readiness to march, Washington was ordered to proceed, with two companies, as far as the Great Meadows. On his march he received information, from some friendly Indians, that the French were, at that moment, engaged in erecting a fort at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and that a detachment was then on the way from that place to the Great Meadows. Washington, taking the Indians as guides, marched all night without halting, for the purpose of intercepting the party. He succeeded to the utmost of his wishes. Just at dawn of day, they descried the French erecting their tents in a retired valley. A detachment under Captain Waggoner was immediately ordered to make a circuit and appear on the opposite side. Both divisions fired on the enemy at the same time. Jumonville, the leader of the party, was killed, and the detachment, with the exception of one man who escaped, were made prisoners.

At length the main body of the troops arrived at the Great Meadows, and being reinforced by two companies of regulars from South Carolina and New York, they proceeded towards fort Du Quesne under the direction of Washington, whose detachment had

formed a junction with the main body, and who had succeeded to the command, in consequence of the death of Colonel Fry.

Before their departure from the Great Meadows, they erected a stockade for the security of their horses and baggage. They had advanced only to the foot of Laurel Hill, about fourteen miles from the stockade, when they were informed by a party of Indians of the arrival of a reinforcement at fort Du Quesne. A dislodgment of the French was therefore considered as impracticable, and the party were compelled to return to the stockade, since known by the name of Fort Necessity. They had scarcely put that place in a posture of defence, when they were attacked by a body of about fifteen hundred French and Indians, commanded by Monsieur De Villiers. The attack, which began about ten o'clock in the morning, continued without intermission till night. It was on this occasion, that the illustrious leader of the American armies first showed that cool and determined courage, which has marked his military career. His soldiers seemed anxious to imitate his example, and so bold a resistance was made, that the French commandant thought proper to offer terms of capitulation. A flag of truce was sent to Washington, and terms proposed, which, however, were deemed dishonorable, and were without hesitation rejected. The firmness of Washington induced the French officer to recede from the rigor of his terms, which were soon after returned to Washington, so modified as to obtain his acceptance. The provincial troops were allowed to march off with their baggage unmolested. Their loss on this occasion has been stated at about one hundred killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be much greater. The troops were harassed in their retreat by parties of Indians, as well as oppressed by hunger and fatigue. At length they arrived at Winchester, having surmounted incredible difficulties, and undergone unspeakable hardships. Their services were rewarded by the house of burgesses with a vote of thanks, accompanied by what was much more necessary, a donation for the relief of their immediate wants.

The expedition of Washington, although not attended with success, served as a guide to future attempts; and while it showed the difficulty of the enterprise, pointed out the man most fit to achieve it.

We will conclude this chapter with a sketch of the life of this illustrious man, who needs no higher eulogium than a detail of his splendid actions.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born at Bridges creek, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, February 22d, 1732. At the age of ten years he lost his father, Augustine Washington, whose estate, according to the English law, descended to his eldest son, Laurence Washington. At the age of fifteen, George was on the point of entering the British navy as a midshipman. The entreaties of an affectionate mother prevailed on him to abandon the idea. His talents were reserved for a fairer field of glory. Although he early showed a disposition for action rather than speculation, he was not inattentive to the improvement of his mind. He received from a private instruc-

tor the general principles of English literature, but the boundaries of his education were much enlarged by his own genius and industry.

Those sciences that are purely speculative occupied but little of his attention, which was more attracted by objects of utility than amusement. Much of his time was devoted to the study of mathematics, and his knowledge of the art of surveying contributed to the increase of his fortune. In the exercise of his professional duties, as a surveyor, he became acquainted with the value of lands, and gained such information respecting the country which he traversed, as enabled him to make important additions to his landed property.

The estimation in which he was held in Virginia, at the early age of nineteen, is shown by his being appointed adjutant-general at that age, with the rank of major. But the duties of this office lasted only a short time.

His expedition to the Ohio, which followed soon after, has already been noticed. He commenced this arduous expedition on the 31st of October, 1753, the day on which he received his commission.— Having obtained guides on the frontiers to conduct him through the wilderness, he crossed the Alleghany mountains, and directed his march for the Monongahela. On his arrival at a fort on French creek, he found the commanding officer, to whom a letter of Dinwiddie was addressed. During his return he encountered difficulties, which, to a less enterprising mind, would have been deemed insurmountable. Owing to the depth of the snow, his horses and attendants were left at the mouth of French creek, from whence he set out on foot accompanied by his guide alone. On their way they were fired at by an Indian, whom they took prisoner, but soon after dismissed. On reaching the Monongahela, they were employed nearly a whole day in making a raft to effect their passage. The masses of ice which were then descending the river drove with such violence as to dislodge the passage. Clinging to the logs of their shattered raft, they were enabled to reach an island, where they passed the night. The cold was so intense, that the hands and feet of his guide were frozen. The next morning they crossed to the main land on the ice.

Washington soon after visited this country at the head of a regiment, to the command of which, as already observed, he had succeeded on the death of Colonel Fry. The skill and fortitude displayed in this expedition, particularly in the action at the Great Meadows, reflected much honor on his character. In that engagement he compelled an enemy of nearly four times his own number, to allow him the privilege of marching off, with all his arms and baggage, unmolested.

In the year 1755, Washington accompanied General Braddock to that fatal field where European discipline and valor were overcome by savage cunning and ferocity. In the battle of the Monongahela he showed a fearless front, although he was soon the only aid that remained on the ground. The particulars of this battle shall be related hereafter. At present we will confine our details to the im-



COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

mediate occurrences of Washington's life, without embracing the important events of national history.

After his return from the Monongahela, he was appointed to the command of a regiment designed for the defence of the frontiers.—His exertions to protect the back settlements were often fruitless.—The impossibility of defending so extensive a frontier against so deceitful an enemy, suggested the propriety of offensive measures.—The plan of carrying war into the enemy's country, was at length adopted. In the expedition against fort Du Quesne, Washington acquired much honor by his patience and courage. His health was considerably impaired by the fatigues of the campaign. On his return he resigned his command of the provincial troops. Soon after his resignation he was married to the widow of Mr. Custis, a young lady possessed of great personal attractions and a handsome estate. In addition to Mount Vernon, which he inherited by the death of his brother, he now possessed a very ample fortune. No farmer was ever more careful or systematic in the cultivation and management of a farm, and few have been more successful. In one year his farms have produced seven thousand bushels of wheat, and ten thousand of corn. He was, during his retirement, elected a member of the State legislature, where his attachment to his country was shown by a steady opposition to every infringement of her rights.

In the year 1774, he became a member of the first Congress, and he was honored with a place on all the committees of defensive arrangements. In the year 1775, he was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States. He accepted this important office with diffidence, and fulfilled its duties with dignity and fortitude. In that long and arduous contest, which rent from the British empire her most flourishing provinces, Washington was the firmest supporter of the American cause. When the storm was at the highest, and hope began to forsake his friends, he stood at the helm, unmoved by the roaring of the tempest. The gloomy aspect of affairs served but to give new vigor to a mind whose resources were not easily exhausted. All his plans were formed with coolness and executed with undaunted resolution. In tracing his military career, through fields of blood or martial encampments, we find the same inflexible firmness, and the same unshaken virtue. Equally free from the obsequiousness of a courtier and the ferocity of a conqueror, he preserved the affections of his soldiers without losing the confidence of his rulers. When Lord Howe, on his arrival, addressed a letter to "George Washington, Esquire," on the settlement of their differences, Washington refused to receive it, as it was not addressed to him: in his military capacity, and showed a disposition to refuse him the honors his country had bestowed upon him. His conduct was applauded by the government, whose dignity had been insulted in the person of their commander-in-chief.

While other Generals have shone only in the arms of victory Washington never appeared more worthy of admiration than when flying before a proud and exulting enemy. After the loss of fort

Washington and Lee, when he led his shattered and feeble army into New Jersey before the advancing standard of England, his troops resembled more an offering for the altar of liberty, than the legion to whom were entrusted the sacred interests of their country. Such was their love for their commander, that all their hardships, their wants and distresses, could not sever their union nor diminish their attachment. It seemed difficult to tell whether Washington or liberty was the dearest name.

After seeing the independence of his country established, the heroic chief resigned to Congress the high office entrusted to his hands, and after an affectionate parting from his companions in arms, he retired to the peaceful walks of private life. He was not, however, allowed long repose. He became, in the year 1787, a member of the Convention which formed our Constitution, and of that august body he was elected President. In the year 1789, he was unanimously elected the first President of the United States. After serving his country in that exalted station during eight years, or two terms of office, he resolved on retiring from public life. His valedictory address was published in September, 1796, and on the 14th December, 1799, he closed a life of nearly sixty-eight years.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW weeks after the return of the troops from the Great Meadows, some companies that had been expected from the adjacent colonies of Maryland and North Carolina having arrived, Gov. Dinwiddie, without giving the regiment time to recover from their shattered condition, ordered them to repass the mountains for the purpose of dispossessing the French. As the assembly, however, rose without providing the necessary means for carrying on the war, it was abandoned for the present, and the Virginia regiment was reduced to independent companies.

In the year 1754, orders were received for settling the rank of officers in the colonies, and directing that those commissioned by the King, should take rank of those commissioned by the colonial Governors. In consequence of this invidious distinction, Colonel Washington retired in disgust from public service. In the following year, however, (1755), General Braddock, who had lately arrived from Ireland with two regiments, and had taken the command of the forces in Virginia, prevailed upon him to accompany the army in the capacity of aid-de-camp.

[The following account of Braddock's Expedition and Defeat is from "Early History of Pennsylvania."]

The British Government at last determined to oppose with energy the growing power of the French in America, and to regain possession of the territory upon the Ohio. Two regiments of foot from Ireland, under the command of Colonels Dunbar and Halket, were ordered to Virginia, to be there reinforced. In addition to this, Governor Shirley and Sir William Pepperell were directed to raise two regiments of one thousand men each, in New England, to be commanded by themselves; and three thousand more were to be enlisted in Pennsylvania, and the whole to be placed at the disposal of a Commander-in-chief, who should be sent from England.

On the 14th of January, 1755, Major General Edward Braddock, who had been appointed Commander-in-chief of all the King's forces in America, sailed from Cork with the forty-fourth and forty-eighth regiments of Royal troops, each consisting of five hundred men, one of them commanded by Colonel Dunbar and the other by Sir Peter Halket, and arrived at Alexandria, in Virginia, on the 20th of February.

The place of debarkation of the troops was selected with that ignorance and want of judgment which then distinguished the British Ministry. The country could furnish neither provisions nor carriages for the army; while Pennsylvania, rich in grain and well stocked with wagons, could readily have supplied food and the means to transport the army to any point.

Immediately on the arrival of the troops at Alexandria, the Quartermaster-General, Sir John St. Clair, required of Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania, a supply of provisions, and that a road should be cut across the mountains from fort Loudon, in Franklin county, to the Youghiogeny, to facilitate the transportation of troops and provisions from Pennsylvania. Gen. Braddock also demanded the establishment of a post between Philadelphia and Winchester, the Pennsylvania quota of men and her portion of the general fund directed to be raised for the public service.

The Assembly was convened by the Governor on the 17th day of March, and immediately provided the necessary funds both for the establishment of the mail and the opening of the roads, and also voted to raise a portion of the general fund. No troops were raised, however, for this expedition in Pennsylvania.

The colony of Pennsylvania then contained about 300,000 inhabitants. It had no debt; possessed a surplus revenue of fifteen thousand pounds, in bank; and was able, besides supplying her own people, to afford subsistence to 100,000 men. This amount of surplus produce was annually exported from Philadelphia, which, with other commodities, employed more than five hundred vessels, mostly owned by the merchants of the city.

Soon after General Braddock arrived in Virginia, he called upon the Governors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, to meet him in convention at Annapolis in Maryland, to concert measures for future operations. The meeting took place, but was adjourned to meet at Alexandria. On the 14th of April, 1755, a council was held at Camp Alexandria, Virginia, in which

Washington and Lee, when he led his shattered and feeble army into New Jersey before the advancing standard of England, his troops resembled more an offering for the altar of liberty, than the legion to whom were entrusted the sacred interests of their country. Such was their love for their commander, that all their hardships, their wants and distresses, could not sever their union nor diminish their attachment. It seemed difficult to tell whether Washington or liberty was the dearest name.

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[The following account of Braddock's Expedition is from the "Early History of Pennsylvania."]

The British Government, in the summer of 1754, ordered the growing power of the British Empire, and the extension of the settlement under the British flag, to the westward of Ireland, under the command of General Braddock, and the expedition ordered to Virginia, to be sent to the westward. In addition to Major General Shirley and Sir William Pepperell were directed to send to the regiments of one thousand men each, in New England, to be commanded by themselves, and three thousand more were to be sent in Pennsylvania, and the whole to be under the command of the Commander-in-chief, who should be sent from England.

On the 14th of January, 1755, Major General Edward Braddock, who had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the British army in America, sailed from London, with his forty-fourth and forty-seventh regiments of Royal troops, and commanding five thousand men, of them commanded by Colonel Amherst and the other by Sir John Halket, and arrived at Alexandria, Virginia, on the 24th of February.

The place of embarkation, which was selected, was a place of ignorance and want of judgment, and the army was sent to the Ministry. The country could not furnish the necessary provisions for the army; while Pennsylvania, by the aid of the British, with wagons, could readily have transported the army to any point.

Immediately on the arrival of the British army, the Governor of Pennsylvania, Sir John D. Campbell, requested the British to cross the mountains from the east, to the west, and enter the Youghiogony, to facilitate the transportation of British Go- sons from Pennsylvania. The British, however, refused to furnish a post between Philadelphia and the western part of Pennsylvania, and the quota of men and arms for the British to be raised for the public service.

The Assembly was convened on the 1st of March, and immediately passed a resolution for the establishment of the mail, and for the raising of a portion of the money to be used in the expedition, for this expedition.

The colony of Pennsylvania, however, had no debt, and the Assembly could not raise the money for the expedition.

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Eight days after his arrival in Pennsylvania, in a furious and improper behavior, with punishment. The consequence of the misrepresentation to the raising of money to The Assembly of Pennsylvania supply her full share of the money, but that sense of right and

measures were concerted for the united action of the middle and northern colonies. There were present at this council his Excellency, Edward Braddock, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in North America; Hon. Augustus Keppel, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels in North America; Hon. William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts; Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia; Hon. James Delancy, Governor of New York; Hon. Horatio Sharpe, Governor of Maryland; and Hon. Robert Hunter Morris, Governor of Pennsylvania.

In this council three expeditions were resolved on. The first against fort Du Quesne, under the command of General Braddock in person, with the British troops, with such aid as he could derive from Maryland and Virginia, and there were afterwards added two independent companies from New York; the second against Niagara and Frontignac, under General Shirley, with his own and Pepperell's regiments; and the third against Crown Point, to be executed altogether with colonial troops from New England and New York, under Major General William Johnson.

Gen. Braddock, with the forces destined to act against Fort Du Quesne, left Alexandria on the 20th of April, two months after his arrival from England, and on the 24th arrived at Fredericktown, in Maryland. After stopping some days at Fredericktown, he marched to Fort Cumberland on Will's creek, by the way of Winchester in Virginia, and arrived there about the 10th of May. Here he collected his forces, consisting of about one thousand regulars, thirty sailors from the fleet of Admiral Keppel, and twelve hundred provincial troops. Col. Washington having before resigned his commission in consequence of a royal order, reducing his rank, as well as all other colonial field officers, was inactive at Mount Vernon. But Gen. Braddock, knowing the importance of securing his services for the expedition, earnestly solicited him to form one of his staff. He accepted, and his appointment as Aid-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief, was proclaimed to the Army in general orders, on the 10th of May at Fort Cumberland.

Gen. Braddock, when at Fort Cumberland, with much severity of censure, complained of the lukewarmness of the colonial governments, in facilitating his enterprise, the dishonesty of agents, and the faithlessness of contractors. The British ministry had furnished him with two regiments from the royal army and a train of artillery; but expected the colonies to supply a still larger number of men, to open and repair roads through the wilderness, to provide subsistence for the army, and to furnish horses and carriages, to transport the stores and munitions of war over the mountains, from the seaboard to the Ohio. But Gen. Braddock for the want of that temper and moderation which distinguish a man of sense, was illy fitted to win the respect of the colonies, or to command colonial troops. He had too much self confidence, too great a reliance upon the invincibility of regular troops, and too mean an opinion of both Americans and Indians. Although all his requisitions upon the colonies were not com-

plied with, in so prompt a manner as he was led to expect, yet, under the circumstances, he had no reason to denounce them as devoid of patriotism and integrity. Virginia and the adjoining colonies, although they had not as he expected furnished the requisite number of wagons and horses, had sent into the field thirteen hundred men, and voted their proportion of the expense for the campaign. Pennsylvania furnished troops for the northern expedition against Niagara, under Gov. Shirley; established a post between Philadelphia and Winchester; opened a difficult and expensive road over the Allegheny mountains from the Cumberland valley to the forks of the Youghiogheny; supplied with promptitude the required number of wagons and horses, and provided abundant supplies for the army, and sent them to his camp, under an escort of volunteers raised for the purpose.

If there was any want of energy on the part of the colonies, it was more owing to measures which originated in the jealousies of the mother country, than to any lack of patriotism. Before the commencement of the war, a Congress of Commissioners assembled at Albany, in June, 1754, and drew up and adopted a plan for the union of all the colonies, under one government, so far as might be necessary for defence and other important general purposes. By this plan the General Government was to be administered by a President General, appointed and supported by the Crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the Representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies. This plan originated with and was drawn up by Dr. Franklin, who was a member of the Congress at Albany. This, plan which would have given unity and energy of action in the public defence, was rejected by the British Government as too Democratic. Its jealousy did not permit it to trust such an union for defence, lest the colonies should thereby grow too military, and feel their own strength. Not content with preventing the colonies from acting unitedly in their own defence, the British Government took measures to dampen the ardor of the colonial troops, by degrading every American officer, however distinguished for his valor or services, whose merit had risen above the command of an independent company. Gen Braddock had orders to suffer no American field officer to take command of even a battalion of colonial troops. Under such circumstances, Gen. Braddock could not reasonably expect that hearty co-operation, which he even did receive from the several colonies.

In a letter to Governor Morris, dated only eight days after his arrival, Gen. Braddock charges the Assembly of Pennsylvania, in a rude and ill-tempered manner, with pusillanimous and improper behaviour, and threatens such as oppose his wishes, with punishment. This letter was probably written in consequence of the misrepresentations of the royal Governor, in relation to the raising of money to defray the expenses of the campaign. The Assembly of Pennsylvania was always willing and ready to supply her full share of the funds necessary for the common defence, but that sense of right and

common justice, which ever distinguished our fathers, prevented them from submitting to a public wrong. It was the Proprietaries, the hereditary Governors, and not the Assembly that prevented the raising of supplies for Gen. Braddock. Whenever any expense was to be incurred for the defence of the Province, with incredible meanness, these hereditary Governors instructed their deputies to pass no act levying the necessary taxes, unless their vast estates were in the same act expressly exonerated. When the proprietaries, in 1756, sent orders to their Receiver General to add five thousand pounds out of their money, to the public fund, in lieu of taxes, the Assembly immediately voted a tax of sixty thousand pounds, and a bill was passed for establishing and disciplining a volunteer militia.

Notwithstanding the unjust and impolitic letter of the Commanding General, and the course of the Royal Governor, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, knowing the prejudices entertained against them, yet anxious to advance the public service, commissioned Benjamin Franklin to wait upon General Braddock, not as from them, but as Postmaster General, under the guise of settling with him the mode of transmitting, with the most celerity and certainty, the despatches between him and the Governors of the several provinces, with whom he must necessarily have correspondence, and for which the Assembly of Pennsylvania proposed to pay. Dr. Franklin met the General at Fredericktown, waiting impatiently for the return of those whom he had sent through the back parts of Maryland and Virginia to collect horses and wagons. He staid with him several days, during which time he took every opportunity to remove his prejudices, by detailing to him what the Assembly had actually done before his arrival, and what they were still willing to do, to facilitate his operations. When Franklin was about to return to Philadelphia, the returns of wagons to be obtained were brought in, by which it appeared that, instead of twenty-five hundred horses and two hundred wagons which he expected, the number of wagons amounted to only twenty-five, and not all of those were in a serviceable condition.—General Braddock and all the officers were surprised, declared the expedition to be at an end, it being impossible, and exclaimed against the Ministers for ignorantly sending them into a country destitute of the means of conveying their stores, baggage, and munitions of war; that not less than one hundred and fifty wagons and two thousand horses were necessary. Franklin remarked, that it would have greatly advanced the public service, if the troops had landed in Pennsylvania, as in that province almost every farmer had his wagon and horses. General Braddock eagerly pressed Franklin to procure the horses and wagons in Pennsylvania. He then entered into a contract to furnish the required number within a given time, for which a specified sum was to be allowed; and immediately returned to York and Lancaster, sent out an advertisement among the farmers, and in two weeks one hundred and fifty wagons and more than two thousand horses were at Fort Cumberland. The House of Assembly of Pennsylvania, complimented Franklin for this important service, with an

unanimous vote of thanks.* He gave his personal security to the farmers that they should be paid according to contract.†

* When Franklin returned to Philadelphia, the House of Assembly was in session, and unanimously passed a vote of thanks "to Benjamin Franklin, a member of this House, for the great services done to the King's forces and to this province, in his late journey through Maryland and our back counties." It should also be added, that no profit on his own account was either expected or received. On the contrary, after Gen. Braddock's death, the owners of the wagons and horses came upon Franklin for their pay, amounting in all to nearly twenty thousand pounds; and he was much embarrassed with these claims, till they were finally allowed and settled by General Shirley, who succeeded Braddock in command.—*Votes of Pennsylvania Assembly, Vol. IV. p. 379.—Franklin's Memoirs, Vol. I. pp. 142, 152.*

† What those terms were will appear, says Franklin, in the advertisement I published soon as I arrived at Lancaster; which being, from the great and sudden effect it produced, a piece of some curiosity, I shall insert at length, as follows:

ADVERTISEMENT.

Lancaster, April 28th, 1755.

"Whereas, one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses are wanted for the service of his Majesty's forces, now about to rendezvous at Wills' Creek; and his excellency, General Braddock, having been pleased to empower me to contract for the hire of the same, I hereby give notice, that I shall attend for that purpose at Lancaster from this day to next Wednesday evening; and at York from next Thursday morning till Friday evening; where I shall be ready to agree for wagons and teams, or single horses, on the following terms, viz: 1. That there shall be paid for each wagon with four good horses and a driver, fifteen shillings per diem. And for each able horse with a pack-saddle, or other saddle and furniture, two shillings per diem. And for each able horse without a saddle, eighteen pence per diem. 2. That the pay commence from the time of their joining the forces at Wills' Creek, (which must be on or before the 20th of May ensuing,) and that a reasonable allowance be paid over and above for the time necessary for their travelling to Wills' Creek and home again after their discharge. 3. Each wagon and team, and every saddle or pack-horse, is to be valued by indifferent persons chosen between me and the owner; and in case of the loss of any wagon, team, or other horse in the service, the price according to such valuation is to be allowed and paid. 4. Seven days' pay is to be advanced and paid in hand by me to the owner of each wagon, team, or other horse, at the time of contracting, if required, and the remainder to be paid by General Braddock, or by the paymaster of the army, at the time of their discharge: or from time to time as it shall be demanded. 5. No drivers of wagons, or persons taking care of the hired horses, are on any account to be called upon to do the duty of soldiers, or be otherwise employed than in conducting or taking care of their carriages or horses. 6. All oats, Indian corn, or other forage, that wagons or horses bring to the camp, more than is necessary for the subsistence of the horses, is to be taken for the use of the army, and a reasonable price paid for the same.

"NOTE.—My son, William Franklin, is empowered to enter into like contracts, with any person in Cumberland County. B. FRANKLIN."

To the inhabitants of the Counties of Lancaster, York, and Cumberland:

"FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN:—Being occasionally at the Camp at Frederick, a few days since, I found the General and officers extremely exasperated on account of their not being supplied with horses and carriages, which had been expected from this province, as moat able to furnish them; but through the dissensions between our Governor and the Assembly, money had not been provided, nor any steps taken for that purpose.

"It was proposed to send an armed force immediately into these counties, to seize as many of the best carriages and horses as should be wanted, and compel as many persons into the service as would be necessary to drive and take care of them.

"I apprehend that the progress of British soldiers through these counties on such an occasion, (especially considering the temper they are in, and their resentment against us,) would be attended with many and great inconveniences to the inhabitants, and therefore more willingly took the trouble of trying first what might be done by fair and equitable means. The people of those back counties have lately complained to the Assembly that a sufficient currency was wanting; you have an opportunity of receiving and dividing among you a very considerable sum; for if the service of this expedition should continue (as it is more than probable it will), for one hundred and twenty days, the hire of these wagons and horses will amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds; which will be paid you in silver and gold, of the King's money.

"The service will be light and easy, for the army will scarcely march above twelve miles per day, and the wagon and baggage horses, as they carry those things that are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the army, must march with the army, and no faster; and are, for the army's sake, always placed where they can be most secure, whether in a march or in camp.

General Braddock, at length, amply furnished with everything necessary for the expedition, and confident of success, wrote to his friend Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania, from Fort Cumberland, on the 24th of May, that he should soon begin his march for fort Du Quesne. That if he took the fort in the condition in which it then was, he should make what additions to it he deemed necessary, and leave the guns, ammunition and stores belonging to it with a garrison of Virginia and Maryland forces. But in case, as he apprehended, the French should abandon and destroy the fortifications, with the guns, stores and ammunitions of war, he would repair or construct some place of defence for the garrison which he should leave. But that Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland must immediately supply the artillery, ammunition, stores and provisions for the use and defence of the garrison left in the fort as he should take all that he now had with him, and all that he should find in the fort along with him, for the further extension of his plan.

Having completed his arrangements, he sent forward on the twenty-seventh of May, Sir John St. Clair and Major Chapman, with a detachment of five hundred men to open the roads, and advance to the Little Meadows, erect a small fort, and collect provisions. On the 8th of June, the first brigade under Sir Peter Halket followed, and on the 9th the main body of the army, with the Commander-in-chief, left Fort Cumberland, and commenced their march towards fort Du Quesne. He crossed the Allegheny mountains at the head of two thousand two hundred men, well armed and supplied, with a fine train of artillery. In addition to these, Scarooyada, who succeeded Half-King, a sachem of the Delawares, joined him with between forty and fifty friendly Indians, and the heroic Captain Jack, with George Croghan, the English Indian interpreter, who visited his camp, accompanied by a party, increasing the number of Indian warriors to one hundred and fifty, and proposed to accompany the army as scouts and guides. These might have been of great use to him, in this capacity, and might have saved the army from ambuscade and defeat. But he slighted and rejected them; and as the offer of their services was rather despised than appreciated, they left him in disgust, and retired to their fastnesses among the mountains of the Juniata.

On the seventh day after he left Fort Cumberland, he reached the

"If you are really, as I believe you are, good and loyal subjects to his Majesty, you may now do a most acceptable service, and make it easy to yourselves, for three or four of such as cannot separately spare from the business of their plantations, a wagon and four horses and a driver, may do it together; one furnishing the wagon, another one or two horses, and another the driver, and divide the pay proportionally between you: but if you do not this service to your King and country voluntarily, when such good pay and reasonable terms are offered to you, your loyalty will be strongly suspected: the King's business must be done: so many brave troops, come so far for your defence, must not stand idle through your backwardness to do what may be reasonably expected from you: wagons and horses must be had, or violent measures will probably be used; and you will have to seek for recompense where you can find it, and your case perhaps be little pitied or regarded.

"I have no particular interest in this affair, as (except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do good) I shall have only my labor for my pains. If this method of obtaining the wagons is not likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to the General in fourteen days; and I suppose Sir John St. Clair, the *Auxiliary*, with a body of soldiers will immediately enter the province for the purpose, which I shall be sorry to hear, because I am sincerely and truly your friend and well-wisher,

B. FRANKLIN."

Little Meadows, at the western base of the Allegheny mountains, where the advance detachment under Sir John St. Clair, Quarter-Master-General of the army, had before arrived. Here a council of war was called to determine upon a plan of future operations. Col. Washington, who entered the army as volunteer Aid-de-camp, and who possessed a knowledge of the country and the service to be performed, had at a previous council urged the substitution of pack-horses for wagons, in the transportation of the baggage. This advice was not taken at that time; but before the army reached the Little Meadows it was found that besides the difficulty of getting the wagons along at all, they often formed a line of three or four miles in length; and the soldiers guarding them were so dispersed, that if an attack had been made either in front, centre, or rear, the part attacked must have been cut off, or totally routed, before they could be sustained by any other part of the army. Washington now renewed his advice. He earnestly recommended, that the heavy artillery and baggage should remain with a portion of the army, and follow by easy marches; while a chosen body of troops, with a few pieces of light cannon and stores of absolute necessity, should press forward to Fort Du Quesne. He enforced this counsel by referring to the information received of the march of five hundred men to reinforce the French, who, though delayed by the low state of the waters, might be accelerated by rains, which in ordinary course, might be immediate.

This advice prevailed. Twelve hundred men with twelve pieces of cannon were selected from all the different corps. These were to be commanded by Gen. Braddock, in person, assisted by Sir Peter Halket, acting as Brigadier General; Lieut. Col. Gage, Lieut. Col. Burton, and Major Sparks. It was determined to take their thirty carriages including those that transported the ammunition, and that the baggage and provision should be carried upon horses. The General left the Little Meadows on the 19th of June, with this select body of troops, leaving Col. Dunbar and Major Chapman, to follow by easy marches, with the residue of the two regiments, some independent companies, the heavy baggage and artillery.

The benefit of these prudent measures was lost by the fastidiousness and presumption of the commander-in-chief. Instead of pushing on with vigor, regardless of a little rough road, he halted to level every mole hill, and to throw bridges over every rivulet, occupying four days in reaching the great crossings of the Youghiogheny, only nineteen miles from the Little Meadows. Mr. Peters, secretary of the colony of Pennsylvania, and one of the commissioners to open the road from Fort Loudon to the Forks of the Youghiogheny, strongly advised him that rangers should precede the army for its defence. But this advice was treated with contempt, and when on his march, Sir Peter Halket proposed that the Indians which were in the army be employed in reconnoitering the woods and passages on the front and flanks, he rejected his prudent suggestion with a sneer. When Dr. Franklin, in his interview at Frederick, ventured to say, that the only danger he apprehended to his march, was from the am-

buscades of the Indians—he contemptuously replied: “These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia; but upon the King’s regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression.”

When at the Little Meadows, Col. Washington was taken seriously ill with a fever, and rendered unable to proceed any farther.—He was, therefore, left at the camp of Col. Dunbar.

“On the 8th of July, the General arrived with his division, all in excellent health and spirits, at the junction of the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers. At this place Col. Washington joined the advanced division, being but partially recovered from a severe attack of fever, which had been the cause of his remaining behind. The officers and soldiers were now in the highest spirits, and firm in the conviction that they should within a few hours victoriously enter the walls of Fort Du Quesne.

The steep and rugged grounds on the north side of the Monongahela, prevented the army from marching in that direction, and it was necessary in approaching the fort, now about fifteen miles distant, to ford the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side.—Early on the morning of the 9th, all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed over the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogheny, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern margin of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say, during his life time, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld, was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.

In this manner they marched forward till about noon, when they arrived at the second crossing place, ten miles from Fort Du Quesne. They halted but a little time, and then began to ford the river and regain its northern bank. As soon as they had crossed, they came upon a level plain, elevated but a few feet above the surface of the river, and extending northward nearly half a mile from its margin.—Then commenced a gradual ascent at an angle of about three degrees, which terminated in hills of a considerable height at no great distance beyond. The road from the fording place to Fort Du Quesne, led across the plain and up this ascent, and thence proceeded through an uneven country, at that time covered with wood.

By the order of march, a body of three hundred men, under Col. Gage, made the advance party, which was immediately followed by another of two hundred. Next came the General with the columns of artillery, the main body of the army, and the baggage. At one o’clock the whole had crossed the river, and almost at this moment a sharp firing was heard upon the advance parties, who were now ascending the hill, and had got forward about a hundred yards from the

termination of the plain. A heavy discharge of musketry was poured in upon their front, which was the first intelligence they had of the proximity of an enemy, and this was suddenly followed by another on their right flank. They were filled with the greatest consternation, as no enemy was in sight, and the firing seemed to proceed from an invisible foe. They fired in their turn, however, but quite at random, and obviously without effect, as the enemy kept up a discharge in quick and continued succession.

The General advanced speedily to the relief of these detachments; but before he could reach the spot which they occupied, they gave way and fell back upon the artillery and the other columns of the army, causing extreme confusion, and striking the whole mass with such a panic, that no order could afterwards be restored. The General and the officers behaved with the utmost courage, and used every effort to rally the men, and bring them to order, but all in vain. In this state they continued nearly three hours, huddling together in confused bodies, firing irregularly, shooting down their own officers and men, and doing no perceptible harm to the enemy. The Virginia provincials were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses, and they behaved with a bravery and resolution worthy of a better fate. They adopted the Indian mode of warfare, and fought each man for himself behind a tree. This was prohibited by the General, who endeavored to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been manœuvring on the plains of Flanders. Meantime the French and Indians, concealed in the ravines and behind trees, kept up a deadly and unceasing discharge of musketry, singling out their objects, taking deliberate aim, and producing a carnage almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. More than half of the whole army, which had crossed the river in so proud an array, only three hours before, were killed or wounded; the General himself had received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers had fallen by his side.

The rear was thrown into confusion, but the main body, forming three deep, instantly advanced. The commanding officer of the enemy having fallen, it was supposed from the suspension of the attack, that the assailants had dispersed. The delusion was momentary. The fire was renewed with great spirit and unerring aim, and the regular troops beholding their comrades drop around them, and, unable to see the foe, or tell from whence the fire came, which caused their death, broke and fled in utter dismay. Gen. Braddock, astounded at this sudden and unexpected attack, lost his self-possession, and neither gave orders for a regular retreat, nor for his cannon to advance and scour the woods. He remained on the spot where he first halted, directing the troops to form in regular platoons, against a foe dispersed through the forest, behind trees and bushes, whose every shot did fatal execution upon the men under his command. The colonial troops, whom he had contemptuously placed in the rear, instead of yielding to the panic which disordered the regulars, offered to advance against the enemy, until the British regiments could form, and

bring up the artillery. But the regulars could not again be brought to the charge. They would obey no orders, but gathered themselves into a body, ten or twelve deep, and loaded, fired, and shot down the officers and men before them. Two-thirds of the killed and wounded in this fatal action, received their shot from the cowardly and panic stricken regulars. The officers were absolutely sacrificed by their good behavior; advancing in bodies, sometimes separately, hoping by such example, to engage the soldiers to follow them, but to no purpose.

The conduct of the Virginia troops was worthy of a better fate.— They boldly formed and marched up the hill, but only to be fired at by the frightened royal troops. Captain Waggoner of the Virginia forces, marched eighty men up to take possession of a hill, on the top of which a large fallen tree was lying, of about five feet in diameter, which he intended to use as a bulwark. He marched up and took possession, with shouldered arms, and with the loss of only three men killed by the enemy. As soon as his men discharged their pieces upon the Indians in the ambuscade, which was exposed to him from their position, and when this movement might have driven the enemy from their coverts, the smoke of the discharge was seen by the British soldiery, and they fired upon the gallant little band, so that they were obliged to leave their position and retreat down the hill, with the loss of fifty killed out of eighty. The provincial troops then insisted upon being allowed to adopt the Indian mode of warfare, and to shelter themselves behind trees; but General Braddock denied the request, and raged and stormed with great vehemence, calling them cowards and dastards. He even went so far as to strike them with his drawn sword for attempting to adopt this mode of warfare. He had five horses killed under him, and at last received a mortal wound through the arm and lungs, and was carried from the field of battle.* He survived only four days. On the first, he was silent, and at night only said, "Who would have thought it." He was again silent until the fourth day, when he said, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time," and immediately expired.

*There has long existed a tradition in the western region, that Braddock was killed by one of his own men, and more recent developments leave little doubt of the fact. A recent writer in the National Intelligencer, whose authority is good on such points, says: "When my father was removing with his family to the west, one of the Fausetts kept a public house to the eastward from and near where Uniontown now stands, as the county seat of Fayette, Penn'a.— This man's house we lodged in about the 10th October, 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat, and there it was made anything but a secret that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British general. Thirteen years afterwards, I met Thomas Fausett in Fayette county, then, as he told me, in his seventieth year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "I did shoot him!" He then went on to insist, that, by doing so, he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth I never heard the fact either doubted or blamed, that Fausett shot Braddock."

Hon. A. Stewart, of Uniontown, says he knew, and often conversed with, Tom Fausett, who did not hesitate to avow in the presence of his friends that he shot Braddock. In spite of Braddock's silly orders, that the troops should not protect themselves behind the trees, Joseph Fausett had taken such a position, when Braddock rode up in a passion and struck him down with his sword. Tom Fausett, who was but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, and immediately drew up his rifle and shot Braddock through the lungs, partly in revenge for the outrage upon his brother, and partly, as he always alleged, to get the general out of the way and thus save the remains of the gallant band who had been sacrificed to his obstinacy and want of experience in frontier warfare.—*Day's His. Col. Pa.* p. 335.

A large portion of the regular troops had now fired away their ammunition, in an irregular manner, at their own friends, and ran off, leaving to the enemy the artillery, ammunition and stores. Some of them did not stop until they reached Dunbar's camp, thirty-six miles distant. Sixty-four out of eighty-five officers, and one-half of the privates were killed or wounded. Every field officer, and every one on horse-back, except Col. Washington, who had two horses killed under him, and four bullets through his coat, was either slain or carried from the field disabled by wounds, and no hope remained of saving any thing except by retreat. Washington then, at the head of the provincial troops, formed and covered the retreat, with great coolness and courage.

The defeat was total, and the carnage great. Seven hundred and fourteen men were killed. The wagoners each took a horse from the teams, and rode off in great haste; the example was followed by the soldiers; the route became general: all order was disregarded, and it was with difficulty that Gen. Braddock and other wounded officers, were brought off. All the artillery, ammunition, baggage and stores, together with the dead and the dying, were left upon this fatal field, a prey to savage spoilers and the beasts of the forest. All the Secretary's papers, with all of the commanding general's orders, instructions and correspondence, together with twenty-five thousand pounds in money, fell into the hands of the French.

The fugitives not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them, instantly seized him and all his troops. And although he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy, which had surprised and defeated the detachment under Gen. Braddock, did not exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, artillery and baggage, except what he reserved for immediate use, to be destroyed. Some of the heavy cannon he buried, but have never been since found.—More than half of the small arms were lost. This he did in order that he might have more horses to assist his flight towards the settlements.

Arriving at Fort Cumberland, he was met with requests from the Governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, that he would post his troops on the frontier, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through the country, not thinking himself safe until he arrived at Philadelphia. In their first march, from their landing, till they got beyond the settlements, the British troops had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing and confining the people, if they remonstrated.

Gen. Braddock having died on the night of the 13th of June, the day after Col. Dunbar had commenced his retreat, he was buried in the road, for the purpose of concealing his body from the Indians.—He was buried in his cloak, Col. Washington reading the funeral service over his remains by torch-light. The spot is still pointed out,

within a few yards of the present National Road, and about a mile west of the site of Fort Necessity at the Great Meadows. The French sent out a party as far as Dunbar's camp, and destroyed every thing that was left. Col. Washington, being in very feeble health, retired to Mount Vernon.

No circumstantial account of this action has ever been published by the French, but Mr. Sparks, the editor of *Washington's Letters*, found a narrative in the Archives of the War Department, at Paris, apparently drawn up by a person on the ground, from which he collected the following particulars:

"M. de Contrecoeur, the Commander of Fort Du Quesne, received intelligence of the arrival of General Braddock and the British regiments in Virginia. After his remove from Wills' Creek, French and Indian scouts were constantly abroad, who watched his motions, reported the progress of his march, and the route he was pursuing. His army was represented to consist of three thousand men. M. de Contrecoeur was hesitating what measures to take, believing his small force wholly inadequate to encounter so formidable an army, when M. de Beaujeu, a captain in the French service, proposed to head a detachment of French and Indians, and meet the enemy in their march. The consent of the Indians was first to be obtained. A large body of them was then encamped in the vicinity of the Fort, and M. de Beaujeu opened to them his plan, and requested their aid. This they at first declined, giving as a reason the superior force of the enemy, and the impossibility of success. But at the pressing solicitation of M. de Beaujeu, they agreed to hold a council on the subject, and to talk with him again the next morning. They still adhered to their first decision, and when M. de Beaujeu went out among them to inquire the result of their deliberation, they told him a second time that they could not go. This was a severe disappointment to M. de Beaujeu, who had set his heart upon the enterprize, and was resolved to prosecute it. Being a man of great good nature, affability and ardor, and much beloved by the savages, he said to them: 'I am determined to go out and meet the enemy—what! will you suffer your father to go out alone? I am sure we shall conquer.'—With this spirited harangue, delivered in a manner that pleased the Indians, and won upon their confidence, he subdued their unwillingness, and they agreed to accompany him."

It was now the 7th of July, and news came that the English were within six leagues of the Fort. This day and the next were spent in making preparations, and reconnoitering the ground for attack.—Two other Captains, Dumas and Liguery, were joined with M. de Beaujeu, and also four Lieutenants, six Ensigns and two Cadets.—On the morning of the 9th they were all in readiness, and began their march at an early hour. It seems to have been their first intention to make a stand at the ford, and annoy the English while crossing the river, and then retreat to the ambuscade on the side of the hill, where the contest actually commenced. The trees on the bank of the river afforded a good opportunity to effect this manœu-



Defeat of Gen. Braddock, 9th July, 1756.

vre, in the Indian mode of warfare, since the artillery could be of little avail against an enemy, where every man was protected by a tree, and at the same time the English would be exposed to a point-blank musket shot in fording the river. As it happened, however, M. de Beaujeu and his party did not arrive in time to execute this part of the plan.

The English were preparing to cross the river, when the French and Indians reached the defiles on the rising ground, where they posted themselves, and waited till Braddock's advanced columns came up. This was a signal for the attack, which was made at first in front, and repelled by so heavy a discharge from the British, that the Indians believed it proceeded from artillery, and showed symptoms of wavering and retreat. At this moment M. de Beaujeu was killed, and the command devolved on M. Dumas. He showed great presence of mind in rallying the Indians, and ordered his officers to lead them to the wings and attack the enemy in flank, while he with the French troops would maintain the position in front. This order was promptly obeyed, and the attack became general. The action was warm and severely contested for a short time; but the English fought in the European method, firing at random, which had little effect in the woods, while the Indians fired from concealed places, took aim, and almost every shot brought down a man. The English columns soon got into confusion: the yell of the savages, with which the woods resounded, struck terror into the hearts of the soldiers, till they took to flight, and resisted all the endeavors of their officers to restore any degree of order in their escape. The rout was complete, and the field of battle was left covered with the dead and wounded, and all the artillery, ammunition, provisions and baggage of the English army. The Indians gave themselves up to pillage, which prevented them from pursuing the English in their flight.

Such is the substance of the accounts written at the time, and sent home to their government, and thus terminated the expedition of General Braddock.* An army of twelve hundred chosen men, with a reserve to fall back upon, composed in part of veteran troops, commanded by able and experienced officers, with a fine park of artillery, with a body of brave provincial soldiers, and a number of friendly Indians, fell into an ambuscade and were more than half killed and wounded, and totally routed by a party of about four hundred Indians and a few Frenchmen, without artillery and without being seen by the mass of the conquered.

The dead bodies of the slain were left unburied, and neglected until more than three years afterwards, when a detachment was sent from Fort Du Quesne, soon after the English took possession of it, in 1758, to search for the relics of Braddock's army, and bury the remains of the dead. This service was performed. Sometimes the detachment found skeletons lying across the trunks of trees, some-

*See Capt. James Smith's Narrative, in another part of this volume, for some account of the treatment of the prisoners confined at Fort Du Quesne.

times skulls and bones scattered on the ground, and in other places they saw the blackness of ashes amidst the relics—the awful evidence of torture of the unfortunate wounded. A son of Sir Peter Halket, identified the remains of his father, by an artificial tooth, with those of a brother who was killed beside him, and sickened and fainted at the sight. Twenty one years after the melancholy event, J. Yeates, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, visited the battlefield, and found many of the skulls and bones of those who fell there, still lying in profusion upon the ground unburied. The marks of cannon and musket balls were then seen on the trees, some of them twenty feet from the ground. He remarked that the detachment in 1758 “buried the remains of more than four hundred and fifty; many were afterwards interred, and many then remained unburied, as monuments of our shame.” It is now more than ninety years since the battle, and yet the vestiges of this fatal day remain. Grape shot are still cut out of the trees, and the ploughman still turns up the corroded shot, the flattened bullets, and the ornaments of the British troops.

The shape of the ground upon which the battle was fought, was well chosen for the surprise and defeat of any number of European troops under such a General as Braddock, by an Indian force.—Numbers would have only added to the dreadful disasters of the day. Braddock’s advanced columns, after crossing the valley, extending for nearly half a mile from the margin of the Monongahela, began to move up a hill so uniform in its ascent, that it was little else than an inclined plane, of a somewhat crowning form. Down this inclined surface extended two ravines, beginning near together, about two hundred yards from the bottom of the hill, the space widening between them till they terminated in the valley below. On the elevation between these ravines, the army of General Braddock undertook to pass: and in them, on both sides of the road to Fort Du Quesne, the French and Indians were concealed and protected. At this day they are from eight to ten feet deep, and sufficient to contain at least a thousand men. At the time this battle was fought, the ground was covered with trees and tall grass, so that the ravines were entirely hidden from view, until they were approached within a few feet.—Indeed, at the present day, although the forest has disappeared and the place converted into pasture and cleared fields, these once Indian coverts are perceptible only at a very short distance. By this knowledge of the local peculiarities of the battle ground, the mystery, that the British troops conceived themselves to be contending with an invisible foe, is solved. Such was literally the fact. Their line of march was so located between the ravines, that their whole front, and both flanks, were exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy, who discharged their muskets over the edge of the ravines, being concealed by the trees and grass, and protected by an invincible barrier below the surface of the earth.

It was the overweening confidence, presumptuous arrogance, and reckless temerity of Gen. Braddock, that led him into this ambushade.

Had he hearkened to the advice of Washington, Sir Peter Halket, or Franklin, and kept scouts and guards on the wings of the army, the Indians in the ravines would have been discovered, and his whole force would have been prevented from falling into the snare. This neglect was the primary cause of his defeat, which common prudence might have avoided. Had he charged the concealed enemy with the bayonet, the ravines would instantly have been cleared. Or had he brought his artillery to the points where the ravines terminate in the valley, and scoured them with grape-shot, the French and Indians would have immediately been driven from the places of their concealment, and the terrible slaughter of his troops would not have followed. Had he fallen back upon the level ground, which extended half a mile in distance from the Monongahela, at his crossing-place, to the battleground, as soon as the advantageous position of the enemy was discovered, he would have prevented the total insubordination of his troops, and have been able to have scoured the ravines with cannon, or have led his men to the charge. But he contemptuously disregarded all prudent counsel: remained upon the same spot, a mark for the rifles and musketry in the ravines: and for three hours raving like a maniac at his panic stricken soldiery: prohibiting the provincial troops from adopting the Indian mode of warfare, until the ground was strewn with the dead and the dying: every officer on horse back, except Col. Washington, either killed or wounded: one-half of the whole army weltering in gore, and the remainder fleeing from the field of carnage in disorder and dismay. At length, after being five times himself dismounted by the shots of the enemy, he was carried from the field mortally wounded, the victim of his own folly, his contempt of Indian warfare—his own overweening confidence in the prowess of veteran troops, and his obstinate self-complacency.

After the defeat of General Braddock the command of the army devolved on Colonel Dunbar, who, considering any farther offensive measures as impracticable at present, marched his troops to Philadelphia.

The retreat of the army left the whole frontier of Virginia exposed to the ravages of the victorious enemy, who now extended their incursions even over the Blue Ridge, and marked with blood and terror their hostile course.

This distressing state of affairs induced the Governor to call a meeting of the Assembly, to provide for the security of the colony. On the meeting of that body, it was determined to raise a regiment of sixteen companies, the command of which, and all the forces in Virginia, was given to Colonel Washington. Meanwhile the French and Indians continued their depredations, and news frequently arrived of irruptions along the frontiers. The western inhabitants, instead of uniting and repelling the assailants, abandoned their dwellings their flocks and their farms to the mercy of the rude invader.

Having made arrangements for the recruiting service, Washington

set out in person to visit the western frontier posts. From thence he returned to Williamsburg for the purpose of settling the plan of future operations: on his way he was overtaken by an express, informing him that a body of French and Indians had broken into the back settlements, and were murdering the inhabitants and burning their houses. Washington hastened back to Winchester, and endeavored to raise a body of militia to march against the enemy; but his exertions were frustrated by the general terror and confusion that prevailed among the people. Before any adequate force could be raised, the enemy had allayed their fury with blood, and had re-crossed the pathless mountains with their prisoners and their plunder. Washington saw the necessity of training a body of militia for the defence of the colony, but his advice was almost always rejected, or adopted too late.

In the year 1756, Lord Loudon arrived in the colony, vested with the command of the British forces in Virginia. A short address was presented to him by the regiment, complimenting him on his arrival, and a statement of the military affairs of the colony, drawn up by Washington, was laid before him. The Assembly, which had been recently dissolved, was again summoned to meet, principally for the purpose of devising measures of defence against the repeated attacks of the Indians. A day of fasting and prayer was also appointed by proclamation. Meantime General Montcalm, commander of the French forces in America, did not remain long idle during the delays and consultations of the Virginia Assembly. Before the troops were ready to march from Virginia, that officer had taken the posts of Oswego and Ontario without opposition. His Indian allies also continued their attacks upon the back settlements with their usual ferocity and success.

In return for these numerous inroads of the savages, it may relieve the mind to see them chastised by the hands of provincial volunteers. Colonel Armstrong, at the head of about three hundred militia, made an excursion into their territory, and after marching several days through woods and swamps, halted on the borders of their town.— Having disposed themselves in order, at day break they attacked the Indians, of whom they killed forty and rescued eleven prisoners.— This town was situated about twenty-five miles above Fort Du Quesne.

During the year 1757, Governor Dinwiddie took leave of the colony and sailed for England. The character of this Governor has been assailed by the historians who have recorded the transactions of his government. They charge him with want of integrity, and with disregard for the interests of the colony. What foundation they had for those charges we are in part left to conjecture, as they have taken much more pains to convince us that they believed him guilty, than they have to show us the grounds of that belief.

After the departure of Dinwiddie, the administration devolved on John Blair, as President of the council, until the arrival of Francis Fauquier, which happened in the following year. Soon after Fau-

quier's entrance into office, he published a proclamation, by which he continued in office those who had held their places under his predecessor. He also dissolved the Assembly, and issued orders for a new election.

Early in this gentleman's administration, the troops designed for the conquest of Du Quesne were put in motion. They amounted to about eight thousand men, and were appointed to rendezvous at Raystown. General Abercrombie, in consequence of the return of Lord Loudon to England, had succeeded to the chief command of the colonial forces; but the department of the middle and southern provinces was committed to General Forbes. This officer, with as many regular troops as could be spared from the northern colonies, commenced his march from Philadelphia in November, 1758. Col. Bouquet had been previously dispatched with two thousand men as an advance guard. The troops from Virginia, agreeable to the orders of the commander-in-chief, marched in detachments from Winchester to Fort Cumberland. From thence they proceeded to Raystown, where the different detachments assembled. From this place the country was covered with woods, mountains, and morasses, which greatly impeded the progress of the army. Colonel Bouquet with his advance guard kept a considerable distance before, for the purpose of scouring the country, and protecting the workmen engaged in opening a road.

Bouquet with his detachment at length reached Loyal Hanna, a post about fifty miles from Raystown. From this place Major Grant was despatched with a body of about eight hundred men, for the purpose of reconnoitering the country about Fort Du Quesne. This officer reached a hill near the fort during the night, and having posted his men in different columns, he sent forward a party to examine the works and discover the situation of the enemy. He also detached Major Lewis with a baggage guard about two miles in his rear; and having made such other arrangements as he deemed necessary, he believed himself secure, and with more parade than prudence ordered the *reveille* or alarm to be beaten. During all this time silence reigned in the fort, which Grant imputed to the terrors imposed by his appearance. But the calm was a dreadful precursor of a storm, which burst with resistless fury and unexpected ruin. The moment the Indians and French were ready for the attack, they issued from the fort, spreading death and dismay amongst the provincial troops. As soon as the attack was announced by the firing of guns, Major Lewis with his rear-guard advanced to the assistance of Grant, leaving only fifty men under the command of Captain Bullet to guard the baggage. Their united forces, however, were unable to withstand the impetuous assault of the savages, whose war-whoop is always a forerunner of havoc and destruction. The fire of the rifle requires coolness and deliberation, whereas the tomahawk and scalping-knife are fitted for sanguinary despatch. No quarter was given by the Indians. Major Grant saved his life only by surrendering to a French officer. In the same way the brave Major Lewis escaped, after de-

fending himself against several Indians successively. The two principal officers being now in the hands of the enemy, the rout became general amongst their troops. In their pursuit the Indians exercised every cruelty which savage ferocity could inflict upon the hapless victims whom the sad fortune of the day delivered into their hands. The situation of the retreating troops at this time must appear truly desperate. They were in an enemy's country, far from any English settlement, as well as from any immediate prospect of succor; routed and dispersed by a bloody and vindictive foe, whose intimate knowledge of the woods and superior agility seemed to threaten a total destruction of the party. Their escape, however, was effected by the prudence and heroism of Captain Bullet, of the baggage guard, by a manœuvre no less fortunate for his men than honorable to himself.— This officer, immediately on discovering the rout of the troops, despatched on the strongest horses the most necessary part of the baggage, and disposing the remainder on an advantageous part of the road, as a kind of breastwork, he posted his men behind it, and endeavored not only to rally the fugitives as they came up, but by a well directed fire to check the violence of the pursuers. Finding the enemy growing too strong to be withstood by his feeble force, he ordered his men according to previous agreement, to reverse their arms and march up in front of their assailants, holding out a signal for capitulation, as if going to surrender. The impatience of the Indians to bathe their tomahawks in English blood, would scarcely allow them to suspend their attacks, while the latter appeared in the act of suing for mercy. The moment they had arrived within about eighty yards of the enemy, Bullet gave the word to fire. A dreadful volley was instantly poured upon the Indians, and was followed by a furious charge with fixed bayonets. The enemy were unable to resist this bold and unexpected attack, and believing that the army of the English was at hand, they fled with precipitation; nor did they stop until they reached the French regulars. Bullet, instead of pursuing them, wisely retreated towards the main body of the army, collecting in his march the wounded and wandering soldiers, who had escaped from the field of battle without knowing whither to direct their course. In this fatal action about twenty officers and two hundred and seventy-three private soldiers were either killed or taken prisoners.

The Virginia troops on this occasion behaved with courage, and suffered severely in the action; but the gallant conduct of Captain Bullet is almost without a parallel in American history. His situation, after the defeat of Grant, to an officer of less discernment must have appeared desperate. To resist the triumphant savages with a handful of men would seem madness; and to have fled without any hopes of escape would have been folly. In this dilemma, with scarcely time to deliberate, Bullet adopted the only plan which could preserve himself and his men from the most cruel death or the most distressing captivity.



GENERAL WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE main body of the army at length reached the camp at Loyal Hanna, on the 5th of November, 1758. In their march from this post, Washington proceeded in front of the army to superintend the opening of the road. They were much harassed by parties of Indians in their march, and frequent skirmishes took place, in one of which Colonel Washington defeated a party of the enemy and took several prisoners. Colonel Mercer, who had been detached to support the party of Washington, came upon them during the night, and supposing them to be Indians, an engagement ensued, in which about fourteen persons were either killed or wounded before their error could be discovered. The army having reached the field of battle, found the ground strewed with the bodies of those who had fallen in Grant's defeat.

They took possession of Fort Du Quesne without opposition, the French having abandoned it during the night. This fortress, after being repaired and garrisoned, was called Fort Pitt, in honor of the celebrated statesman of that name.

Their attention was then called to the last sad office due to their unfortunate fellow-soldiers, who lay unburied in the open field.— They collected their mangled carcases and covered them in one common grave.

After having accomplished the object of the expedition, General Forbes returned to Philadelphia, and Colonel Washington, who had been elected by the county of Frederick a member of the General Assembly, directed his course to Williamsburg.

The capture of Fort Du Quesne, as it was the means of restoring peace to the frontiers, diffused a general joy through the colony.— The success of General Forbes induced the ministry to think of extending their conquests, and reducing Canada to the dominion of the British crown. For this purpose, in the year 1759, General Amherst, who had succeeded to the chief command, marched, in the month of July, at the head of twelve thousand men, for Ticonderoga. On their approach, the enemy made a show of defence, but on the 27th of the month they blew up their magazine and retired to Crown Point. They soon afterwards abandoned this post, also, and retired to Aux Noix. On the 4th of August, General Amherst took possession of Crown Point. While he was thus victoriously making his way towards the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of joining General Wolfe, at Quebec, General Prideaux, agreeably to the plan of the campaign, had arrived at Niagara, which he immediately invested.— He was assisted by Sir William Johnson, who commanded the New York militia, and a body of Indians, who were friendly to the American cause. This officer, soon after their arrival at this place, succeeded to the chief command, in consequence of the death of General Prideaux, who was killed by the bursting of a cohorn in the

trenches. The French, alarmed at the preparations making for the réduction of the important post of Niagara, determined to risk a battle in its defence. A body of French and Indians, amounting to about two thousand, under the command of Monsieur D'Anbry, commenced an attack on the 25th of July. In less than an hour they were thrown into disorder by the fire of the English, who took D'Anbry and sixteen other officers prisoners. The fort was immediately surrendered, and the garrison, which consisted of about six hundred men, was conducted to New York and New England.

Meanwhile, General Wolfe had proceeded up the St. Lawrence with a body of eight thousand men, the fleet being commanded by Admiral Saunders. Having taken possession of the Isle of Orleans and Point Levi, he prepared for an attack on the capital of the French dominions in America. The situation of the town presented almost insuperable difficulties to the besiegers. Its elevation above the level of the river, while it enabled the garrison to annoy the fleet below, precluded the possibility of much damage from the latter. Batteries were, however, erected on the Isle of Orleans and Point Levi, and a heavy cannonade opened on the lower town.

The adventurous spirit of General Wolfe at length determined him to scale the precipice, and attack the enemy in their entrenchments. To execute this plan the army embarked in boats and proceeded several miles up the river, above the place where they designed to land. Under cover of the night they dropped silently down again, undiscovered by the sentinels, and landed directly against the Heights of Abraham. The ascent to the top of the rock was so steep and rugged, that the troops could ascend only by laying hold of the bushes and stumps, and pulling themselves up the precipice. At dawn of day the army of Wolfe was drawn up in good order on the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm immediately drew out his forces and advanced to the attack. The battle was obstinately contested and the slaughter great on both sides, and particularly so among the officers. Victory at length crowned the prowess of the English, who pursued the enemy to the very walls of the town. On the 18th of September, 1759, Quebec surrendered to the British crown.

The loss of the English, in this battle, was about five hundred men, while that of the French has been estimated at three times that number. The commander-in-chief of each army was mortally wounded. The splendid achievement of Wolfe, which put into the hands of the British the metropolis of the French dominions in America, will ever be remembered with a mixture of regret, for the loss of the best of men and the bravest of officers.

General Wolfe, early embraced the military profession, and at a very juvenile age distinguished himself at the battle of La Feldt.—Under the ministry of the great Chatham his splendid talents were brought into notice, and, after distinguishing himself at Louisburg, he was appointed to command the army against Quebec. To the vivacity of youth he seemed to unite the wisdom of years, and controlled by the soundness of his judgment the glow of passion and the fire of

military genius. The name of Wolfe will descend on the page of history marked with a brilliancy which must long attract the admiration of posterity. His remains were carried to England, and buried with pomp in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory. His death has given to the celebrated West the subject of a beautiful painting.

Lewis Joseph De Montcalm, Marquis of St. Veran, equally unfortunate on this fatal day, was not less distinguished for his talents and his bravery. He was born of a noble family, at Candiac, in the year 1712, and at an early age commenced his military career. After commanding, with reputation, in Italy, Bohemia, and Germany, he was sent to America, in the year 1756, when he succeeded Dieskau, as Commander-in-chief, in Canada. Soon after his arrival, he took Oswego and Fort William Henry, and, in the year 1758, he repulsed General Abercrombie with much slaughter from the walls of Ticonderoga. His fall, and that of Quebec, were equally distressing to his country.

CHAPTER XI.

WE are now verging on a period when the encroachments of the British government upon the rights of her colonies, began to awake in the latter a spirit of opposition and resistance. The laurels won from her rival, by her gallant officers and veteran armies, were doomed to wither beneath the sway of an unwise and obstinate ministry. A succession of measures, as hostile to the liberties as annoying to feelings of the colonists, began to excite murmurs and discontent, which soon grew to open and avowed opposition.

The first measure that brought fairly to trial the sovereignty of the British Parliament, and the degree to which the submission of the colonies would extend, was the passage of the Stamp Act. The Assembly was in session in the year 1765, when intelligence was received of the passage of this alarming act.

The Assembly of Virginia expressed their opinion of this measure in several resolutions, brought forward by Patrick Henry, Esquire, declaratory of the rights of the colonies, and condemning, as unconstitutional, any attempt to impose on them taxes without their own consent.

On the day in which that odious law was to go into operation, not a sheet of stamped paper was to be found, and every transaction that depended upon it was suspended. A general ferment pervaded the public mind, and petitions, remonstrances and resolutions showed in what direction the tide of popular opinion flowed. This odious law

was soon after repealed, but the arbitrary spirit which gave it birth was not so easily extinguished. The repeal was accompanied by a declaratory act, asserting the right of the government to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. She soon gave a better proof of her right by imposing certain duties on tea, glass, and some other articles imported into the colonies. This measure, generally denominated the Tea Act, excited an opposition, if not so general, yet in some places much more violent than that excited by the Stamp Act.

During the year 1767, died Francis Fauquier, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, at the age of sixty-five years. The government devolved on John Blair, until the arrival of Lord Botetourt, which happened in the following year.

The address of Botetourt to the Assembly which met first after his arrival, was, like his own character, mild and conciliatory. During the sitting of that body, however, several resolutions were passed, condemning the measures of government, in consequence of which the Governor felt it his duty to dissolve them. Having summoned the burgesses to meet him in the council chamber, he there presented them with the following laconic address: "Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, I have heard of your resolves, and augur ill of their effects; you have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly."

The members, having met in a private house in town, appointed a speaker, and formed, unanimously, a non-importation agreement.

The Governor used all his influence to promote the interests, and restore the peace of the colonies. His death, which happened in 1771, cast a gloom over the affairs of Virginia. Equally celebrated for the soundness of his judgment and the honesty of his heart, Lord Botetourt received and merited the affections of the people. Never was the administration of the government in the hands of one more beloved, or whose death was more justly lamented. The Assembly testified their respect for his character by passing a resolution to erect a statue to his memory.

William Nelson, being president of the council, occupied the chair of government until the arrival of Lord Dunmore, in the year 1772. This nobleman had been Governor of New York, from which place he was removed to Virginia. He had previously sent on his family, under the care of Captain Foy, his private secretary, an officer who had won some glory in the battle of Minden, but whose military talents were watched with a jealous eye by the colonists. They were afraid he was designed as an instrument to enforce the measures of government, and their suspicions were increased by the enlargement of his salary by the Governor, without the cognizance of the Assembly, and contrary to the established laws and customs of the country. The Assembly did not neglect to lay before the Governor the sense of the house on the subject. The mildness of his answer was calculated to silence their murmurs, but could not secure their confidence. His advent seemed the precursor of war and all its train of horrors.

During the following session of the Assembly a committee of correspondence was appointed, for the purpose of obtaining the earliest information, both of the measures of the British government, and the proceedings of the sister colonies. This committee consisted of the following persons: Peyton Randolph, Robert Carter Nicholas, Richard Bland, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Carey, Thomas Jefferson.

The colony of Virginia, next to that of Massachusetts, was most active in her opposition to the arbitrary measures of government.—When intelligence was received of the shutting up of Boston port, the Assembly entered an animated protest on their journals, against that and other measures, which they said “were the result of a determination to enslave the colonies.” While engaged in these proceedings they received a summons to the council chamber, and were immediately dissolved. On the succeeding day the members met at the Raleigh tavern, where they formally agreed among themselves, and recommended the same to others, not to purchase any tea or East India commodity, except saltpetre and spices, until the duties should be taken off. They also recommended to their committee of correspondence, to communicate with the other colonial committees of correspondence on the expediency of calling a general Congress.

While the Assembly of Virginia were engaged in these momentous deliberations, our frontiers became the theatre of Indian depredation and cruelty. The sad tidings from the borders at length arrested the attention of the Governor, who issued orders to the back counties to furnish their respective quotas of militia.

The Indian name was no longer terrible to the Virginians, whose dexterity in the use of the rifle had taught the enemy to dread the dangerous contest. An army of three thousand was soon raised, chiefly from the counties of Bedford, Augusta, and Botetourt. Fifteen hundred men, under the command of Colonel Andrew Lewis, were ordered to proceed towards the mouth of the Great Kenhaway, while the remainder, with Dunmore at their head, marched to a point farther up the Ohio, with a design to reach the Indian towns in the absence of their warriors.

The division under Lewis having arrived at Point Pleasant, received intelligence that a large body of Indians were approaching within a mile of their camp. The news was soon confirmed by the arrival of several scouts, some of whom bore fatal marks of the proximity of the foe. A detachment of three hundred men under the command of Colonels Charles Lewis and Fleming, advanced to the attack, assisted by Captains Dickinson, Harrison, Wilson, Lockridge, J. Lewis, Burford, Love, Shelby and Russell. Lewis, at the head of the first division, proceeded to the right at some distance from the Ohio, while Fleming with the other division marched on the left towards the bank of the river. About sunrise a firing was opened against the right wing by a body of about fifteen hundred Indians.—The commencement of the attack, which among savages is always

impetuous, proved very destructive to the militia. Colonel Lewis, the commander of the right division, fell early in the engagement, and a number of his men were either killed or wounded. At length the whole division was compelled to fall back, while the left, under Fleming, was equally hard pressed. This brave officer, having received a wound on his wrist, still continued to animate his men, who seemed willing to dispute every inch of ground with the enemy.—The superior numbers of the latter enabled them to outflank the Virginians, while the party that had defeated Lewis were preparing to attack Fleming in the rear. At this critical moment the advance divisions were relieved by the arrival of a reinforcement under Colonel Field, whose assistance turned the scale of victory, and decided the fate of the day. The retreat of the enemy was however slow, and their firing, which continued under cover of the woods, was not silenced till dark.

In this engagement, which lasted the whole day, upwards of fifty Virginians, including Colonels Lewis and Field, were killed, and about ninety wounded.

After the battle, Colonel Andrew Lewis, anxious to revenge the death of his brother, proceeded towards the Shawanese towns for the purpose of destroying them. On his way he was met by an express from Dunmore, informing him that his lordship had concluded a peace with the Indians, who had agreed to give up their lands on this side of the Ohio, and set at liberty their prisoners.

It was while the articles of this treaty were adjusting that the famous speech of Logan is said to have been delivered to Lord Dunmore. This eloquent chief was the son of Shikillemus, a celebrated warrior of the Cayuga nation, whose residence was at Shamokin.—He was represented by Mr. Hockewelder, a Moravian missionary, as a man of talents and a friend to the whites. In the year 1774, the family of Logan was sacrificed by the indiscriminate vengeance of a party of whites under the command of Captain Michael Cresap. This fatal attack on the family and peace of Logan, too much resembled his own mode of warfare, and ought not to be excused on the ground of retaliation. The immediate cause of the outrage was a report of a number of white persons, who were looking for a new settlement, having been killed by the Indians. But justice, to punish the crimes of the warrior, did not require the blood of his innocent wife and children. The war, which followed in consequence of this severe attack on the family of the chief, was marked by all the ferocity of savage vengeance. Happily the battle of Point Pleasant brought these hostilities to a close, and compelled the enemy to sue for peace. The implacable Logan, however, refused to listen to the sound of peace, but remaining in his cabin, he is said to have sent by a messenger the following warlike address to Dunmore.

“I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was

Logan's love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man.—Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it.—I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance.. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan! Not one."

Whether this be really the speech of Logan, or was put in his mouth by the ingenuity of some poetic fancy, I shall not pretend to decide. It is certainly characterized by the laconic and figurative style of the Indians. I cannot, however, see in it that "tender sentiment" and "sublime morality" which the historians of Virginia say it possesses. Certainly there is nothing either tender or sublime in the declaration of savage vengeance, and the confession of having glutted himself with the blood of his enemies. The end of this bloody warrior corresponded with his life. After "having killed many and glutted his vengeance with blood," he went to Detroit, on his return from which place he was murdered. After the return of peace had compelled Logan to forbear the use of the tomahawk and the hatchet, the renowned warrior had become an abandoned sot. The immoderate use of brandy had stupefied his mental powers, and mingled with the ferocity of the savage, the delirious ravings of the drunkard.

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FROM "CHRONICLES OF BORDER WARFARE, OR A HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT BY THE WHITES OF NORTH WESTERN VIRGINIA, AND OF THE INDIAN WARS AND MASSACRES IN THAT SECTION OF THE STATE—By A. S. Withers."—1831.

THE tract of country usually denominated North-Western Virginia, includes the counties of Brook, Ohio, Tyler, Wood, Lewis, Randolph, Preston, Harrison and Monongalia, covering an area of 8,887 square miles, and having a population, according to the the census of 1830, of 78,510 souls. These counties, with a portion of Pennsylvania, then deemed to be within the limits of Virginia, constituted the district of West Augusta; and was the last grand division of the State, to become occupied by the whites. This was perhaps owing

to natural causes, as well as to the more immediate proximity of hostile Indians.

The general surface of this district of country is very broken, its hills, though rich, are yet steep and precipitous, and the various streams which flow along their bases, afford but few bottoms; and these of too narrow and contracted dimensions to have attracted the adventurer, when more inviting portions of the country, were alike open to his enterprise. The Alleghany ridge of mountains, over which the eastern emigrant had to pass, presented too no inconsiderable barrier to its earlier location; while the cold, bleak, inhospitable region, extending from the North Branch to the Cheat and Valley rivers, seemed to threaten an entire seclusion from the eastern settlements, and to render it an isolated spot, not easily connected with any other section of the State.

The first attempt on the part of the English to occupy the country contiguous to the Ohio river, was made in consequence of the measures adopted by the French to possess themselves of it. France had early become acquainted with the country, so far as to perceive the facility with which her possessions in the north might, by means of a free communication down the valley of the Mississippi, be connected with those in the south. To preserve this communication uninterrupted, to acquire influence over the neighboring Indians and to prevent the occupancy and settlement by England of the country west of the Alleghany mountains, the French were early induced to establish trading posts among the Indians on the Ohio, and to obtain and preserve possession of the country by the erection of a chain of forts to extend from Canada to Louisiana.

To counteract those operations of the French, to possess herself of the country to which she deemed her title to be good, and to enjoy the lucrative traffic which was then to be carried on with the Indians, England gave to an association of gentlemen in Great Britain and Virginia, (under the title of the Ohio Company,) liberty to locate and hold in their own right, 600,000 acres of land within the country then claimed by both England and France. In pursuance of this grant, steps were directly taken to effect those objects, by establishing trading houses among the Indians near the Ohio, and by engaging persons to make such a survey of the country, as would enable the grantees to effect a location of the quantity allowed them, out of the most valuable lands. The company endeavored to complete their survey with all possible secrecy, and by inducing the Indians to believe their object to be purely commercial, to allay any apprehensions, which might otherwise arise, of an attempt to gain possession of the country.

The attempt to accomplish their purpose of territorial aggrandizement, with secrecy, was fruitless and unavailing. The Pennsylvania traders, fearful that they would lose the profitable commerce carried on with the Indians, excited their jealousy by acquainting them with the real motive of the company; while the French actually seized and made prisoners of their traders, and opened and secured, by de-

tachments of troops stationed at convenient situations, a communication from Presq' Isle to the Ohio river.

The Ohio company sent a party of men to erect a stockade fort at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, which had been recommended by General Washington as a suitable position for the erection of fortifications. This party of men was accompanied by a detachment of militia, which had been ordered out by the Governor; but before they could effect their object, they were driven off by the French, who immediately took possession of the place, and erected thereon Fort Du Quesne. These transactions were immediately succeeded by the war, usually called Braddock's war, which put an end to the contemplated settlement, and the events of which are, for the most part, matter of general history. It may not, however, be amiss to relate some incidents connected with this war, which, though of minor importance, may yet be interesting to some, and which have escaped the pen of the historian.

After the establishment of Fort Pitt, the country around began immediately to be settled, and several other forts were erected to protect emigrants and to keep the Indians in awe.

Previous to this, an attempt had been made, by David Tygart and a Mr. Files, to establish themselves on an upper branch of the Monongahela river. They had been for some time frontier's men, and were familiar with the scenes usually exhibited on remote and unprotected borders; and, nothing daunted by the cruel murders and savage enormities which they had previously witnessed, were induced by some cause, most probably the uninterrupted enjoyment of the forest in the pursuit of game, to venture still farther into the wilderness.—About the year 1754, these two men, with their families, arrived on the east fork of the Monongahela, and after examining the country, selected positions for their future residence. Files chose a spot on the river, at the mouth of a creek which still bears his name, where Beverly, the county seat of Randolph, has been since established.—Tygart settled a few miles farther up, and also on the river. The valley in which they had thus taken up their abode, has been since called Tygart's Valley, and the east fork of the Monongahela, Tygart's Valley River.

The difficulty of procuring bread-stuffs for their families, their contiguity to an Indian village, and the fact that an Indian war-path passed near their dwellings, soon determined them to retrace their steps. Before they carried this determination into effect, the family of Files became the victims of savage cruelty. At a time when all the family were at their cabin, except an elder son, they were discovered by a party of Indians, supposed to be returning from the South Branch, who inhumanly butchered them all. Young Files, being not far from the house, and hearing the uproar, approached until he saw, too distinctly, the deeds of death which were doing; and feeling the utter impossibility of affording relief to his own, resolved, if he could, to effect the safety of Tygart's family. This was done, and the country abandoned by them.

Not long after this, Doctor Thomas Eckarly, and his two brothers, came from Pennsylvania, and encamped at the mouth of a creek, emptying into the Monongahela, eight or ten miles below Morgantown; they were Dunkards, and from that circumstance, the watercourse on which they fixed themselves for a while has been called Dunkard's creek. While their camp continued at this place, these men were engaged in exploring the country, and ultimately settled on Cheat river, at the Dunkard Bottom. Here they erected a cabin for their dwelling, and made such improvements as enabled them to raise the first year a crop of corn sufficient for their use, and some culinary vegetables: their guns supplied them with an abundance of meat, of a flavor as delicious as the refined palate of a modern epicure could well wish. Their clothes were made chiefly of the skins of animals, and were easily procured; and although calculated to give a grotesque appearance to a fine gentleman in a city drawing-room, yet they were particularly suited to their situation, and afforded them comfort.

Here they spent some years entirely unmolested by the Indians, although a destructive war was then waging and prosecuted with cruelty along the whole extent of our frontier. At length, to obtain an additional supply of ammunition, salt and shirting, Doctor Eckarly left Cheat, with a pack of furs and skins, to visit a trading post on the Shenandoah. On his return, he stopped at Fort Pleasant, on the South Branch; and having communicated to its inhabitants the place of his residence, and the length of time he had been living there, he was charged with being in confederacy with the Indians, and probably at that instant a spy examining the condition of the fort. In vain the Doctor protested his innocence, and the fact that he had not seen an Indian in the country; the suffering condition of the border settlements rendered his account, in their opinion, improbable, and he was put in confinement.

The society, of which Doctor Eckarly was a member, was rather obnoxious to a majority of the frontier inhabitants. Their intimacy with the Indians, although cultivated with the most laudable motives, and for noble purposes, yet made them objects at least of distrust to many. Laboring under these disadvantages, it was with difficulty that Doctor Eckarly prevailed on the officer of the fort to release him; and when this was done, he was only permitted to go home under certain conditions—he was to be escorted by a guard of armed men, who were to carry him back if any discovery were made prejudicial to him. Upon their arrival at Cheat, the truth of his statement was awfully confirmed. The first spectacle which presented itself to their view, when the party came within sight of where the cabin had been, was a heap of ashes. On approaching the ruins, the half decayed and mutilated bodies of the poor Dunkards were seen in the yard; the hoops, on which their scalps had been dried, were there, and the ruthless hand of desolation had waved over their little fields. Doctor Eckarly aided in burying the remains of his unfortunate brothers, and returned to the fort on the South Branch.

In the fall of 1758, Thomas Decker and some others commenced a settlement on the Monongahela river, at the mouth of what is now Decker's creek. In the ensuing spring it was entirely broken up by a party of Delawares and Mingoes, and the greater part of its inhabitants murdered.

There was at this time at Brownsville a fort, then known as Redstone fort, under the command of Captain Paul. One of Decker's party escaped from the Indians who destroyed the settlement, and making his way to Fort Redstone, gave to its commander the melancholy intelligence. The garrison being too weak to admit of sending a detachment in pursuit, Capt. Paul despatched a runner with the information to Capt. John Gibson, then stationed at Fort Pitt. Leaving the fort under the command of Lieut. Williamson, Capt. Gibson set out with thirty men to intercept the Indians, on their return to their towns.

In consequence of the distance which the pursuers had to go, and the haste with which the Indians had retreated, the expedition failed in its object; they, however, accidentally came on a party of six or seven Mingoes, on the head of Cross creek, in Ohio, (near Steubenville)—these had been prowling about the river, below Fort Pitt, seeking an opportunity of committing depredations. As Capt. Gibson passed the point of a small knoll, just after day-break, he came unexpectedly upon them—some of them were lying down; the others were sitting round a fire, making thongs of green hides. Kiskepila, or Little Eagle, a Mingo chief, headed the party. So soon as he discovered Capt. Gibson, he raised the war-whoop and fired his rifle—the ball passed through Gibson's hunting shirt and wounded a soldier just behind him. Gibson sprang forward, and swinging his sword with herculean force, severed the head of the Little Eagle from his body—two other Indians were shot down, and the remainder escaped to their towns on Muskingum.

When the captives, who were restored under the treaty of 1763, came in, those who were at the Mingo towns when the remnant of Kiskepila's party returned, stated that the Indians represented Gibson as having cut off the Little Eagle's head with a *long knife*.—Several of the white persons were then sacrificed to appease the manes of Kiskepila; and a war dance ensued, accompanied with terrific shouts and bitter denunciations of revenge on "*the Big Knife warrior*." This name was soon after applied to the Virginia militia generally; and to this day they are known among the north-western Indians as the "*Long Knives*," or "*Big Knife Nation*."

These are believed to have been the only attempts to effect a settlement of North-Western Virginia, prior to the close of the French war. The capture of Fort Du Quesne and the erection and garrisoning of Fort Pitt, although they gave to the English an ascendancy in that quarter, yet they did not so far check the hostile irruptions of the Indians as to render a residence in this portion of Virginia by any means secure. It was consequently not attempted till some years after the restoration of peace, in 1765.

The destruction of the Roanoke settlement in the spring of 1757, by a party of Shawanese, gave rise to the campaign, which was called by the old settlers the "Sandy creek voyage." To avenge this outrage, Governor Dinwiddie ordered out a company of regulars (taken chiefly from the garrison at Fort Dinwiddie, on Jackson's river) under the command of Capt. Audley Paul; a company of minute men from Botetourt, under the command of Capt. William Preston, and two companies from Augusta, under Captains John Allexander and William Hogg. In Capt. Allexander's company, John M'Nutt, afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia, was a subaltern. The whole were placed under the command of Andrew Lewis.

Besides the chastisement of the Indians, the expedition had for its object the establishment of a military post at the mouth of the Great Sandy. This would have enabled them, not only to maintain a constant watch over marauding parties of Indians from that quarter, but to check the communication between them and the post at Gallipolis, and thus counteract the influence which the French there had obtained over them.

The different companies detailed upon the Shawanese expedition, were required to rendezvous on the Roanoke, near to the present town of Salem, in Botetourt, where Colonel Lewis was then posted. The company commanded by Capt. Hogg failed to attend at the appointed time; and Col. Lewis, after delaying a week for its arrival, marched forward, expecting to be speedily overtaken by it.

To avoid an early discovery by the Indians, which would have been the consequence of their taking the more public route by the Great Kenhawa, and that they might fall upon the Indian towns in the valley of the Scioto, without being interrupted or seen by the French at Gallipolis, they took the route by the way of New river and Sandy. Crossing New river, below the Horse-shoe, they descended it to the mouth of Wolf creek; and ascending this to its source, passed over to the head of Bluestone river, where they delayed another week awaiting the arrival of Capt. Hogg and his company. They then marched to the head of the north fork of Sandy, and continued down it to the great Burning Spring, where they also remained a day. Here the salt and provisions which had been conveyed on pack-horses were entirely exhausted. Two buffaloes, killed just above the spring, were also eaten while the army continued here, and their hides were hung upon a beach tree. After this their subsistence was procured exclusively by hunting.

The army then resumed their march; and in a few days after, it was overtaken by a runner, with the intelligence that Captain Hogg and his company were only a day's march in the rear. Col. Lewis again halted, and the day after he was overtaken by Hogg; he was likewise overtaken by an express from Francis Fauquier, with orders for the army to return home, and for the disbanding of all the troops except Capt. Paul's regulars, who were to return to Fort Dinwiddie.

This was one of the first of Gov. Fauquier's official acts, and it

was far from endearing him to the inhabitants west of the Blue ridge. They had the utmost confidence in the courage and good conduct of Col. Lewis, and of the officers and men under his command—they did not for an instant doubt the success of the expedition, and looked forward with much satisfaction to their exemption, in a great degree, from future attacks from the Indians. It was not, therefore, without considerable regret, that they heard of their countermanding orders. Nor were they received by Lewis and his men with very different feelings. They had endured much, during their march, from the inclemency of the weather; more from the want of provisions. They had borne these hardships without repining; anticipating a chastisement of the Indians, and the deriving of an abundant supply of provisions from their conquered towns. They had arrived within ten miles of the Ohio river, and could not witness the blasting of their expectations without murmuring. A council of war was held—disappointment and indignation were expressed in every feature. A majority of the officers were in favor of proceeding to the Ohio river, under the expectation that they might fall in with some of the enemy—they marched to the river and encamped two nights on its bank. Discovering nothing of an enemy, they then turned to retrace their steps through pathless mountains, a distance of three hundred miles, in the midst of winter, and without provisions.

The reasons assigned by the friends of Gov. Fauquier, for the issuing of those orders were, that the force detailed by Gov. Dinwiddie was not sufficient to render secure an establishment at the contemplated point—near the Indian towns on the Scioto—within a few days' journey of several thousand warriors on the Miami—in the vicinity of the hostile post at Galliopolis, and so remote from the settled part of Virginia, that they could not be furnished with assistance, and supplied with provisions and military stores, without incurring an expenditure, both of blood and money, beyond what the colony could spare, for the accomplishment of that object.

Had Capt. Hogg, with his company, been at the place of rendezvous at the appointed time, the countermanding orders of the Governor could not have reached the army, until it had penetrated the enemy's country. What might have been its fate, it is impossible to say—the bravery of the troops—their familiar acquaintance with the Indian mode of warfare—their confidence in the officers and the experience of many of them, seemed to give every assurance of success. While the unfortunate result of many subsequent expeditions of a similar nature, would induce the opinion that the Governor's apprehensions were perhaps prudent and well founded. That the army would soon have had to encounter the enemy, there can be no doubt; for although not an Indian had been seen, yet it seems probable from after circumstances that it had been discovered and watched by them previous to its return.

On the second night of their march homeward, while encamped at the Great Falls, some of Hogg's men went out on the hills to hunt turkeys, and fell in with a party of Indians, painted as for war. As

soon as they saw that they were discovered, they fired, and two of Hogg's men were killed—the fire was returned, and a Shawanee warrior was wounded and taken prisoner. The remaining Indians, yelling their war-whoop, fled down the river.

Many of the whites, thinking that so small a party of Indians would not have pursued the army alone, were of opinion that it was only an advanced scout of a large body of the enemy, who were following them; the wounded Indian refused to give any information of their number or object. A council of war was convoked, and much diversity of opinion prevailed at the board. It was proposed by Capt. Paul to cross the Ohio river, invade the towns on the Scioto, and burn them, or perish in the attempt. The proposition was supported by Lieut. M'Nutt, but overruled; and the officers, deeming it right to act in conformity with the Governor's orders, determined on pursuing their way home. Orders were then given that no more guns should be fired, and no fires kindled in camp, as their safe return depended very much on silence and secrecy.

An obedience to this order produced a very considerable degree of suffering, as well from extreme cold as from hunger. The pack horses, which were no longer serviceable, (having no provisions to transport) and some of which had given out for want of provender, were killed and eaten. When the army arrived at the Burning Spring, the buffalo hides, which had been left there on their way down, were cut into tugs, or long thongs, and eaten by the troops, after having been exposed to the heat produced by the flame from the spring. Hence they called it Tugg river—a name by which it is still known. After this the army subsisted for a while on beach-nuts; but a deep snow falling, these could no longer be obtained, and the restrictions were removed.

About thirty men then detached themselves from the main body, to hunt their way home. Several of them were known to have perished from cold and hunger—others were lost and never afterwards heard of, as they had separated into small parties, the more certainly to find game on which to live. The main body of the army was conducted home by Col. Lewis, after much suffering—the strings of their moccasins, the belts of their hunting shirts, and the flaps of their shot-pouches having been all the food which they had eaten for some days.

A journal of this campaign was kept by Lieut. M'Nutt, a gentleman of liberal education and fine mind. On his return to Williamsburg he presented it to Governor Fauquier, by whom it was deposited in the executive archives. In this journal Col. Lewis was censured for not having proceeded directly to the Scioto towns; and for imposing on the army the restrictions, as to fire and shooting, which have been mentioned. This produced an altercation between Lewis and M'Nutt, which was terminated by a personal encounter.*

*Shortly after, M'Nutt was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, where he remained until the commencement of the American Revolution. In this contest he adhered to the cause of Liberty, and joined his countrymen in arms under Gen. Gates at Saratoga. He was afterwards known as a meritorious officer in the brigade of Baron De Kalb, in the south—he died in 1811, and was buried in the Falling Spring church-yard, in the forks of James River.

During the continuance of this war, many depredations were committed by hostile Indians, along the whole extent of the Virginia frontier. Individuals, leaving the forts on any occasion, scarcely ever returned; but were, almost always, intercepted by Indians, who were constantly prowling along the border settlements, for purposes of rapine and murder. The particulars of occurrences of this kind, and indeed of many of a more important character, no longer exist in the memory of man—they died with those who were contemporaneous with the happening of them. On one occasion, however, such was the extent of savage duplicity, and so full of horror the catastrophe resulting from misplaced confidence, that the events which marked it still live in the recollection of the descendants of some of those who suffered on the theatre of treachery and blood.

On the south fork of the South Branch of Potomac, in what is now the county of Pendleton, was the Fort of Capt. Sivert. In this fort the inhabitants of what was then called the "Upper Tract," all sought shelter from the tempest of savage ferocity; and at the time the Indians appeared before it, there were contained within its walls between thirty and forty persons of both sexes and of different ages. Among them was Mr. Dyer and his family. On the morning of the fatal day, Col. Dyer and his sister left the fort for the accomplishment of some object, and although no Indians had been seen there for some time, yet they did not proceed far, before they came in view of forty or fifty Shawanese, going directly towards the fort. Alarmed for their own safety, as well as for the safety of their friends, the brother and sister endeavored by a hasty flight to reach the gate and gain admittance into the garrison; but before they could effect this, they were overtaken and made captives.

The Indians rushed immediately to the Fort and commenced a furious assault on it. Capt. Sivert prevailed, (not without much opposition,) on the besieged to forbear firing till he should endeavor to negotiate with and buy off the enemy. With this view, and under the protection of a flag, he went out and soon succeeded in making the wished for arrangement. When he returned, the gates were thrown open and the enemy admitted.

No sooner had the money and other articles stipulated to be given, been handed over to the Indians than a most bloody tragedy was commenced. Arranging the inmates of the fort in two rows, with a space of about ten feet between them, two Indians were selected who, taking each his station at the head of a row, with their tomahawks most cruelly murdered almost every white person in the fort; some few, whom caprice or some other cause induced them to spare, were carried into captivity,—such articles as could be well carried away were taken off by the Indians; the remainder was consumed, with the fort, by fire.

The course pursued by Capt. Sivert, has been supposed to have been dictated by an ill founded apprehension of danger from the attack. It is certain that strong opposition was made to it by many; and it has been said that his own son raised his rifle to shoot him,

when he ordered the gates to be thrown open, and was only prevented from executing his purpose by the interference of some near to him. Capt. Sivert was also supported by many in the plan which he proposed to rid the fort of its assailants; it was known to be weak and incapable of withstanding a vigorous onset; and its garrison was illy supplied with the munitions of war. Experience might have taught them, however, the futility of any measure of security, founded in a reliance on Indian faith, in time of hostility; and in deep and bitter anguish were they made to feel its realization in the present instance.

In the summer of 1761, about sixty Shawanese warriors penetrated the settlements on James river. To avoid the fort at the mouth of Looney's creek, on this river, they passed through Bowen's gap in Purgatory mountain, in the night, and ascending Purgatory creek, killed Thomas Perry, Joseph Dennis and his child, and made prisoner his wife, Hannah Dennis. They then proceeded to the house of Robert Renix, where they captured Mrs. Renix, and her five children. Mr. Renix not being at home. They then went to the house of Thomas Smith, where Renix was, and shot and scalped him and Smith, and took with them Mrs. Smith and Sally Jew, a white servant girl.

William and Audley Maxwell, and George Matthews, (afterwards governor of Georgia,) were then going to Smith's house, and hearing the report of the guns supposed that there was a shooting match.—But when they rode to the front of the house and saw the dead bodies of Smith and Renix lying in the yard, they discovered their mistake, and contemplating for a moment the awful spectacle, wheeled to ride back. At this instant several guns were fired at them; fortunately without doing any execution, except the cutting off the club of Mr. Matthews' cue. The door of the house was then suddenly opened; the Indians rushed out and raising the war cry, several of them fired—Audley Maxwell was slightly wounded in the arm.

It appeared afterwards, that the Indians had seen Matthews and the Maxwells coming; and that some of them had crowded into the house, while the others with the prisoners went to the north side of it, and concealed themselves behind some fallen timber. Mrs. Renix, after she was restored to her friends in 1766, stated that she was sitting tied, in the midst of four Indians, who laying their guns on a log, took deliberate aim at Matthews; the others firing at the Maxwells; the sudden wheeling of their horses no doubt saved the lives of all three.

The Indians then divided, and twenty of them taking the prisoners, the plunder and some horses which they had stolen, set off by the way of Jackson's river, for the Ohio; the remainder started towards Cedar creek, with the ostensible view of committing farther depredations. But Matthews and the Maxwells had sounded the alarm, and the whole settlement were soon collected at Paul's stockade fort, at the Big Spring near to Springfield. Here the women and children were left to be defended by Audley Maxwell and five other

men; while the others, forming a party of twenty-two, with George Matthews at their head, set out in quest of the enemy.

The Indians were soon overtaken, and after a severe engagement, were forced to give ground. Matthews and his party followed in pursuit, as far as Purgatory creek; but the night being very dark in consequence of a continued rain, the fugitives effected an escape; and overtaking their comrades with the prisoners and plunder, on the next evening, at the forks of the James and Cowpasture rivers, proceeded to Ohio without further molestation.

When Matthews and his men, on the morning succeeding the engagement, returned to the field of battle, they found nine Indians dead, whom they buried on the spot. Benjamin Smith, Thomas Maury and the father of Sally Jew, were the only persons of Matthews' party who were killed—these, together with those who had been murdered on the preceding day, were buried near the forks of a branch.

In Boquet's treaty with the Ohio Indians, it was stipulated that the whites detained by them in captivity were to be brought in and redeemed. In compliance with this stipulation, Mrs. Renix, was brought to Staunton, in 1767, and ransomed, together with two of her sons, William and Robert,—Betsy, her daughter, had died on the Miami. Thomas returned in 1783, but soon after removed and settled on the Scioto, near Chillicothe. Joshua never came back; he took an Indian wife and became a Chief among the Miamies—he amassed a considerable fortune and died near Detroit in 1810.

Hannah Dennis was separated from the other captives, and allotted to live at the Chillicothe towns. She learned their language; painted herself as they do; and in many respects conformed to their manners and customs. She was attentive to sick persons and was highly esteemed by the Indians, as one well skilled in the art of curing diseases. Finding them very superstitious and believers in necromancy, she professed witchcraft, and affected to be a prophetess.—In this manner she conducted herself, till she became so great a favorite with them, that they gave her full liberty and honored her as a queen. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Dennis was always determined to effect her escape, when a favorable opportunity should occur; and having remained so long with them, apparently well satisfied, they ceased to entertain any suspicions of such a design.

In June, 1763, she left the Chillicothe towns, *ostensibly* to procure herbs for medicinal purposes; (as she had before frequently done,) but *really* to attempt an escape. As she did not return that night, her intention became suspected; and in the morning, some warriors were sent in pursuit of her. In order to leave as little trail as possible, she had crossed the Scioto river three times, and was just getting over the fourth time, forty miles below the towns, when she was discovered by her pursuers. They fired at her across the river without effect; but in endeavoring to make a rapid flight, she had one of her feet severely cut by a sharp stone.

The Indians then rushed across the river to overtake and catch her,

but she eluded them by crawling into the hollow limb of a large fallen sycamore. They searched around for her some time, frequently stepping on the log which concealed her, and encamped near it that night. On the next day they went on to the Ohio river, but finding no trace of her, they returned home.

Mrs. Dennis remained at that place three days, doctoring her wound, and then set off for home. She crossed the Ohio river, at the mouth of Great Kenhawa, on a log of driftwood, travelling only during the night, for fear of discovery. She subsisted on roots, herbs, green grapes, wild cherries and river muscles—and, entirely exhausted by fatigue and hunger, sat down by the side of Greenbrier river, with no expectation of ever proceeding farther. In this situation she was found by Thomas Athol and three others, from Clendennin's settlement, which she had passed without knowing it. She had been then upwards of twenty days on her disconsolate journey, alone, on foot—but till then cheered with the hope of again being with her friends.

She was taken back to Clendennin's, where they kindly ministered to her, till she became so far invigorated as to travel on horse-back with an escort, to Fort Young, on Jackson's river, from whence she was carried home to her relatives.

In the course of a few days after Hannah Dennis had gone from Clendennin's, a party of about sixty warriors came to the settlement on Muddy creek, in the county of Greenbrier. That region of country then contained no inhabitants but those on Muddy creek and in the Levels; and these are believed to have consisted of at least one hundred souls. The Indians came apparently as friends, and the French war having been terminated by the treaty of the preceding spring, the whites did not for an instant doubt their sincerity. They were entertained in small parties at different houses, and every civility and act of kindness, which the new settlers could proffer, were extended to them. In a moment of the most perfect confidence in the innocence of their intentions, the Indians rose on them and tomahawked and scalped all, save a few women and children, whom they made prisoners.

After the perpetration of this most barbarous and bloody outrage, the Indians, excepting some few who took charge of the prisoners, proceeded to the settlement in the Levels. Here, as at Muddy creek, they disguised their horrid purpose, and wearing the mask of friendship, were kindly received at the house of Mr. Clendennin. This gentleman had just returned from a successful hunt, and brought home three fine elks—these, and the novelty of being with *friendly Indians*, soon drew the whole settlement to his house. Here, too, the Indians were well entertained and feasted on the fruit of Clendennin's hunt, and every other article of provision which was there, and could minister to their gratification. An old woman, who was of the party, having a very sore leg, and having understood that Indians could perform a cure of any ulcer, showed it to one near her, and asked if he could heal it. The inhuman monster raised his tomahawk and buri-

ed it in her head. This seemed to be the signal of a general massacre, and promptly was it obeyed—nearly every man of the settlement was killed, and the women and children taken captive.

While this tragedy was acting, a negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, was followed by her crying child. To save it from savage butchery, she turned round and murdered it herself.

Mrs. Clendennin, driven to despair by the cruel and unprovoked murder of her husband and friends, and the spoliation and destruction of all their property, boldly charged the Indians with perfidy and treachery, and alleged that cowards only could act with such duplicity. The bloody scalp of her husband was thrown into her face—the tomahawk was raised over her head; but she did not cease to revile them. In going over Keeny's knot on the next day, the prisoners being in the centre, and the Indians in the front and rear, she gave her infant child to one of the women to hold for a while. She then stepped into the thicket, unperceived, and made her escape. The crying of the infant soon led to a discovery of her flight—one of the Indians observed that he could "bring the cow to her calf," and taking the child by the heels, beat out its brains against a tree.

Mrs. Clendennin returned that night to her home, a distance of ten miles; and covering the body of her husband with rails and trash, retired into an adjoining corn field, lest she might be pursued and again taken prisoner. While in the corn field, her mind was much agitated by contending emotions, and the prospect of effecting an escape to the settlements seemed to her dreary and hopeless. In a moment of despondency, she thought she beheld a man, with the aspect of a murderer, standing near her, and she became overwhelmed with fear. It was but the creature of a sickly and terrified imagination; and when her mind regained its proper tone, she resumed her flight and reached the settlements in safety.

These melancholy events occurring so immediately after the escape of Hannah Dennis, and the unwillingness of the Indians that she should be separated from them, has induced the supposition that the party committing those dreadful outrages, were in pursuit of her.—If such were the fact, dearly were others made to pay the penalty of her deliverance.

This, and other incidents similar in their result, satisfied the whites that, although the war had been terminated on the part of the French, yet it was likely to be continued, with all its horrors, by their savage allies. This was then and has since been attributed to the smothered hostility of the French in Canada and on the Ohio river; and to the influence which they had acquired over the Indians. This may have had its bearing on the event; but from the known jealousy entertained by the Indians of the English Colonists, their apprehensions that they would be dispossessed of the country, which they then held (England claiming jurisdiction over it by virtue of the treaty of Paris,) and their dissatisfaction at the terms on which France had negotiated a peace, were in themselves sufficient to induce hostilities on the part of the Indians. Charity would incline to the be-

lief that the continuance of the war was rightly attributable to these causes—the other reason assigned for it supposing the existence of a depravity so deep and damning as almost to stagger credulity itself.

In October, 1764, about fifty Delaware and Mingo warriors ascended the Great Sandy and came over on New river, where they separated; and forming two parties, directed their steps toward different settlements—one party going towards Roanoke and Catawba—the other in the direction of Jackson's river. They had not long passed, when their trail was discovered by three men, (Swope, Pack and Pitman) who were trapping on New river. These men followed the trail till they came to where the Indian party had divided, and judging from the routes which had been taken, that their object was to visit the Roanoke and Jackson's river settlements, they determined on apprising the inhabitants of their danger. Swope and Pack set out for Roanoke and Pitman for Jackson's river; but before they could accomplish their object, the Indians had reached the settlements on the latter river, and on Catawba.

The party which came to Jackson's river, traveled down Dunlap's creek and crossed James river, above Fort Young, in the night and unnoticed, and going down this river to William Carpenter's, where was a stockade fort under the care of a Mr. Brown, they met Carpenter just above his house and killed him. They immediately proceeded to the house and made prisoners of a son of Mr. Carpenter, two sons of Mr. Brown* (all small children) and one woman—the others belonging to the house were in the field at work. The Indians then despoiled the house, and taking off some horses commenced a precipitate retreat—fearing discovery and pursuit.

When Carpenter was shot, the report of the gun was heard by those at work in the field, and Brown carried the alarm to Fort Young. In consequence of the weakness of this fort, a messenger was despatched to Fort Dinwiddie with the intelligence. Captain Paul (who still commanded there), immediately commenced a pursuit with twenty of his men, and passing out at the head of Dunlap's creek, descended Indian creek and New river to Piney creek, without making any discovery of the enemy. On Indian creek they met Pitman, who had been running all the day and night before, to apprise the garrison at Fort Young of the approach of the Indians.—Pitman joined in pursuit of the party who had killed Carpenter; but they, apprehending that they would be followed, had escaped to Ohio, by the way of Greenbrier and Kenhawa rivers.

As Captain Paul and his men were returning, they accidentally met with the other party of Indians, who had been to Catawba and committed some depredations and murders there. They were discovered about midnight, encamped on the north bank of New river, opposite an island at the mouth of Indian creek. Excepting some

*Carpenter's son came home about fifteen years afterwards.—Brown's youngest son was brought home in 1769—the eldest son never returned. He took an Indian wife, became wealthy, and lived at Brown's town in Michigan. He acted a conspicuous part in the late war, and died in 1815.

few who were watching three prisoners, (whom they had taken on Catawba, and who were sitting in the midst of them), they were lying around a small fire, wrapped in skins and blankets. Paul's men, not knowing that there were captives among them, fired in the midst, killed three Indians and wounded several others, one of whom drowned himself to preserve his scalp; the rest of the party fled hastily down the river and escaped.

In an instant after the firing, Captain Paul and his men rushed forward to secure the wounded and prevent farther escapes. One of the foremost of his party seeing, as he supposed, a squaw sitting composedly awaiting the result, raised his tomahawk, and just as it was descending, Capt. Paul threw himself between the assailant and his victim, and receiving the blow on his arm, exclaimed, "It is a shame to hurt a woman, even a squaw." Recognising the voice of Paul, the woman named him. She was Mrs. Catharine Gunn, an English lady, who had come to the country some years before, and who, previously to her marriage, had lived in the family of Captain Paul's father-in-law, where she became acquainted with that gentleman. She had been taken captive by the Indians, on the Catawba, a few days before, when her husband and two only children were killed by them. When questioned why she had not cried out, or otherwise made known that she was a white prisoner, she replied, "I had as soon be killed as not—my husband is murdered—my children are slain—my parents are dead. I have not a relative in America—every thing dear to me here is gone—I have no wishes, no hopes, no fears—I would not have risen to my feet to save my life."

When Captain Paul came on the enemy's camp, he silently posted his men in an advantageous situation for doing execution, and made arrangements for a simultaneous fire. To render this the more deadly and efficient, they dropped on one knee, and were preparing to take deliberate aim, when one of them (John M'Collum) called to his comrades, "Pull steady and send them all to hell." This ill-timed expression of anxious caution, gave the enemy a moment's warning of their danger, and is the reason why greater execution was not done.

The Indians had left all their guns, blankets and plunder—these together with the three white captives, were taken by Capt. Paul to Fort Dinwiddie.

During the continuance of the French war, and of that with the Indians which immediately succeeded it, the entire frontier from New York to Georgia was exposed to the merciless fury of the savages. In no instance were the measures of defence adopted by the different colonies, adequate to their object. From some unaccountable fatuity in those who had taken the direction of this matter, a defensive war, which alone could have checked aggression and prevented the effusion of blood, was delayed till the whole population of the country west of the Blue Ridge had retired east of those mountains, or were cooped up in forts.

The chief means of defence employed, were the militia of the adjoining counties, and the establishment of a line of forts and block-houses, dispersed along a considerable extent of country, and occupied by detachments of British colonial troops, or by militiamen.—All these were utterly incompetent to effect security; partly from the circumstances of the case, and somewhat from the entire want of discipline and the absence of that subordination which is absolutely necessary to render an army effective.

So great and apparent were the insubordination and remissness of duty, on the part of the various garrisons, that Gen. Washington declared them “utterly inefficient and useless;” and the inhabitants themselves could place no reliance whatever on them for protection. In a particular instance, such were the inattention and carelessness of the garrison, that several children playing under the walls of the fort were run down and caught by the Indians, who were not discovered till they arrived at the very gate.

In Virginia the error of confiding in the militia, soon became apparent.* Upon the earnest remonstrance and entreaty of General Washington, the colonial legislature substituted a force of regulars, which at once effected the partial security of her frontier, and gave confidence to the inhabitants.

In Pennsylvania, from the pacific disposition of her rulers and their abhorrence of war of any kind, her border settlements suffered most severely. The whole extent of her frontier was desolated by the Indians, and irruptions were frequently made by them into the interior. The establishments which had been made in the Conococheague valley, were altogether broken up and scenes of the greatest barbarity on one side, and of the utmost suffering on the other, were constantly exhibiting. A few instances of this suffering and of that barbarity may not be improperly adduced here. They will serve to illustrate the condition of those who were within reach of the savage enemy; and, perhaps, to palliate the enormities practiced on the christian Indians.

In the fall of 1754, about forty or fifty Indians entered that province, and dividing themselves into two parties, sought the unprotected settlements, for purposes of murder and devastation: the smaller party went about the forks of Delaware—the other directing their steps along the Susquehanna. On the 2d of October, twelve of the former appeared before the house of Peter Williamson, (a Scotchman, with no family but his wife,) who had made considerable improvement near the Delaware river. Mrs. Williamson being from home, he sat up later than usual, and about 11 o'clock was astounded at the savage war-whoop, resounding from various directions, near to the house.—Going to the window, he perceived several Indians standing in the yard, one of whom, in broken English, promised that if he would

*When the Indians were most troublesome, and threatening even the destruction of Winchester, Lord Fairfax, who was commandant of the militia of Frederick and Hampshire, ordered them out. Three days' active exertion on his part, brought only twenty in the field.

come out and surrender he should not be killed; threatening at the same time that if he did not they would burn him up in his house. Unable to offer an effectual resistance, and preferring the chance of safety by surrendering, to the certainty of a horrid death if he attempted an opposition, he yielded himself up a prisoner.

So soon as he was in their power, they plundered the house of such articles as they could conveniently take with them, and set fire to it and to the barn, in which was a quantity of wheat, some horses and other cattle. After inflicting some severe tortures on Williamson, and forcing him to carry a heavy weight of the plunder, which they had taken from him, they went to a neighboring house, occupied by Jacob Snyder, his wife, five children and a servant. The piercing cries and agonizing shrieks of these poor creatures, made no impression on the savages. The father, mother and children were tomahawked and scalped, and their bodies consumed by fire together with the house. The servant was spared that he might aid in carrying their plunder; but manifesting deep distress at his situation as prisoner, he was tomahawked before they proceeded far.

Before they could accomplish farther mischief a fall of snow, making them apprehensive that they would be pursued by the united force of the settlement, induced them to return to Alamingo—taking Williamson with them.

On their way back, they met with the party of Indians, which had separated from them, as they approached the settlements. These had been lower down on the Susquehanna, and had succeeded in making greater havoc, and committing more depredations, than it had fallen to the lot of those who had taken Williamson to commit.—They had with them three prisoners and twenty scalps. According to the account of their transactions as detailed by the prisoners, they had on one day killed and scalped John Lewis, his wife and three children, and in a few days after had murdered, with almost every circumstance of cruelty, Jacob Miller, his wife and six children, and George Folke, his wife and nine children, cutting up the bodies of the latter family and giving them piece-meal to the hogs in the pen. Wherever they had been, destruction marked their course. In every instance the houses, barns and grain stacks were consumed by fire, and the stock killed.

The three prisoners who had been brought in by the last party, endeavored soon after to effect an escape; but their ignorance of the country, and the persevering activity and vigilance of the Indians, prevented the accomplishment of their attempt. They were overtaken, and brought back; and then commenced a series of cruelties, tortures and death, sufficient to shock the sensibilities of the most obdurate heart, if unaccustomed to the perpetration of such enormities.

Two of them were tied to trees, around which large fires were kindled, and they suffered to remain for some time, in the gradual but horrible state of being scorched to death. After the Indians had enjoyed a while the writhings of agony and the tears of anguish,

which were drawn from those suffering victims, one, stepping within the circle, ripped open their bodies, and threw their bowels into the flames. Others, to emulate this most shocking deed, approached, and with knives, burning sticks, and heated irons, continued to lacerate, pierce and tear the flesh from their breasts, arms and legs, till death closed the scene of horrors and rendered its victims insensible to its pains.

The third was reserved a few hours, that he might be sacrificed under circumstances of peculiar enormity. A hole being dug in the ground of a depth sufficient to enable him to stand upright, with his head only exposed, his arms were pinioned to his body, he placed in it, and the loose earth thrown in and rammed closely around him.—He was then scalped and permitted to remain in that situation for several hours. A fire was next kindled near his head. In vain did the poor suffering victim of hellish barbarity exclaim, that his brains were boiling in his head, and entreat the mercy of instant death.—Deaf to his cries, and inexorable to his entreaties, they continued the fire till his eye balls burst and gushed from their sockets, and death put a period to his sufferings.

Of all these horrid spectacles, Williamson was an unwilling spectator; and supposing that he was reserved for some still more cruel and barbarous fate, determined on escaping. This he was soon enabled to do, and returned to the settlements.

The frequent infliction of such enormities as these, upon the helpless and unoffending women and children, as well as upon those who were more able to resist and better qualified to endure them, together with the desolation of herds, the devastation of crops, and the conflagration of houses, which invariably characterised those incursions, engendered a general feeling of resentment, that sought, in some instances, to wreak itself on those who were guiltless of any participation in those bloody deeds. That vindictive spirit led to the perpetration of offences against humanity, not less atrocious than those which they were intended to requite, and which obliterated every discriminative feature between the perpetrators of them and their savage enemies.

The Canestoga Indians, to the number of forty, lived in a village in the vicinity of Lancaster; they were in amity with the whites, and had been in peace and quiet for a considerable length of time. An association of men, denominated the "Paxton Boys," broke into their little town and murdered all who were found at home—fourteen men, women and children, fell a prey to the savage brutality of those sons of civilization. The safety of the others was sought to be effected, by confining them in the jail at Lancaster. It was in vain. The walls of a prison could afford no protection from the relentless fury of these exasperated men. The jail doors were broken open, and its wretched inmates cruelly murdered. And, as if their deaths could not satiate their infuriate murderers, their bodies were brutally mangled, the hands and feet lopped off, and scalps torn from the bleeding heads of innocent infants.

A similar fate impended the christian Indians of Nequetank and Nain, and was only averted by the timely interposition of the government of Pennsylvania. They were removed to Philadelphia, where they remained from November. 1763, till after the close of the war, in December, 1764, during which time the Paxton Boys twice assembled in the neighborhood of the city for the purpose of assaulting the barracks and murdering the Indians, but were deterred by the military preparations made to oppose them, and ultimately but reluctantly desisted.

Had the feelings excited in the minds of these misguided men, by the cruelties of the Indians, been properly directed, it would have produced a quite different result. If, instead of avenging the outrages of others, upon those who were no otherwise guilty than in the complexion of their skin, they had directed their exertions to the repressing of invasion, and the punishment of its authors, much good might have been achieved, and they, instead of being stigmatised as murderers of the innocent, would have been hailed as benefactors of the border settlements. Associations of this kind were formed in that province and contributed no little to lessen the frequency of Indian massacres, and to prevent the effusion of blood and the destruction of property. At the time the Paxton boys were meditating and endeavoring to effect the destruction of the peaceable christian Indians, another company, formed by voluntary league, was actively engaged in checking the intrusions of those who were enemies and in punishing their aggressions. A company of riflemen, called the Black Boys, (from the fact of their painting themselves red and black, after the Indian fashion,) under the command of Capt. James Smith, contributed to preserve the Conococheague valley, during the years 1763 and 1764, from the devastation which had overspread it early after the commencement of Braddock's war.

An instance of the good effect resulting from practicing the arts and stratagems of the Indians, occurred during this war; and to its success the garrison of Fort Pitt were indebted for their preservation.

After the ratification of the treaty of peace which had been concluded between England and France, war continued to be waged by the Indians on the whole western frontier. A large body of them had collected and marched to Fort Pitt, with a view to its reduction by famine. It had been invested for some time, and the garrison being too weak to sally out and give battle to the besiegers, Capt. Ecuyer despatched messengers with the intelligence of his situation and a request for aid and provisions; these were either compelled to return or be killed, as the country for some distance east of Fort Pitt was in the possession of the savages.

At length a quantity of provisions were ordered by Gov. Amherst for the relief of the fort, and forwarded under a strong guard commanded by Colonel Boquet. The Indians were soon apprized of this, and determined on intercepting the provisions, and if practicable, to prevent their reaching the place of their destination. With this object in view, a considerable force was detached to watch the motions of

Col. Boquet and upon a favorable opportunity to give him battle. In a narrow defile on Turtle creek an attack was made by the Indians, and a severe engagement ensued. Both armies fought with the most obstinate bravery, from one o'clock till night, and in the morning it was resumed, and continued with unabated fury for several hours.—At length Col. Boquet, having placed four companies of infantry and grenadiers in ambush, ordered a retreat. So soon as this was commenced, the Indians, confident of victory, pressed forward with considerable impetuosity, and fell into the ambuscade. This decided the contest—the Indians were repulsed with great slaughter and dispersed.

The loss of the British, in killed and wounded, exceeded one hundred. That they were not entirely cut off, was attributable to the stratagem of the retreat, (a favorite one of the Indians,) the success of which not only saved the detachment under Col. Boquet, but likewise preserved Fort Pitt from falling into the hands of the savage foe.

The loss sustained by the enemy must have equaled that of the British; several of their most distinguished chiefs and warriors were of the number of the slain; and so decisive was the victory obtained over them, that in the succeeding campaign against the Indians on the Muskingum, Boquet found not much difficulty in bringing them to terms. A cessation of hostilities was agreed to, upon condition that they would give up all the whites then detained by them in captivity. Upwards of three hundred prisoners were then redeemed; but the season being far advanced, and the others scattered in different parts of the country, it was stipulated that they should be brought into Fort Pitt early in the ensuing spring; and as a security that they would comply with this condition of the armistice, six of their chiefs were delivered up as hostages—these, however, succeeded in making their escape before the army arrived at Fort Pitt.

The ill success which had attended the combined operations of the Indians, during this war, the difficulty of procuring ammunition to support it, and the fact that it had begun to be carried into their own country, disposed them to make peace. A treaty was accordingly concluded with them, by Sir William Johnson, in 1765. Previous to this, however, some few depredations were committed by the Indians, in contravention of the agreement made with them by Colonel Boquet; and which induced a belief that the want of clothes and ammunition was the real cause of their partial forbearance. It was, therefore, of great consequence to prevent their obtaining a supply of these necessities, until there could be some stronger assurances than there had been given, of their pacific disposition.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of this impression, and the fact, that a royal proclamation had been issued, forbidding any person trading with the Indians, yet in March, 1765, a number of wagons, laden with goods and war-like stores, for the Indians, was sent from Philadelphia, to Henry Pollens of Conococheague, to be thence transported on pack-horses to Fort Pitt. This very much alarmed the

country; and many individuals remonstrated against the propriety of supplying the Indians at that particular juncture, alleging the well known fact, that they were then destitute of ammunition and clothing, and that to furnish them with those articles, would be to aid in bringing on another frontier war, and to lend themselves to the commission of those horrid murders by which those wars were always distinguished. Remonstrance was fruitless.—The gainful traffic, which could be then carried on with the Indians, banished every other consideration; and seventy horses, packed with goods, were directed on to Fort Pitt. [See Smith's Narrative.]

The comparative security and quiet, which succeeded the treaty of 1765, contributed to advance the prosperity of the Virginia frontiers. The necessity of congregating in forts and block-houses no longer existing, each family enjoyed the comforts of its own fireside, undisturbed by fearful apprehensions of danger from the prowling savage and free from the bustle and confusion consequent on being crowded together. No longer forced to cultivate their little fields in common, and by the united exertions of a whole neighborhood, with tomahawks suspended from their belts, and rifles attached to their plough beams, their original spirit of enterprise was revived, and while a certainty of reaping in unmolested safety, the harvest for which they had toiled, gave to industry a stimulus which increased their prosperity, it also excited others to come and reside among them—a considerable addition to their population, and a rapid extension of settlements, were the necessary consequence.

It was during the continuance of this exemption from Indian aggression, that several establishments were made on the Monongahela and its branches, and on the Ohio river. These were nearly contemporaneous; the first, however, in order of time, was that made on the Buchannon—a fork of the Tygart's valley river, and was induced by a flattering account of the country as given by two brothers who had spent some years in various parts of it, under rather unpleasant circumstances.

Among the soldiers who garrisoned Fort Pitt, were William Childers, John and Samuel Pringle and Joseph Linsey. In 1761, these four men deserted from the Fort. and ascended the Monongahela as far as to the mouth of George's creek (the site afterwards selected by Albert Gallatin for the town of Geneva). Here they remained awhile; but not liking the situation, crossed over to the head of the Youghiogany, and encamping in the glades continued there about twelve months.

In one of their hunting rambles, Samuel Pringle came on a path which he supposed would lead to the inhabited part of Virginia.—On his return he mentioned the discovery and his supposition to his comrades, and they resolved on tracing it. This they accordingly did, and it conducted them to Loony's creek, then the most remote western settlement. While among the inhabitants on Loony's creek, they were recognized, and some of the party apprehended as deserters.

John and Samuel Pringle succeeded in making an escape to their camp in the glades, where they remained till some time in the year 1764.

During this year, and while in the employ of John Simpson (a trapper, who had come there in quest of furs), they determined on removing farther west. Simpson was induced to this, by the prospect of enjoying the woods free from the intrusion of other hunters, (the glades having begun to be a common hunting ground for the inhabitants of the South Branch,) while a regard for their personal safety caused the Pringles to avoid a situation in which they might be exposed to the observation of other men.

In journeying through the wilderness, and after having crossed Cheat river at the Horse-shoe, a quarrel arose between Simpson and one of the Pringles, and notwithstanding that peace and harmony were so necessary to their mutual safety and comfort, yet each so far indulged the angry passions which had been excited, as at length to produce a separation.

Simpson crossed over the Valley river, near the mouth of Pleasant creek, and passing on to the head of another water course, gave to it the name of Simpson's creek. Thence he went westwardly, and reached a stream which he called Elk: at the mouth of this he erected a camp and continued to reside for more than twelve months. During this time he neither saw the Pringles nor any other human being; and at the expiration of it went to the South Branch, where he disposed of his furs and skins and then returned to and continued at his encampment at the mouth of Elk, until permanent settlements were made in its vicinity.

The Pringles kept up the Valley river till they observed a large right hand fork, (now Buchannon,) which they ascended some miles, and at the mouth of a small branch (afterwards called Turkey run) they took up their abode in the cavity of a large Sycamore tree.—The stump of this is still to be seen, and is an object of no little veneration with the immediate descendants of the first settlers.

The situation of these men during a residence here of several years, although rendered somewhat necessary by their previous conduct, could not have been very enviable. Deserters from the army, a constant fear of discovery filled their minds with disquietude. In the vicinity of a savage foe, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were ever present to their imaginations. Remote from civilized man, their solitude was hourly interrupted by the frightful shrieks of the panther, or the hideous howlings of the wolf. And though the herds of Buffalo, Elk and Deer, which gamboled sportively around, enabled them easily to supply their larder; yet the want of salt and bread, and every species of garden vegetable must have abated their relish for the otherwise delicious loin of the one and haunch of the others. The low state of their little magazine, too, while it limited their hunting, to the bare procurement of articles of subsistence, caused them, from a fear of discovery, to shrink at the idea of being driven to the settlements for a supply of ammunition. And not until they were ac-

tually reduced to two loads of powder, could they be induced to venture again into the vicinity of their fellow-men. In the latter part of the year 1767, John left his brother, and intending to make for a trading post on the Shenandoah, appointed the period of his return.

Samuel Pringle, in the absence of John, suffered a good deal.—The stock of provisions left him became entirely exhausted—one of his loads of powder was expended in a fruitless attempt to shoot a buck—his brother had already delayed his return several days longer than was intended, and he was apprehensive that he had been recognized, taken to Fort Pitt, and would probably never get back. With his remaining load of powder, however, he was fortunate enough to kill a fine buffalo, and John soon after returned with the news of peace, both with the Indians and French. The two brothers agreed to leave their retirement.

Their wilderness habitation was not left without some regret:—Every object around had become more or less endeared to them.—The tree, in whose hollow they had been so frequently sheltered from storm and tempest, was regarded by them with so great reverence, that they resolved, so soon as they could prevail on a few others to accompany them, again to return to this asylum of their exile.

In a population such as then composed the chief part of the South Branch settlement, this was no difficult matter. All of them were used to the frontier manner of living; the most of them had gone thither to acquire land; many had failed entirely in this object, while others were obliged to occupy poor and broken situations off the river; the fertile bottoms having been previously located. Add to this the passion for hunting, (which was a ruling one with many,) and the comparative scarcity of game in their neighborhood, and it need not excite surprise that the proposition of the Pringles to form a settlement, in such a country as they represented that on Buchannon to be, was eagerly embraced by many.

In the fall of the ensuing year, (1768,) Samuel Pringle, and several others who wished first to examine for themselves, visited the country which had been so long occupied by the Pringles alone.—Being pleased with it, they, in the following spring, with a few others, repaired thither with the view of cultivating as much corn as would serve their families the first year after their emigration. And having examined the country for the purpose of selecting the most desirable situations, some of them proceeded to improve the spots of their choice. John Jackson, (who was accompanied by his sons, George and Edward,) settled at the mouth of Turkey run; John Hacker higher up on the Buchannon river, where Bush's fort was afterwards established; Alexander and Thomas Sleeth near to Jackson's, on what is known as the Forenash plantation. The others of the party (William Hacker, Thomas and Jesse Hughes, John and William Radcliffe and John Brown) appear to have employed their time exclusively in hunting; neither of them making any improvement of land for his own benefit. Yet were they of very considerable service to the new settlement. Those who had commenced clearing

land, were supplied by them with abundance of meat, while in their hunting excursions through the country, a better knowledge of it was obtained than could have been acquired had they been engaged in making improvements.

In one of these expeditions they discovered and gave name to Stone coal creek which, flowing westwardly, induced the supposition that it discharged itself directly into the Ohio. Descending this creek, to ascertain the fact, they came to its confluence with a river, which they then called and has since been known as the West Fork. After having gone some distance down the river, they returned by a different route to the settlement, better pleased with the land on it and some of its tributaries than with that on Buchannon.

Soon after this, other emigrants arrived under the guidance of Samuel Pringle. Among them were John and Benjamin Cutright, who settled on Buchannon, and Henry Rule, who improved just above the mouth of Fink's run. Before the arrival of Samuel Pringle, John Hacker had begun to improve the spot which Pringle had chosen for himself. To prevent any unpleasant result, Hacker agreed that if Pringle would clear as much land on a creek which had been recently discovered by the hunters as he had on Buchannon, they could then exchange places. Complying with this condition, Pringle took possession of the farm on Buchannon, and Hacker of the land improved by Pringle on the creek, which was hence called Hacker's creek. John and William Radcliffe then likewise settled on this stream. These comprise all the improvements which were made on the upper branches of the Monongahela in the years 1769 and 1770.

At the close of the working season of 1769, some of these adventurers went to their families on the South Branch, and when they returned to gather their crops in the fall, found them entirely destroyed. In their absence the buffaloes, no longer awed by the presence of man, had trespassed on their enclosures, and eaten their corn to the ground—this delayed the removal of their families till the winter of 1770.

Soon after the happening of this event, other settlements were made on the upper branches of the Monongahela river. Captain James Booth and John Thomas established themselves on what has been since called Booth's creek.

Previous, however, to the actual settlement of the country above the forks of the Monongahela, some few families (in 1767) had established themselves in the vicinity of Fort Redstone, now Brownsville, in Pennsylvania. At the head of these were Abraham Tegar, James Crawford, John Province and John Harden. The latter of these gentlemen afterwards removed to Kentucky, and became distinguished in the early history of that State, as well for the many excellencies of his private and public life, as for the untimely and perfidious manner of his death.

In the succeeding year Jacob Vanmeter, John Swan, Thomas Hughes and some others settled on the west side of the Monongahela, near the mouth of Muddy creek, where Carmichaelstown now stands.

In this year, too, the place which had been occupied for a while by Thomas Decker and his unfortunate associates, and where Morgantown is now situated, was settled by a party of emigrants, one of which was David Morgan, who became so conspicuous for personal prowess, and for the daring yet deliberate courage displayed by him during the subsequent hostilities with the Indians.

In 1769, Col. Ebenezer Zane, his brothers Silas and Jonathan, with some others from the South Branch, visited the Ohio river for the purpose of commencing improvements;* and severally proceeded to select positions for their future residence. Col. Zane chose for his, an eminence above the mouth of Wheeling creek, near to the Ohio, and opposite a beautiful and considerable island in that river. The spot thus selected by him, is now nearly the centre of the present flourishing city of Wheeling. Silas Zane commenced improving on Wheeling creek, and Jonathan resided with his brother Ebenezer. Several of those who accompanied the adventurers likewise remained with Col. Zane, in the capacity of laborers.

After having made those preparations which were immediately requisite for the reception of their respective families, they returned to their former homes. In the ensuing year they finally left the South Branch, and accompanied by Col. David Shephard, John Wetsel, (the father of Lewis) and the McCulloughs—men whose names are identified with the early history of that country—repaired again to the wilderness and took up their permanent abode in it.

Soon after this, other settlements were made at different points, both above and below Wheeling; and the country on Buffalo, Short and Grave creeks, and on the Ohio river, became the abode of civilized man.

The settlement thus made constituting a kind of advance guard, through which an Indian enemy would have to penetrate, before they could reach the interior, others were less reluctant to occupy the country between them and the Alleghany mountains. Accordingly

*These gentlemen were descendants of a Mr. Zane who accompanied William Penn to his province of Pennsylvania, and from whom one of the principal streets in Philadelphia derived its name. Their father was possessed of a bold and daring spirit of adventure, which was displayed on many occasions, in the early part of his life. Having rendered himself obnoxious to the society of Friends (of which he was a member), by marrying without the pale of that Society, he moved to Virginia and settled on the South Branch, where the town of Moorfield has been since erected. One of his sons (Isaac) was taken by the Indians, when he was only nine years old, and carried in captivity to Mad river in Ohio. Here he continued till habit reconciled him to his situation, when he married a squaw, became a chief, and spent the remainder of his life with them. He was never known to wage war against the whites; but was, on several occasions, of great service by apprising them of meditated attacks of the Indians. His descendants still reside in Ohio.

The brothers, Ebenezer, Silas and Jonathan, who settled Wheeling, were also men of enterprise, tempered with prudence and directed by sound judgment. Ready at all times to resist and punish the aggression of the Indians, they were scrupulously careful not to provoke them by acts of wanton outrage, such as were then too frequently committed along the frontier.—Col. Ebenezer Zane had been among the first to explore the country from the South Branch, through the Alleghany glades, and west of them. He was accompanied in that excursion by Isaac Williams, two gentlemen of the name of Robinson, and some others; but setting off rather late in the season, and the weather being very severe, they were compelled to return without having penetrated to the Ohio river. On their way home, such was the extremity of cold that one of the Robinsons died of its effects, Williams was much frost-bitten, and the whole party suffered exceedingly. To the bravery and good conduct of those three brothers, the Wheeling settlement was mainly indebted for its security and preservation, during the war of the Revolution.

various establishments were soon made in it by various adventurers from different parts of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia; and those places in which settlements had been previously effected, received considerable accessions to their population.

In 1772, that comparatively beautiful region of country, lying on the east fork of the Monongahela river, between the Alleghany mountains, on its south-eastern, and the Laurel Hill, or as it is there called the Rich Mountain, on its north-western side, and which had received the denomination of Tygart's valley, again attracted the attention of emigrants. In the course of that year, the greater part of this valley was located by persons said to have been enticed thither by the description given of it by some hunters from Greenbrier who had previously explored it. Game, though a principal, was not, however, their sole object. They possessed themselves at once of nearly all the level land lying between those mountains—a plain of twenty-five or thirty miles in length, and varying from three-fourths to two miles in width, and of fine soil. Among those who were first to occupy that section of country, we find the names of Hadden, Connelly, Whiteman, Warwick, Nelson, Stalnaker, Riffle and Westfall: the latter of these found and interred the bones of Files' family, which had lain bleaching in the sun, after their murder by the Indians, in 1754.

Cheat river, too, on which no attempt at settlement had been made but by the unfortunate Eckarly's, became an object of attention.—The Horse Shoe Bottom was located by Capt. James Parsons, of the South Branch; and in his neighborhood settled Robert Cunningham, Henry Fink, John Goff and John Minear. Robert Butler, William Morgan and some others settled on the Dunkard Bottom.

On Elk, and in the vicinity of Clarksburg, there settled Thomas Nutter, near to the Forge-mills—Samuel Cottrial, on the east side of the creek and nearly opposite to Clarksburg—Sotha Hickman, on the west side of the same creek, and above Cottrial—Samuel Beard at the mouth of Nanny's run—Andrew Cottrial above Beard,—Daniel Davisson, where Clarksburg is now situated, and Obadiah Davisson and John Nutter on the West Fork.

There was likewise, at this time, a considerable accession to the settlements on Buchannon and Hacker's creek. So great was the increase of population in this latter neighborhood, that the crops of the preceding season did not afford more than one third of the bread-stuffs which would be ordinarily consumed in the same time by an equal number of persons. Such indeed was the state of suffering among the inhabitants, consequent on this scarcity, that the year 1773 is called in the traditionary legends of that day, the *starving year*; and such were the exertions of William Lowther to mitigate that suffering, and so great the success with which they were crowned, that his name has been transmitted to their descendants, hallowed by the blessings of those whose wants he contributed so largely to relieve.

These were the principal settlements begun in North-Western

Virginia, prior to the year 1774. Few and scattered as they were, no sooner was it known that they were commenced, than hundreds flocked to them from different parts, and sought there the gratification of their respective predilections. That spirit of adventurous emigration which has since peopled with such unprecedented rapidity the south-western and western States, and which was then beginning to develop itself, overcame the fond attachments of youth, and impelled its possessors to the dreary wilderness. Former homes, encircled by the comforts of civilization, endeared by the grateful recollections of by-gone days, and not unfrequently consecrated as the spots where their tenants had first inhaled the vital fluid, were readily exchanged for "the variety of untried being, the new scenes and changes," which were to be passed before the trees of the forest could be supplanted by the fruits of the field, or society be reared in the solitude of the desert. With a capability to sustain fatigue, not to be subdued by toil, and with a cheerfulness not easily to be depressed, a patience which could mock at suffering and a daring which nothing could daunt, every difficulty which intervened, every obstacle which was interposed between them and the accomplishment of the objects of their pursuit, was surmounted or removed, and in a comparatively brief space of time they rose to the enjoyment of many of those gratifications, which are experienced in earlier and more populous settlements. That their morals should, for a while, have suffered deterioration, and their manners and habits, instead of approximating those of refined society, should have become perhaps more barbarous and uncouth, was the inevitable consequence of their situation, and the certain result of circumstances which they could not control.—When that situation was changed, and these circumstances ceased to exist, a rapid progress was made in the advancement of many sections of the country, to the refinements of civilized society.

The infantile state of all countries exhibits, in a greater or less degree, a prevalence of barbarism. The planting of colonies, or the formation of establishments in new countries is ever attended with circumstances unpropitious to refinement. The force with which these circumstances act will be increased or diminished in proportion to the remoteness or proximity of those new establishments to older societies in which the arts and sciences are cultivated, and to the facility of communication between them. Man is, at all times, the creature of circumstances. Cut off from an intercourse with his fellow men, and divested of the conveniences of life, he will readily relapse into a state of nature. Placed in contiguity with the barbarous and the vicious, his manners will become rude, his morals perverted. Brought into collision with the sanguinary and revengeful, and his own conduct will eventually be distinguished by bloody and vindictive deeds.

Such was really the situation of those who made the first establishments in North-Western Virginia. And when it is considered that they were mostly men from the humble walks of life, comparatively illiterate and unrefined, without civil or religious institutions,

and with a love of liberty bordering on its extreme, their more enlightened descendants cannot but feel surprise that their dereliction from propriety had not been greater, their virtue less.

The objects, for the attainment of which they voluntarily placed themselves in this situation, and tempted the dangers inseparable from a residence in the contiguity of Indians, jealous of territorial encroachment, were almost as various as their individual character. Generally speaking, they were men in indigent circumstances, unable to purchase land in the neighborhoods from which they came, and unwilling longer to remain the tenants of others. These were induced to migrate, with the laudable ambition of acquiring homes, from which they would not be liable to expulsion at the whim and caprice of some haughty lordling. Upon the attainment of this object, they were generally content, and made but feeble exertions to acquire more land than that to which they obtained title by virtue of their settlements. Some few, however, availed themselves of the right of pre-emption, and becoming possessed of the more desirable portions of the country added considerably to their individual wealth.

Those who settled on the Ohio, were of a more enterprising and ambitious spirit, and looked more to the advancement of their condition in a pecuniary point of view. The fertile bottoms of that river, and the facility with which, by means of it, their surplus produce might be transported to a ready market,* were considerations which influenced many. Others again, looking forward to the time when the Indians would be divested of the country northwest of the Ohio river, and it be open to location in the same manner its south-eastern shores were, selected this as a situation from which they might more readily obtain possession of the fertile land with which its ample plains were known to abound. In anticipation of this period, there were some who embraced every opportunity afforded by intervals of peace with the Indians, to explore that country and select in it what they deemed its most valuable parts. Around these they would generally mark trees, or otherwise define boundaries, by which they could be afterwards identified. The cession by Virginia to the United States, of the North Western Territory, and the manner in which its lands were subsequently brought into market, prevented the realization of those flattering and apparently well founded expectations.

There were also in every settlement individuals who had been drawn to them solely by their love of hunting, and an attachment to the wild, unshackled scenes of a wilderness life. These were, perhaps, totally regardless of all the inconveniences resulting from their new situation, except that of being occasionally pent up in forts, and thus debarred the enjoyment of their favorite pastimes.

Although hunting was not the object of most of the old settlers, yet it was for a good part of the year the chief employment of their

*The Spaniards at New Orleans, from the first settlement of the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, sought to attach it to the province of Louisiana. Knowing the powerful efficacy of gold, in producing such results, they dispensed it with a liberal hand, to such as made New Orleans their market. The attachment of the first settlers to the free institutions of our country, baffled every attempt to detach them from it.

time. And of all those who thus made their abode in the dense forest, and tempted aggression from the neighboring Indians, none were so well qualified to resist this aggression, and to retaliate upon its authors, as those who were mostly engaged in this pursuit. Of all their avocations, this "mimicry of war," best fitted them to thwart the savages in their purpose, and to mitigate the horrors of their peculiar mode of warfare. Those arts which enabled them unperceived to approach the watchful deer in his lair, enabled them likewise to circumvent the Indian in his ambush, and if not always to punish, yet frequently defeat him in his object. Add to this the perfect knowledge which they acquired of the woods, and the ease and certainty with which they consequently, when occasion required, could make their way to any point of the settlements and apprise the inhabitants of approaching danger, and it will be readily admitted that the more expert and successful the huntsman, the more skilful and effective the warrior.

But various soever as may have been their objects in emigrating, no sooner had they come together than there existed in each settlement a perfect unison of feeling. Similitude of situation and community of danger, operating as a magic charm, stifled in their birth those little bickerings which are so apt to disturb the quiet of society. Ambition of preferment and the pride of place, too often hindrances to social intercourse, were unknown among them. Equality of condition rendered them strangers alike to the baneful distinctions created by wealth and other adventitious circumstances, and to envy, which gives additional virus to their venom. A sense of mutual dependence for their common security linked them in amity, and conducting their several purposes in harmonious concert, together they toiled and together suffered.

Not all the "pomp and pride of life" could vie with the Arcadian scenes which encircled the rude cottages of those men. Their humble dwellings were the abode of virtues rarely found in the "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces" of splendid ambition. And when peace reigned around them, neither the gaudy trappings of wealth, nor the insignia of office, nor the slaked thirst for distinction, could have added to the happiness which they enjoyed.

In their intercourse with others they were kind, beneficent and disinterested, extending to all the most generous hospitality which their circumstances could afford. That selfishness, which prompts to liberality for the sake of remuneration, and proffers the civilities of life with an eye to individual interest, was unknown to them.—They were kind for kindness sake, and sought no other recompense than the never-failing concomitant of good deeds—the reward of an approving conscience.

It is usual for men in the decline of life to contrast the scenes which are then being exhibited with those through which they passed in the days of youth, and not unfrequently to moralize on the decay of those virtues which enhance the enjoyment of life and give to pleasure its highest relish. The mind is then apt to revert to earlier

times and to dwell with satisfaction on the manners and customs which prevailed in the hey day of youth. Every change which may have been wrought in them is deemed a deteriorating innovation, and the sentence of their condemnation unhesitatingly pronounced. This is not always the result of impartial and discriminating judgment.—It is perhaps more frequently founded in prepossession and based on the prejudices of education and habit.

On the other hand, those who are just entering on the vestibule of life, are prone to give preference to the habits of the present generation; viewing, too often, with contemptuous derision those of the past. Mankind certainly advance in intelligence and refinement, but virtue and happiness do not always keep pace with this progress.—“To inform the understanding,” is not always “to correct and enlarge the heart;” nor do the blandishments of life invariably add to the sum of moral excellence, they are often “as Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lips.” While a rough exterior as frequently covers a temper of the utmost benignity, happy in itself and giving happiness to all around.

Such were the pioneers of this country; and the greater part of mankind might now derive advantage from the contemplation of “their humble virtues, hospitable homes and spirits patient, noble, proud and free—their self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; their days of health and nights of sleep—their toils, by danger dignified, yet guiltless—their hopes of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, with cross and garland over its green turf, and their grand-children’s love for epitaph.”

In the year 1774, the peace, which had subsisted with but little violation since the treaty of 1765, received an interruption, which checked for a while the emigration to the North Western frontier, and involved its infant settlements in a war with the Indians. This result has been attributed to various causes. Some have asserted that it had its origin in the murder of some Indians on the Ohio river, both above and below Wheeling, in the spring of that year. Others suppose it to have been produced by the instigation of British emissaries, and the influence of Canadian traders.

That it was not caused by the murders at Captina,* and opposite the mouth of Yellow creek, is fairly inferrible from the fact, that several Indians had been previously murdered by the whites in a period of the most profound tranquility, without having led to a similar issue; or even given rise to any act of retaliation on the part of the friends or countrymen of those who had been thus murdered.

At different periods of time, between the peace of 1765, and the renewal of hostilities in 1774, three Indians were unprovokedly killed by John Ryan, on the Ohio, Monongahela and Cheat rivers.

*Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, represents this as happening at Grave creek, which empties into the Ohio from the south-eastern or Virginia side of this river, twelve miles below Wheeling. Those who lived near at the time, and are supposed to have had the best opportunity of ascertaining the fact, say that it happened near the mouth of Captina, a creek sixteen miles below Wheeling, and on the Ohio side.

The first who suffered from the unrestrained licentiousness of this man, was an Indian of distinction in his tribe, and known by the name of Capt. Peter; the other two were private warriors. And but that Governor Dunmore, from the representations made to him, was induced to offer a reward for his apprehension, which caused him to leave the country, Ryan would probably have continued to murder every Indian with whom he should chance to meet wandering through the settlements.

Several Indians were also killed on the South Branch, while on a friendly visit to that country in the interval of peace. This deed is said to have been done by Henry Judah, Nicholas Harpold and their associates; and when Judah was arrested for the offence, so great was the excitement among those who had suffered from savage enmity, that he was rescued from confinement by upwards of two hundred men, collected for that especial purpose.

The Bald Eagle was an Indian of notoriety, not only among his own nation, but also with the inhabitants of the North Western frontier, with whom he was in the habit of associating and hunting. In one of his visits among them, he was discovered alone, by Jacob Scott, William Hacker and Elijah Runner, who, reckless of the consequences, murdered him, solely to gratify a most wanton thirst for Indian blood. After the commission of this most outrageous enormity, they seated him in the stern of a canoe, and with a piece of journey-cake thrust into his mouth, set him afloat in the Monongahela. In this situation he was seen descending the river, by several, who supposed him to be, as usual, returning from a friendly hunt with the whites in the upper settlements, and who expressed some astonishment that he did not stop to see them. The canoe floating near to the shore, below the mouth of George's creek, was observed by a Mrs. Province, who had it brought to the bank, and the friendly but unfortunate old Indian decently buried.

Not long after the murder of the Bald Eagle, another outrage of a similar nature was committed on a peaceable Indian, by William White, and for which he was apprehended and taken to Winchester for trial. But the fury of the populace did not suffer him to remain there awaiting that event. The prison doors were forced, the irons knocked off him, and he again set at liberty.

But a still more atrocious act is said to have been soon after perpetrated. Until then the murders committed were only on such as were found within the limits of white settlements and on men and warriors. In 1772, there is every reason to believe that women and children likewise became victims to the exasperated feelings of our own citizens, and this too while quietly enjoying the comforts of their own huts in their own village.

There was at that time an Indian town on the Little Kenhawa, (called Bulltown) inhabited by five families, who were in habits of social and friendly intercourse with the whites on Buchannon and on Hacker's creek, frequently visiting and hunting with them. There was likewise residing on Gauley river, the family of a German by

the name of Strond. In the summer of that year, Mr. Strond being from home, his family were all murdered, his house plundered, and his cattle driven off. The trail made by these, leading in the direction of Bulltown, induced the supposition that the Indians of that village had been the authors of the outrage, and caused several to resolve on avenging it upon them.

A party of five men, (two of whom were William White and William Hacker, who had been concerned in previous murders) expressed a determination to proceed immediately to Bulltown. The remonstrance of the settlement generally could not operate to effect a change in that determination. They went; and on their return, circumstances justified the belief that the anticipation of those who knew the temper and feelings of White and Hacker had been well-founded, and that there had been some fighting between them and the Indians. And notwithstanding that they denied ever having seen an Indian in their absence, yet it was the prevailing opinion that they had destroyed all the men, women and children at Bulltown, and threw their bodies into the river. Indeed, one of the party is said to have inadvertently used expressions confirmatory of this opinion, and to have then justified the deed, by saying that the clothes and other things known to have belonged to Strond's family, were found in possession of the Indians. The village was soon after visited and found to be entirely desolated, and nothing being ever after heard of its former inhabitants, there can remain no doubt but that the murder of Strond's family was requited on them.

Here then was a fit time for the Indians to commence a system of retaliation and war, if they were disposed to engage in hostilities, for offences of this kind alone. Yet no such event was the consequence of the killing of the Bulltown Indians, or of those other murders which preceded that outrage; and it may be hence rationally concluded that the murders on the Ohio river did not lead to such an event. If, however, a doubt should still remain, that doubt is surely removed by the declaration of Logan himself. It was his family that was killed opposite Yellow creek, about the last of April, and in the following July (after the expedition against the Wappatomica towns, under Col. McDonald) he says, "the Indians are not angry on account of those murders, but only myself." The fact is, that hostilities had commenced before the happening of the affair at Captina, or that near Yellow creek; and these, instead of having produced that event, were the consequence of the previous hostile movements of the Indians.

Those who lived more immediately in the neighborhood of the scene of action at that time, were generally of opinion that the Indians were urged to war by the instigation of emissaries from Great Britain, and of the Canadian traders; and, independently of any knowledge which they may have had of the conduct of these, circumstances of a general nature would seem to justify that opinion.

The relative situation of the American colonies and the mother country, is matter of general history, and too well known to require being repeated here. It is equally well known, too, that from the

first establishment of a colony in Canada, the Canadians obtained an influence over the Natives, greater than the Anglo Americans were ever able to acquire; and that this influence was frequently exercised by them, to the great annoyance and manifest injury of the latter.—France and England have been long considered as natural enemies; and the inhabitants of their respective plantations in America, entertained strong feelings of jealousy towards each other. When, by the treaty of Paris, the French possessions in North America (which had not been ceded to Spain,) were transferred to Great Britain, these feelings were not subdued. The Canadians still regarded themselves as a different people. Their national prejudices were too great to be extinguished by an union under the same prince. Under the influence of these prejudices, and the apprehension that the lucrative commerce of the natives might, by the competition of the English traders, be diverted from its accustomed channels, they may have exerted themselves to excite the Indians to war; but that alone would hardly have produced this result. There is in man an inherent partiality for self, which leads him to search for the causes of any evil, elsewhere than in his own conduct, and under the operation of this propensity to assign the burden of wrong to be borne by others; the Jesuits from Canada and Louisiana were censured for the continuation of the war on the part of the Indians, after it had been terminated with their allies by the treaty of 1763. Yet that event was, no doubt, justly attributable to the erection of forts and the location of land in the district of country claimed by the natives, in the province of Pennsylvania. And, in like manner, the origin of the war of 1774 may fairly be charged to the encroachments which were then being made on the Indian territory. To be convinced of this, it is necessary to advert to the promptitude of resistance on the part of the Natives by which those encroachments were invariably met and to recur to events happening in other sections of the country. Events, perhaps, no otherwise connected with the history of North Western Virginia, than as they are believed to have been the proximate causes of an hostility eventuating in the effusion of much of its blood, and pregnant with other circumstances having an important bearing on its prosperity and advancement.

In the whole history of America, from the time when it first became apparent that the occupancy of the country was the object of the whites, up to the present period, is there to be found a solitary instance in which an attempt made by the English to effect a settlement in a wilderness claimed by the Natives, was not succeeded by immediate acts of hostility on the part of the latter. Every advance of the kind was regarded by them as tending to effect their expulsion from a country which they had long considered as their own, and as leading, most probably, to their entire extinction as a people. This excited in them feelings of the most dire resentment, stimulating to deeds of cruelty and murder, at once to repel the encroachment and to punish its authors. Experience of the utter futility of those means to accomplish these purposes has never availed to repress

their use or to produce an acquiescence in the wrong. Even attempts to extend jurisdiction over a country the right of soil in which was never denied them, have ever given rise to the most lively apprehensions of their fatal consequences and prompted to the employment of means to thwart that aim. An Indian sees no difference between the right of empire and the right of domain, and just as little can he discriminate between the right of property acquired by the actual cultivation of the earth, and that which arises from its appropriation to other uses.

Among themselves they have lines of demarkation which distinguish the territory of one nation from that of another; and these are of such binding authority, that a transgression of them by neighboring Indians leads invariably to war. In treaties of purchase and other conventional arrangements, made with them by the whites, the validity of their rights to land have been repeatedly recognized, and an infraction of those rights by the Anglo-Americans, encounters opposition at its threshold. The history of every attempt to settle a wilderness, to which the Indian title was not previously extinguished, has consequently been a history of plunder, conflagration and massacre.

That the extension of white settlements into the Indian country, was the cause of the war of 1774, will be abundantly manifested by a recurrence to the early history of Kentucky, and a brief review of the circumstances connected with the first attempts to explore and make establishments in it. For several reasons, these circumstances merit a passing notice in this place. Redstone and Fort Pitt (now Brownsville and Pittsburgh) were for some time the principal points of embarkation for emigrants to that country, many of whom were from the establishments which had been then not long made, on the Monongahela. The Indians, regarding the settlements in North Western Virginia as the line from which swarmed the adventurers to Kentucky, directed their operations to prevent the success of these adventurers, as well against the inhabitants of the upper country, as against them. While, at the same time, in the efforts which were made to compel the Indians to desist from farther opposition, the North Western Virginians frequently combined their forces, and acted in conjunction the more certainly to accomplish that object. In truth the war which was then commenced and carried on with but little intermission up to the treaty of Fort Greenville, in 1795, was a war in which they were equally interested, having for its aim the indiscriminate destruction of the inhabitants of both those sections of country, as the means of preventing the farther extension of settlements by the whites.

When Kentucky was first begun to be explored, it is said not to have been claimed as individual property by any nation of Indians. Its extensive forests, grassy plains, and thick cane-brakes, abounding with every variety of game common to such latitudes, were used as common hunting grounds, and considered by them as open for all who chose to resort to them. The Cherokees, the Chicaws, the Catau-

bas and the Chicamaugas, from the south-east; and the Illinois, the Peorias, the Delawares, the Mingoes and Shawanese from the west, claimed and exercised equal rights and privileges within its limits.— When the tribes of those different nations, would, however, meet there, frequent collisions would arise between them; and so deadly were the conflicts ensuing upon these, that, in conjunction with the gloom of its dense forests, they acquired for it the impressive appellation of "*The Dark and Bloody Ground.*" But frequent and deadly as may have been those conflicts, they sprang from some other cause than a claim to exclusive property in it.

In the summer of 1769, Daniel Boone, in company with John Finley, (who had previously hunted through the country,) and a few other men, entered Kentucky, and travelled over much of its surface, without meeting with an Indian, until the December following. At this time Boone and John Steward, (one of his companions,) while on a hunting excursion, were discovered by a party of Indians, who succeeded in making them prisoners. After a detention of but few days, these men effected their escape; and returning to their old camp, found that it had been plundered, and their associates either killed or taken into captivity. They were shortly after joined by a brother of Daniel Boone and another man, from North Carolina, who were so fortunate, in wandering through the wilderness, as to discover the only though temporary residence of civilized man within several hundred miles. But the Indians had become alarmed for the possession of that country, and fearing that if Boone and Steward should be suffered to escape to the settlements they might induce others to attempt its permanent occupancy, they sought with vigilance to discover and murder them. They succeeded in killing Steward, but Daniel Boone and his brother, then the only persons left, (the man who came out with the younger Boone having been killed by a wolf,) escaped from them, and soon after returned to North Carolina.

The Indians were not disappointed in their expectations. The description given of the country by the Boones, soon led others to attempt its settlement; and, in 1773, six families and about forty men, all under the guidance of Daniel Boone, commenced their journey to Kentucky, with a view of remaining there. Before they proceeded far, they were attacked in the rear by a party of Indians, who had been observing their movements, and who, in the first fire, killed six of the emigrants and dispersed their cattle. Notwithstanding this, in the engagement which ensued upon this attack, the assailants were repulsed, yet the adventurers were so afflicted at the loss of their friends, and dispirited by such serious and early opposition, that they abandoned their purpose for a time, and returned to the inhabited parts of Tennessee.

The Indians, elated with their success in defeating this first attempt at the settlement of Kentucky, and supposing that the route pursued by the party which they had driven back, would be the pass for future adventurers, determined on guarding it closely, and checking, if possible, every similar enterprise. But while their attention

was directed to this point, others found their way into the country by a different route and from a different direction.

The Virginia troops, who had served in the Canadian war, had been promised a bounty in western lands. Many of them being anxious to ascertain their value, and deeming this a favorable period for the making of surveys, collected at Fort Pitt in the fall of 1773; and descending the Ohio river to its falls, at Louisville, proceeded from thence to explore the country preparatory to a perfection of their grants.

About the same time, too, General Thompson, of Pennsylvania, commenced an extensive course of surveys, of the rich land on the North Fork of Licking, and other individuals following his example, in the ensuing winter the country swarmed with land adventurers and surveyors. So sensible were they all that these attempts to appropriate those lands to their own use, would produce acts of hostility, that they went prepared to resist those acts; and the first party who took up their abode in Kentucky, no sooner selected a situation for their residence, than they proceeded to erect a fort for their security.* The conduct of the Indians soon convinced them that their apprehensions were not ill-founded, and many of them, in consequence of the hostile movements which were being made and the robberies which were committed, ascended the Ohio river to Wheeling.

It is not known that any murders were committed previously to this, and subsequently to the attack and repulse of the emigrants who were led on by Boone, in 1773. This event happened on the 10th day of October; and it was in April of the ensuing year, that the land adventurers retired to Wheeling. In this interval of time, nothing could, perhaps, be done by the Indians, but make preparation for hostilities in the spring. Indeed it very rarely happens that the Indians engage in active war during the winter, and there is, moreover, a strong presumption that they were for some time ignorant of the fact that there were adventurers in the country, and consequently they knew of no object there on which their hostile intentions could operate. Be this as it may, it is certain that, from the movements of the Indians at the close of the winter, the belief was general that they were assuming a warlike attitude and meditating a continuance of hostilities. War was certainly begun on their part when Boone and his associates were attacked and driven back to the settlements; and if it abated for a season, that abatement was attributable to other causes than a disposition to remain quiet and peaceable while the country was being occupied by the whites.

If other evidence were wanting to prove the fact that the war of 1774 had its origin in a determination of the Indians to repress the extension of white settlements, it could be found in the circumstance that although it was terminated by the treaty with Lord Dunmore, yet it revived as soon as attempts were again made to occupy Ken-

* This was done by a party of men from the Monongahela, under the guidance of James Harrod; by whom was built the first cabin for human habitation ever erected in Kentucky.— This was on the present site of Harrodsburg.

tucky, and was continued with increased ardour, till the victory obtained over them by General Wayne. For, notwithstanding that in the struggle for American liberty, those Indians became the allies of Great Britain, yet when Independence was acknowledged, and the English forces withdrawn from the colonies, hostilities were still carried on by them, and, as was then well understood, because of the continued operation of those causes which produced the war of 1774. That the Canadian traders and British emissaries prompted the Indians to aggression, and extended to them every aid which they could to render that aggression more effectually oppressive and overwhelming, is readily admitted. Yet this would not have led to a war, but for the encroachments which have been mentioned. French influence, united to the known jealousy of the Natives, would have been unavailingly exerted to array the Indians against Virginia, at the commencement of Braddock's war, but for the proceedings of the Ohio company, and the fact that the Pennsylvania traders represented the object of that association to be purely territorial. And equally fruitless would have been their endeavors to involve them in a contest with Virginians at a later period, but for a like manifestation of an intention to encroach on their domain.

In the latter end of April, 1774, a party of land adventurers, who had fled from the dangers which threatened them below, came in collision with some Indians near the mouth of Captina, sixteen miles below Wheeling. A slight skirmish ensued, which terminated in the discomfiture of the whites, notwithstanding they had only one man wounded, and one or two of the enemy were killed. About the same time happened the affair opposite the mouth of Yellow creek, a stream emptying into the Ohio river from the north-west, nearly midway between Pittsburg and Wheeling.

In consequence of advices received of the menacing conduct of the Indians, Joshua Baker (who lived at this place) was preparing, together with his neighbors, to retire for safety into some of the nearer forts, or to go to the older and more popular settlements, remote from danger. There was at that time a large party of Indians, encamped on both sides of Yellow creek, at its entrance into the river; and although in their intercourse at Baker's they had not manifested an intention of speedily commencing depredations, yet he deemed his situation in the immediate vicinity of them, as being far from secure, and was on the eve of abandoning it, when a party of whites, who had just collected at his house, fired upon and killed some Indians, who were likewise there. Among them were the brother and daughter of the celebrated chief, Logan.*

*There is some difficulty in fixing on the precise time when these occurrences happened. Col. Ebenezer Zane says that they took place in the latter part of April, and that the affair at Capina preceded the one at Yellow creek a few days. John Sappington, who was of the party at Baker's, and is said to be the one who killed Logan's brother, says, the murders at that place occurred on the 24th of May, and that the skirmish at Capina was on the day before (23d May.) Col. Andrew Sweninger, a Presbyterian gentleman of much respectability, one of the early settlers near the Ohio above Wheeling, and afterwards intimate with those engaged at both places, says that the disturbance opposite Yellow creek preceded the engagement at Captina, and that the latter, as was then generally understood, was caused by the conduct of the Indians, who had been at Yellow creek and were de-

In justification of this conduct it has been said, that on the preceding evening a squaw came over from the encampment and informed Mrs. Baker that the Indians meditated the murder of her family on the next day; and that before the firing at Baker's, two canoes, containing Indians painted and armed for war, were seen to leave the opposite shore. Under these circumstances, an apparently slight provocation, and one which would not, perhaps, have been otherwise heeded, produced the fatal result. As the canoes approached the shore, the party from Baker's commenced firing on them, and notwithstanding the opposition made by the Indians, forced them to retire.

An interval of quiet succeeded the happening of these events; but it was as the solemn stillness which precedes the eruption of an earthquake, when a volcanic explosion has given notice of its approach—rendered more awful by the uncertainty where its desolating influence would be felt. It was, however, a stillness of but short duration.—The gathering storm soon burst over the devoted heads of those who had neglected to seek a shelter from its wrath. The traders in the Indian country were the first victims sacrificed on the altar of savage ferocity, and a general massacre of all the whites found among them, quickly followed. A young man, discovered near the falls of Muskingum, and within sight of White Eyes' town, was murdered, scalped, literally cut to pieces, and the mangled members of his body hung upon trees. White Eyes, a chief of the friendly Delawares, hearing the scalp halloo, went out with a party of his men, and seeing what had been done, collected the scattered limbs of the young man and buried them. On the next day they were torn from the ground, severed into smaller pieces, and thrown dispersedly at greater distances from each other.

Apprized of impending danger, many of the inhabitants on the frontiers of North Western Virginia retired into the interior, before any depredations were committed in the upper country; some took refuge in forts which had been previously built, while others, collecting together at particular houses, converted them into temporary fortresses, answering well the purposes of protection to those who sought shelter in them. Fort Redstone, which had been erected after the successful expedition of General Forbes, and Fort Pitt, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, afforded an asylum to many. Several private forts were likewise established in various parts of the country;* and everything which individual exer-

ascending the river, exasperated at the murder of their friends at Baker's. Mr. Benjamin Tomlinson, who was the brother-in-law of Baker, and living with him at the time, says that this circumstance happened in May, but is silent as to the one at Caplina. These gentlemen all agree in the fact that Logan's people were murdered at Baker's. Indeed Logan himself charges it as having been done there. The statement of Sappington, that the murders were caused by the abusive epithets of Logan's brother, and his taking the hat and coat of Baker's brother-in-law, is confirmed by Col. Swearingen and others; who also say that for some days previous, the neighborhood generally had been engaged in preparing to leave the country, in consequence of the menacing conduct of the Indians.

*It was then that Westfall's and Casinoe's forts were erected in Tygart's valley,—Prickett's, on Prickett's creek,—Jackson's on Ten Mile, and Shephard's on Wheeling creek, a few miles above its mouth. There were also others established in various parts of the country and on the Monongahela and Ohio rivers. Nutter's fort, near to Clarksburg, afforded protection to the inhabitants on the West Fork, from its source to its confluence with the Valley river; and to those who lived on Buchannon and on Hacker's creek, as well as to the residents of its immediate vicinity.

tion could effect, to ensure protection to the border inhabitants, was done.

Nor did the colonial government of Virginia neglect the security of her frontier citizens. When intelligence of the hostile disposition of the Natives reached Williamsburg, the House of Burgesses was in session, and measures were immediately adopted to prevent massacres and to restore tranquility. That these objects might be the more certainly accomplished, it was proposed by General Andrew Lewis (then a delegate from Bottetourt) to organize a force, sufficient to overcome all intermediate opposition, and to carry the war into the enemy's country. In accordance to this proposition, orders were issued by Governor Dunmore for raising the requisite number of troops, and for making other necessary preparations for the contemplated campaign; the plan of which was concerted by the Governor, General Lewis and Colonel Charles Lewis (then a delegate from Augusta.) But as some time must necessarily have elapsed before the consummation of the preparations which were being made, and as much individual suffering might result from the delays unavoidably incident to the raising, equipping and organizing a large body of troops, it was deemed advisable to take some previous and immediate step to prevent the invasion of exposed and defenceless portions of the country. The best plan for the accomplishment of this object was believed to be the sending of an advance army into the Indian country, of sufficient strength to act offensively, before a confederacy could be formed of the different tribes, and their combined forces be brought into the field. A sense of the exposed situation of their towns in the presence of an hostile army, requiring the entire strength of every village for its defence, would, it was supposed, call home those straggling parties of warriors, by which destruction is so certainly dealt to the helpless and unprotected. In conformity with this part of the plan of operations, four hundred men, to be detailed from the militia west of the mountains, were ordered to assemble at Wheeling as soon as practicable. And in the mean time, lest the surveyors and land adventurers, who were then in Kentucky might be discovered and fall a prey to the savages, Daniel Boone was sent by the Governor to the falls of Ohio, to conduct them home from thence through the wilderness, the only practicable road to safety, the Ohio river being so effectually guarded as to preclude the hope of escaping up it.

Early in June, the troops destined to make an incursion into the Indian country, assembled at Wheeling, and being placed under the command of Colonel Angus McDonald, descended the Ohio to the mouth of Captina. Debarking, at this place, from their boats and canoes, they took up their march to Wappatomica, an Indian town on the Muskingum. The country through which the army had to pass was one unbroken forest, presenting many obstacles to its speedy advance, not the least of which was the difficulty of proceeding directly to the point proposed. To obviate this, however, they were accompanied by three persons in the capacity of guides, (Jonathan

Zane, Thomas Nicholson, and Tady Kelly,) whose knowledge of the woods, and familiarity with those natural indices which so unerringly mark the direction of the principal points, enabled them to pursue the direct course. When they had approached within six miles of the town, the army encountered an opposition from a party of fifty or sixty Indians lying in ambush, and before these could be dislodged two whites were killed and eight or ten wounded—one Indian was killed and several wounded. They then proceeded to Wappatomica without further molestation.

When the army arrived at the town, it was found to be entirely deserted. Supposing that it would cross the river, the Indians had retreated to the opposite bank, and concealing themselves behind trees and fallen timber, were awaiting that movement in joyful anticipation of a successful surprise. Their own anxiety and the prudence of the commanding officer, however, frustrated that expectation. Several were discovered peeping from their covert, watching the motion of the army, and Colonel McDonald, suspecting their object, and apprehensive that they would recross the river and attack him in the rear, stationed videttes above and below, to detect any such purpose, and to apprise him of the first movement towards effecting it. Foiled in these precautionary measures, and seeing their town in possession of the enemy, with no prospect of wresting it from them, till destruction would have done its work, the Indians sued for peace, and the commander of the expedition consenting to negotiate with them, if he could be assured of their sincerity, five chiefs were sent over as hostages, and the army then crossed the river, with these in front.

When a negotiation was begun, the Indians asked that one of the hostages might be permitted to go and convoke the other chiefs, whose presence it was alleged, would be necessary to the ratification of a peace. One was accordingly released, and not returning at the time specified, another was then sent, who in like manner failed to return. Col. McDonald, suspecting some treachery, marched forward to the next town above Wappatomica, where another slight engagement took place, in which one Indian was killed and one white man wounded. It was then ascertained that the time which should have been spent in collecting the other chiefs, preparatory to negotiation, had been employed in removing their old men, their women and children, together with what property could be readily taken off, and for making preparations for a combined attack on the Virginia troops. To punish this duplicity and to render peace really desirable, Col. McDonald burned their towns and destroyed their crops; and being then in want of provisions, retraced his steps to Wheeling, taking with him the three remaining hostages, who were then sent on to Williamsburg.

The inconvenience of supplying provisions to an army in the wilderness, was a serious obstacle to the success of expeditions undertaken against the Indians. The want of roads, at that early period, which would admit of transportation in wagons, rendered it necessary

to resort to pack-horses; and such was at times the difficulty of procuring these, that, not unfrequently, each soldier had to be the bearer of his entire stock of subsistence for the whole campaign. When this was exhausted, a degree of suffering ensued often attended with consequences fatal to individuals, and destructive to the objects of the expedition. In the present case, the army being without provisions before they left the Indian towns, their only sustenance consisted of weeds, an ear of corn each day, and occasionally a small quantity of venison, it being impracticable to hunt game in small parties, because of the vigilance and success of the Indians in watching and cutting off detachments of this kind, before they could accomplish their purpose and regain the main army.

No sooner had the troops retired from the Indian country, than the savages, in small parties, invaded the settlements in different directions, seeking opportunities of gratifying their insatiable thirst for blood. And although the precautions which had been taken, lessened the frequency of their success, yet they did not always prevent it.—Persons leaving the forts on any occasion, were almost always either murdered or carried into captivity,—a lot sometimes worse than death itself.

Perhaps the first of these incursions into North Western Virginia, after the destruction of the towns on the Muskingum, was that made by a party of eight Indians, at the head of which was the Cayuga chief, Logan. This very celebrated Indian is represented as having hitherto observed towards the whites a course of conduct by no means in accordance with the malignity and steadfast implacability which influenced his red brethren generally; but was, on the contrary, distinguished by a sense of humanity, and a just abhorrence of those cruelties so frequently inflicted on the innocent and unoffending, as well as upon those who were really obnoxious to savage enmity.—Such indeed were the acts of beneficence which characterized him, and so great his partiality for the English, that the finger of his brethren would point to his cabin as the residence of Logan, “the friend of white men.” “In the course of the French war, he remained at home, idle and inactive;” opposed to the interference of his nation, “an advocate for peace.” When his family fell before the fury of exasperated men, he felt himself impelled to avenge their deaths; and exchanging the pipe of peace for the tomahawk of war, became active in seeking opportunities to glut his vengeance. With this object in view, at the head of the party which has been mentioned, he traversed the country from the Ohio to the West Fork, before an opportunity was presented him of achieving any mischief. Their distance from what was supposed would be the theatre of war, had rendered the inhabitants of that section of country comparatively inattentive to their safety. Relying on the expectation that the first blow would be struck on the Ohio, and that they would have sufficient notice of this to prepare for their own security before danger could reach them, many had continued to perform the ordinary business of their farms.

On the 12th day of July, as William Robinson, Thomas Hellen and Coleman Brown were pulling flax in a field opposite the mouth of Simpson's creek, Logan and his party approached unperceived and fired at them. Brown fell instantly, his body perforated by several balls, and Hellen and Robinson, unscathed, sought safety in flight. Hellen being then an old man, was soon overtaken and made captive, but Robinson, with the elasticity of youth, ran a considerable distance before he was taken, and but for an untoward accident, might have effected an escape. Believing that he was outstripping his pursuers, and anxious to ascertain the fact, he looked over his shoulder, but before he discovered the Indian giving chase, he ran with such violence against a tree, that he fell, stunned by the shock, and lay powerless and insensible. In this situation he was secured with a cord, and when he revived was taken back to the place where the Indians had Hellen in confinement, and where lay the lifeless body of Brown. They then set off to their towns, taking with them a horse which belonged to Hellen.

When they had approached near enough to be distinctly heard, Logan (as is usual with them after a successful scout) gave the scalp halloo, and several warriors came out to meet them, and conducted the prisoners into the village. Here they passed through the accustomed ceremony of running the gauntlet, but with far different fortunes. Robinson, having been previously instructed by Logan (who from the time he made him his prisoner, manifested a kindly feeling towards him), made his way, with but little interruption, to the council house; but poor Hellen, from the decrepitude of age and his ignorance of the fact that it was a place of refuge, was sadly beaten before he arrived at it; and when he at length came near enough, he was knocked down with a war-club before he could enter. After he had fallen, they continued to beat and strike him with such unmerciful severity that he would assuredly have fallen a victim to their barbarous usage, but that Robinson (at some peril for the interference) reached forth his hand and drew him within the sanctuary. When he had, however, recovered from the effects of the violent beating which he had received, he was relieved from the apprehension of farther suffering, by being adopted into an Indian family.

A council was next convoked to resolve on the fate of Robinson, and then arose in his breast feelings of the most anxious disquietude. Logan assured him that he should not be killed; but the council determined that he should die, and he was tied to the stake. Logan then addressed them, and with much vehemence insisted that Robinson too should be spared; and had the eloquence displayed on that occasion been less than Logan is believed to have possessed, it is by no means wonderful that he appeared to Robinson (as he afterwards said) the most powerful orator he ever heard. But commanding as his eloquence might have been, it seems not to have prevailed with the council; for Logan had to interpose otherwise than by argument or entreaty, to succeed in the attainment of his object. Enraged at the pertinacity with which the life of Robinson was sought to be

taken, and reckless of the consequences, he drew the tomahawk from his belt, and severing the cords which bound the devoted victim to the stake, led him in triumph to the cabin of an old squaw, by whom he was immediately adopted.

After this, so long as Logan remained in the town where Robinson was, he was kind and attentive to him; and preparing to go again to war, got him to write the letter which was afterwards found on Holstein at the house of a Mr. Robertson, whose family were all murdered by the Indians. Robinson remained with his adopted mother until he was redeemed under the treaty concluded at the close of the Dunmore campaign.

When information of the hostile deportment of the Indians was carried to Williamsburg, Col. Charles Lewis sent a messenger with the intelligence to Captain John Stuart, and requesting of him to apprise the inhabitants on the Greenbrier river that an immediate war was anticipated, and to send out scouts to watch the warrior's paths beyond the settlements. The vigilance and activity of Capt. Stuart were exerted with some success, to prevent the re-exhibition of those scenes which had been previously witnessed on Muddy creek and in the Big Levels, but they could not avail to repress them altogether.

In the course of the preceding spring, some few individuals had begun to make improvements on the Kenhawa river below the Great Falls, and some land adventurers to examine and survey portions of the adjoining country. To these men Capt. Stuart despatched an express, to inform them that apprehensions were entertained of immediate irruptions being made upon the frontiers by the Indians, and advising them to remove from the position which they then occupied, as from its exposed situation, without great vigilance and alertness, they must fall a prey to the savages.

When the express arrived at the cabin of Walter Kelly, twelve miles below the falls, Capt. John Field of Culpepper (who had been in active service during the French war, and who was then engaged in making surveys), was there with a young Scotchman and a negro woman. Kelly, with great prudence, directly sent his family to Greenbrier, under the care of a younger brother. But Capt. Field, considering the apprehension as groundless, determined on remaining with Kelly. Left with no persons but the Scotchman and negro, they were not long permitted to doubt the reality of those dangers of which they had been forewarned by Captain Stuart.

Soon after Kelly's family had left the cabin, and while yet within hearing of it, a party of Indians approached, unperceived, near to Kelly and Field, who were engaged in drawing leather from a tan trough in the yard. The first intimation which Field had of their approach was the discharge of several guns, and the fall of Kelly. He then ran towards the house to get possession of a gun, but recollecting that it was unloaded, he changed his course and sprang into a corn-field which screened him from the observation of the Indians, who, supposing that he had taken shelter in the cabin, rushed immediately

into it. Here they found the Scotchman and the negro woman, the latter of whom they killed, and making prisoner of the young man, returned and scalped Kelly.

When Kelly's family reached the Greenbrier settlement, they mentioned their fears for the fate of those whom they had left on the Kenhawa, not doubting but that the guns which they heard soon after leaving the house had been discharged at them by Indians. Captain Stuart, with admirable promptitude, exerted himself effectually to raise a volunteer corps, and proceed to the scene of action, with the view of ascertaining whether the Indians had been there, and if they had, and he could meet with them, to endeavor to punish them for the outrage, and thus prevent the repetition of similar acts of violence.

They had not, however, gone far, before they were met by Capt. Field, whose appearance of itself fully told the tale of woe. He had run upwards of eighty miles, naked except his shirt, and without food; his body nearly exhausted by fatigue, anxiety and hunger, and his limbs grievously lacerated with briars and brush. Captain Stuart, fearing lest the success of the Indians might induce them to push immediately for the settlements, thought proper to return and prepare for that event.

In a few weeks after this, another party of Indians came to the settlement on Muddy creek, and as if a certain fatality attended the Kelly's, they alone fell victims to the incursion. As the daughter of Walter Kelly was walking with her uncle (who had conducted the family from the Kenhawa) some distance from the house, which had been converted into a temporary fort, and in which they lived, they were discovered and fired upon; the latter was killed and scalped, and the former, being overtaken in her flight, was carried into captivity.

After the murder of Brown, and the taking of Hellen and Robinson, the inhabitants on the Monongahela and its upper branches, alarmed for their safety, retired into forts. But in the ensuing September, as Josiah Pricket and Mrs. Susan Ox, who had left Pricket's fort for the purpose of driving up their cows, were returning in the evening, they were waylaid by a party of Indians, who had been drawn to the path by the tinkling of the cow bell. Pricket was killed and scalped and Mrs. Ox taken prisoner.

It was in the course of this season, that Lewis Wetsel first gave promise of that daring and discretion, which were so fully developed in his maturer years, and which rendered him among the most fortunate and successful of Indian combatants. When about fourteen years old, he and his brother Jacob, (still younger) were discovered some distance from the house, by a party of Indians, who had been prowling through the settlements on the Ohio river, with the expectation of fortunately meeting with some opportunity of taking scalps or making prisoners. As the boys were at some distance from them, and in a situation too open to admit of their being approached without perceiving those who should advance towards them, the Indians determined on shooting the larger one, lest his greater activity might

enable him to escape. A shot was accordingly discharged at him, which, partially taking effect and removing a portion of his breast-bone, so far deprived him of his wonted powers, that he was easily overtaken; and both he and his brother were made prisoners. The Indians immediately directed their steps towards their towns, and having travelled about twenty miles beyond the Ohio river, encamped at the Big Lick, on the waters of McMahon's creek, on the second night after they had set off. When they had finished eating, the Indians laid down, without confining the boys as on the preceding night, and soon fell asleep. After making some little movements to test the soundness of their repose, Lewis whispered to his brother that he must get up and go home with him; and after some hesitation on the part of Jacob, they arose and set off. Upon getting about one hundred yards from the camp, Lewis stopped, and telling his brother to wait there, returned to the camp and brought from thence a pair of moccasins for each of them. He then observed that he would again go back and get his father's gun; this he soon effected, and they then commenced their journey home. The moon shining brightly, they were easily able to distinguish the trail which they had made in going out; but had not, however, pursued it far, before they heard the Indians coming in pursuit of them. So soon as Lewis perceived by the sound of their voices that they were approaching tolerably near to them, he led his brother aside from the path, and squatting down, concealed themselves till their pursuers had passed them, when they again commenced travelling and in the rear of the Indians. Not overtaking the boys as soon as was expected, those who had been sent after them, began to retrace their steps. Expecting this, the boys were watchful of every noise or object before them, and when they heard the Indians returning, again secreted themselves in the bushes, and escaped observation. They were then followed by two of the party who had made them prisoners, on horseback, but by practising the same stratagem they eluded them also, and on the next day reached the Ohio river opposite to Wheeling. Apprehensive that it would be dangerous to apprize those on the opposite side of the river of their situation, by hallooing, Lewis set himself to work as silently and yet as expeditiously as possible, and with the aid of his little brother, soon completed a raft on which they safely crossed the Ohio, and made their way home.

That persons should by going out from the forts when the Indians were so generally watching around them expose themselves to captivity or death, may at first appear very strange, but when the tedious confinement, which they were compelled to undergo—the absence of the comforts and frequently of the necessaries of life, coupled with an overweening attachment to forest scenes and forest pastimes, is considered, it will perhaps be matter of greater astonishment that they did not more frequently forego the security of a fortress for the uncertain enjoyment of those comforts and necessaries, and the doubtful gratification of this attachment. Accustomed as they had been “free to come and free to go,” they could not brook the restraint under

which they were placed; and rather than chafe and pine in unwilling confinement, would incur hazard, that they might revel at large and wanton in the wilderness. Deriving their sustenance chiefly from the woods, the strong arm of necessity led many to tempt the perils which environed them, while to the more chivalric and adventurous "the danger's self were lure alone." The quiet and stillness which reigned around, even when the enemy were lurking nearest and in greatest numbers, inspired many too, with the delusive hope of exemption from risk, not unfrequently the harbinger of fatal consequences. It seemed, indeed, impracticable at first to realize the existence of a danger which could not be perceived, and not until taught by reiterated suffering did they properly appreciate the perilous situation of those who ventured beyond the walls of their forts. But this state of things was of short duration. The preparations which were necessary to be made for the projected campaign into the Indian country were completed, and to resist this threatened invasion, required the concentrated exertions of all their warriors.

The army destined for this expedition, was composed of volunteers and militia, chiefly from the counties west of the Blue Ridge, and consisted of two divisions. The northern division, comprehending the troops collected in Frederick, Dunmore, (now Shenandoah) and the adjacent counties, was to be commanded by Lord Dunmore, in person; and the southern, comprising the different companies raised in Bottetourt, Augusta, and the adjoining counties east of the Blue Ridge, was to be led on by Gen. Andrew Lewis. These two divisions, proceeding by different routes, were to form a junction at the mouth of the Big Kenhawa, and from thence penetrate the country north-west of the Ohio river, as far as the season would admit of their going, and destroy all the Indian towns and villages which they could reach.

About the first of September, the troops placed under the command of Gen. Lewis rendezvoused at Camp Union (now Lewisburg) and consisted of two regiments, commanded by Col. William Fleming of Bottetourt and Col. Charles Lewis, of Augusta, and containing about four hundred men each. At Camp Union they were joined by an independent volunteer company under Col. John Field of Culpepper; a company from Bedford under Capt. Buford, and two from the Holstein settlement (now Washington county) under Capt. Evan, Shelby and Herbert. These three latter companies were part of the forces to be led on by Col. Christian, who was likewise to join the two main divisions of the army at Point Pleasant, so soon as the other companies of his regiment could be assembled. The force under General Lewis, having been thus augmented to eleven hundred men, commenced its march for the mouth of Kenhawa on the 11th of September, 1774.

From Camp Union to the point proposed for the junction of the northern and southern divisions of the army, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, the intermediate country was a trackless forest, so rugged and mountainous as to render the progress of the army at

once tedious and laborious. Under the guidance of Capt. Matthew Arbuckle, they however succeeded in reaching the Ohio river after a march of nineteen days, and fixed their encampment on the point of land immediately between that river and the Big Kenhawa. The provisions and ammunition, transported on pack-horses, and the beeves in droves, arrived soon after.

When the army was preparing to leave Camp Union, there was for a while some reluctance manifested on the part of Col. Field to submit to the command of Gen. Lewis. This proceeded from the fact, that in a former military service he had been the senior of Gen. Lewis, and from the circumstance that the company led on by him were Independent Volunteers, not raised in pursuance of the orders of Governor Dunmore, but brought into the field by his own exertions, after his escape from the Indians at Kelly's. These circumstances induced him to separate his men from the main body of the army on its march, and to take a different way from the one pursued by it—depending on his own knowledge of the country to lead them a practicable route to the river.

While thus detached from the forces under Gen. Lewis, two of his men (Clay and Coward) who were out hunting and at some little distance from each other, came near to where two Indians were concealed. Seeing Clay only, and supposing him to be alone, one of them fired at him, and running up to scalp him as he fell, was himself shot by Coward, who was then about one hundred yards off. The other Indian ran off unharmed, and made his escape. A bundle of ropes found where Clay was killed, induced the belief that it was the object of these Indians to steal horses; it is not, however, improbable that they had been observing the progress of the army, and endeavoring to ascertain its numbers. Col. Field, fearing that he might encounter a party of the enemy in ambush, redoubled his vigilance till he again joined General Lewis, and the utmost concert and harmony then prevailed in the whole army.

When the Southern division arrived at Point Pleasant, Governor Dunmore with the forces under his command, had not reached there, and unable to account for his failure to form the preconcerted junction at that place, it was deemed advisable to await that event, as by so doing, a better opportunity would be afforded to Col. Christian of coming up with that portion of the army which was then with him. Meanwhile Gen. Lewis, to learn the cause of the delay of the Northern division, despatched runners by land in the direction of Fort Pitt, to obtain tidings of Lord Dunmore, and to communicate them to him immediately. In their absence, however, advices were received from his Lordship that he had determined on proceeding across the country directly to the Shawanee towns, and ordering General Lewis to cross the river, march forward and form a junction with him near to them. These advices were received on the 9th of October, and preparations were immediately commenced for the transportation of the troops over the Ohio river.

Early on the morning of Monday the 10th of that month, two

soldiers left the camp and proceeded up the Ohio river in quest of deer. When they had progressed about two miles, they unexpectedly came in sight of a large number of Indians, rising from their encampment, and who, discovering the two hunters, fired upon them and killed one; the other escaped unhurt, and running to the camp, communicated the intelligence, "that he had seen a body of the enemy, covering four acres of ground as closely as they could stand by the side of each other." The main part of the army was immediately ordered out under Colonels Charles Lewis,* and William Fleming, and having formed into two lines they proceeded about four hundred yards, when they met the Indians and the action commenced.

At the first onset, Colonel Charles Lewis having fallen, and Colonel Fleming being wounded, both lines gave way and were retreating briskly towards the camp, when they were met by a reinforcement under Colonel Field,† and rallied. The engagement then became general, and was sustained with the most obstinate fury on both sides. The Indians perceiving that the "tug of war" had come, and determined on affording the colonial army no chance of escape, if victory should declare for them, formed a line extending across the point, from the Ohio to the Kenhawa, and protected in front by logs and fallen timber. In this situation they maintained the contest with unabated vigor from sunrise till towards the close of evening, bravely and successfully resisting every charge which was made on them, and withstanding the impetuosity of every onset, with the most invincible firmness, until a fortunate movement on the part of the Virginia troops, decided the day.

Some short distance above the entrance of the Kenhawa river into Ohio, there is a stream, called Crooked creek, emptying into the former of these, from the north-east, whose banks are tolerably high, and were then covered with a thick and luxuriant growth of weeds. Seeing the impracticability of dislodging the Indians by the most vigorous attack, and sensible of the great danger which must arise to his army if the contest were not decided before night, General Lewis detached the three companies which were commanded by Captains Isaac Shelby, George Matthews, and John Stuart, with orders to proceed up the Kenhawa river, and Crooked creek; under cover of the banks and weeds, till they should pass some distance beyond the enemy, when they were to emerge from their covert, march downward

*Few officers were ever more, or more deservedly, endeared to those under their command than Col. Charles Lewis. In the many skirmishes, which it was his fortune to have with the Indians, he was uncommonly successful; and in the various scenes of life through which he passed, his conduct was invariably marked by the distinguishing characteristics of a mind of no ordinary stamp. His early fall on this bloody field, was severely felt during the whole engagement; and to it has been attributed the partial advantages gained by the Indian army near the commencement of the action. When the fatal ball struck him, he fell at the root of a tree, from whence he was carried to his tent, against his wish, by Capt. Wm. Morrow and a Mr. Bailey, of Capt. Paul's company, and died in a few hours afterwards. In remembrance of his great worth, the Legislature named the county of Lewis after him.

†An active, enterprising and meritorious officer, who had been in service in Braddock's war, and profited by his experience of the Indian mode of fighting. His death checked for a time the ardor of his troops, and spread a gloom over the countenances of those who had accompanied him on this campaign.

toward the point and attack the Indians in their rear. The manœuvre thus planned was promptly executed, and gave a decided victory to the colonial army. The Indians finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly encompassed between two armies, and not doubting but that in their rear was the looked for reinforcement under Col. Christian, soon gave way, and about sundown commenced a precipitate retreat across the Ohio to their towns on the Scioto.

Some short time after the battle had ended, Col. Christian arrived with the troops which he had collected in the settlements on the Holstein, and relieved the anxiety of many who were disposed to believe the retreat of the Indians to be only a feint, and that an attack would be again speedily made by them, strengthened and reinforced by those of the enemy who had been observed during the engagement on the opposite side of the Ohio and Kenhawa rivers. But these had been most probably stationed there, in anticipation of victory, to prevent the Virginia troops from effecting a retreat across those rivers, (the only possible chance of escape, had they been overpowered by the enemy in their front) and the loss sustained by the Indians was too great, and the prospect of a better fortune too gloomy and unpromising, for them to enter again into an engagement. Dispirited by the bloody repulse with which they had met, they hastened to their towns, better disposed to purchase security from farther hostilities by negotiation, than risk another battle with an army whose strength and prowess they had already tested and found superior to their own. The victory indeed, was decisive, and many advantages were obtained by it; but they were not cheaply bought. The Virginia army sustained, in this engagement, a loss of seventy-five killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. About one-fifth of the entire number of the troops.

Among the slain were Colonels Lewis and Field; Captains Buford, Morrow, Wood, Cundiff, Wilson, and Robert McClannahan; and Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby and Dillon, with some other subalterns. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained. On the morning after the action, Colonel Christian marched his men over the battleground and found twenty-one of the Indians lying dead; and twelve others were afterwards discovered, where an attempt had been made to conceal them under some old logs and brush.

From the great facility with which the Indians either carry off or conceal their dead, it is always difficult to ascertain the number of their slain, and hence arises, in some measure, the disparity between their known loss and that sustained by their opponents in battle.— Other reasons for this disparity are to be found in their peculiar mode of warfare, and in the fact that they rarely continue a contest when it has to be maintained with the loss of their warriors. It would not be easy otherwise to account for the circumstance that even when signally vanquished the list of their slain does not, frequently, appear more than half as great as that of the victors. In this particular instance, many of the dead were certainly thrown into the river.

Nor could the number of the enemy engaged be ever ascertained.

Their army is known to have been composed of warriors from the different nations north of the Ohio, and to have comprised the flower of the Shawanee, Delaware, Mingo, Wyandotte, and Cayuga tribes, led on by men whose names were not unknown to fame, and at the head of whom was Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawanese, and king of the Northern confederacy.

This distinguished chief and consummate warrior proved himself on that day to be justly entitled to the prominent station which he occupied. His plan of alternate retreat and attack was well conceived, and occasioned the principal loss sustained by the whites. If at any time his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of arms exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be strong! Be strong!" and when one near him, by trepidation and reluctance to proceed to the charge, evinced a dastardly disposition, fearing the example might have a pernicious influence, with one blow of the tomahawk he severed his skull. It was, perhaps, a solitary instance in which terror predominated. Never did men exhibit more decisive evidence of bravery in making a charge, and fortitude in withstanding an onset, than did these undisciplined soldiers of the forest in the field at Point Pleasant. Such, too, was the good conduct of those who composed the army of Virginia, on that occasion, and such the noble bravery of many, that high expectations were entertained of their future distinction. Nor were those expectations disappointed. In the various scenes through which they subsequently passed, the pledge of after eminence then given was fully redeemed, and the names of Shelby, Campbell, Matthews, Fleming, Moore, and others, their compatriots in arms on the memorable 10th of October, 1774, have been inscribed in brilliant characters on the roll of fame.

Having buried the dead, and made every arrangement of which their situation admitted, for the comfort of the wounded, entrenchments were thrown up, and the army commenced its march to form a junction with the northern division, under Lord Dunmore. Proceeding by the way of the Salt Licks, General Lewis pressed forward with astonishing rapidity, (considering that the march was through a trackless desert,) but before he had gone far, an express arrived from Dunmore, with orders to return immediately to the mouth of the Big Kenhawa. Suspecting the integrity of his lordship's motives, and urged by the advice of his officers generally, General Lewis refused to obey these orders, and continued to advance till he was met (at Kilkenny creek, and in sight of an Indian village, which its inhabitants had just fired and deserted) by the Governor, accompanied by White Eyes, who informed him that he was negotiating a treaty of peace which would supersede the necessity of the further movement of the Southern division, and repeating the order for its retreat.

The army under General Lewis had endured many privations and suffered many hardships. They had encountered a savage enemy in great force, and purchased a victory with the blood of their friends.

When arrived near to the goal of their anxious wishes, and with nothing to prevent the accomplishment of the object of the campaign, they received those orders with evident chagrin, and did not obey them without murmuring. Having, at his own request, been introduced severally to the officers of that division, complimenting them for their gallantry and good conduct in the late engagement, and assuring them of his high esteem, Lord Dunmore returned to his camp, and General Lewis commenced his retreat.

If before the opening of this campaign the belief was prevalent that to the conduct of emissaries from Great Britain, because of the contest then waging between her and her American colonies, the Indian depredations of that year were mainly attributable, that belief had become more general and had received strong confirmation from the more portentous aspect which that contest had assumed prior to the battle at Point Pleasant. The destruction of the tea at Boston had taken place in the March preceding. The *Boston Port Bill*, the signal for actual conflict between the colonies and mother country, had been received early in May. The House of Burgesses in Virginia, being in session at the time, recommended that the first of June, the day on which that bill was to go into operation, be observed throughout the colony "as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, imploring the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to their civil rights, and the evils of a civil war." In consequence of this recommendation and its accompanying resolutions, the Governor had dissolved the Assembly. The Legislature of Massachusetts had likewise passed declaratory resolutions, expressive of their sense of the state of public affairs and the designs of Parliament, and which led to their dissolution also. The committee of correspondence at Boston, had framed and promulgated an agreement which induced Governor Gage to issue a proclamation, denouncing it as "an unlawful, hostile and traitorous combination, contrary to the allegiance due to the King, destructive of the legal authority of Parliament, and of the peace, good order and safety of the community," and requiring of the magistrates to apprehend and bring to trial all such as should be in any wise guilty of them. A Congress, composed of delegates from the different colonies, and convened for the purpose "of uniting and guiding the councils and directing the efforts of North America," had opened its session on the 4th of September. In fine, the various elements of that tempest which soon after overspread the thirteen united colonies, had been already developed, and were rapidly concentrating, before the orders for the retreat of the Southern division of the army were issued by Lord Dunmore. How far these were dictated by a spirit of hostility to the cause of the colonies, and of subservience to the interests of Great Britain, in the approaching contest, may be inferred from his conduct during the whole campaign, and the course pursued by him on his return to the seat of government. If indeed there existed (as has been supposed) between the Indians and the Governor from the time of his arrival with the Northern Division of the army at Fort Pitt, a secret and friendly under-

standing, looking to the almost certain result of the commotions which were agitating America, then was the battle at Point Pleasant virtually the first in the series of those brilliant achievements which burst the bonds of British tyranny; and the blood of Virginia, there nobly shed, was the first blood spilled in the sacred cause of American liberty.

It has been already seen that Lord Dunmore failed to form a junction with General Lewis, at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, agreeably to the plan for the campaign, as concerted at Williamsburg by the commanding officer of each division. No reason for changing the direction of his march appears to have been assigned by him, and others were left to infer his motives altogether from circumstances.

While at Fort Pitt, Lord Dunmore was joined by the notorious Simon Girty, who accompanied him from thence till the close of the expedition. The subsequent conduct of this man, his attachment to the side of Great Britain, in her attempts to fasten the yoke of slavery upon the necks of the American people—his withdrawal from the garrison at Fort Pitt while commissioners were there for the purpose of concluding a treaty with the Indians, as was stipulated in the agreement made with them by Dunmore—the exerting of his influence over them, to prevent the chiefs from attending there, and to win them to the cause of England—his ultimate joining the savages in the war which (very much from his instigation) they waged against the border settlements, soon after—the horrid cruelties and fiendish tortures inflicted on unfortunate white captives by his orders and connivance—all combined to form an exact counterpart to the subsequent conduct of Lord Dunmore when exciting the negroes to join the British standard—plundering the property of those who were attached to the cause of liberty—and applying the brand of conflagration to the most flourishing town in Virginia.

At Wheeling, as they were descending the river, the army delayed some days; and while proceeding from thence to form a junction with the division under General Lewis, was joined, near the mouth of the little Kenhawa, by the noted John Connolly, of great fame as a tory.

Of this man, Lord Dunmore thence forward became an intimate associate, and while encamped at the mouth of Hock Hocking, seemed to make him his confidential adviser. It was here, too, only seventy miles distant from the head quarters of General Lewis, that it was determined to leave the boats and canoes and proceed by land to the Chillicothe towns.

The messengers despatched by Lord Dunmore to apprise the lower army of this change of determination, were Indian traders, one of whom being asked if he supposed the Indians would venture to give battle to the superior force of the whites, replied that they certainly would, and that Lewis' division would soon see his prediction verified. This was on the day previous to the engagement. On the return of these men, on the evening of the same day, they must have seen the Indian army which made the attack on the next morning;

and the belief was general on the day of battle, that they had communicated to the Indians the present strength and expected reinforcement of the southern division. It has also been said, that on the evening of the 10th of October, while Dunmore, Connoly and one or two others were walking together, his Lordship remarked, "by this time General Lewis has warm work."

The acquaintance formed by the Governor with Connoly, in the ensuing summer was further continued, and at length ripened into one of the most iniquitous conspiracies that ever disgraced civilized man.

In July, 1775, Connoly presented himself to Lord Dunmore with proposals well calculated to gain the favor of the exasperated Governor, and between them a plan was soon formed which seemed to promise the most certain success. Assurances of ample rewards from Lord Dunmore were transmitted to such officers of the militia on the frontiers of Virginia as were believed to be friendly to the royal cause, on putting themselves under the command of Connoly, whose influence with the Indians was to ensure their co-operation against the friends of America. To perfect this scheme, it was necessary to communicate with General Gage, and about the middle of September, Connoly, with despatches from Dunmore, set off for Boston, and in the course of a few weeks returned, with instructions from the Governor of Massachusetts, which developed their whole plan. Connoly was invested with the rank of Colonel of a regiment, (to be raised among those on the frontiers, who favored the cause of Great Britain,) with which he was to proceed forthwith to Detroit, where he was to receive a considerable reinforcement and be supplied with cannon, muskets and ammunition. He was then to visit the different Indian nations, enlist them in the projected enterprise, and rendezvous his whole force at Fort Pitt. From thence he was to cross the Alleghany mountain, and marching through Virginia join Lord Dunmore, on the 20th of the ensuing April, at Alexandria.

This scheme, (the execution of which would at once have laid waste a considerable portion of Virginia, and ultimately, perhaps, nearly the whole State,) was frustrated by the taking of Connoly, and all the particulars of it made known. This development served to shew the villainous connexion existing between Dunmore and Connoly, and to corroborate the suspicion of General Lewis and many of his officers, that the conduct of the former, during the campaign of 1774, was dictated by any thing else than the interest and well-being of the colony of Virginia.

This suspicion was farther strengthened by the readiness with which Lord Dunmore embraced the overtures of peace, and the terms on which a treaty was concluded with them; while the encamping of his army, without entrenchments, in the heart of the Indian country, and in the immediate adjacency of the combined forces of the Indian nations of Ohio, would indicate that there must have been a friendly understanding between him and them. To have relied solely on the bravery and good conduct of his troops would have been the height of imprudence. His army was less than that which had been

scarcely delivered from the fury of a body of savages inferior in number to the one with which he would have had to contend, and it would have been folly in him to suppose that he could achieve with a smaller force what required the utmost exertions of General Lewis and his brave officers to effect with a greater one.

When the Northern division of the army resumed its march for Chilicothe, it left the greater part of its provisions in a block house which had been erected during its stay at the mouth of the Hockhocking, under the care of Captain Froman with a small party of troops to garrison it. On the third day after it left Fort Gore (the block-house at the mouth of Hockhocking) a white man by the name of Elliot came to Governor Dunmore, with a request from the Indians that he would withdraw the army from their country and appoint commissioners to meet their chiefs at Pittsburg to confer about the terms of a treaty. To this request a reply was given, that the Governor was well inclined to make peace, and was willing that hostilities should cease; but as he was then so near their towns, and all the chiefs of the different nations were at that time with the army, it would be more convenient to negotiate then, than at a future period. He then named a place at which he would encamp and listen to their proposals, and immediately despatched a courier to General Lewis with orders for his return.

The Indian spies reporting that General Lewis had disregarded these orders, and was still marching rapidly towards their towns, the Indians became apprehensive of the result, and one of their chiefs (the White Eyes) waited on Lord Dunmore in person, and complained that the "Long Knives" were coming upon them and would destroy all their towns. Dunmore then, in company with White Eyes, visited the camp of General Lewis, and prevailed with him, as we have seen, to return across the Ohio.

In a few days after this, the Northern division of the army approached within eight miles of Chilicothe, and encamped on the plain, at the place appointed for the chiefs to meet, without entrenchments or breast-works, or any protection, save the vigilance of the sentinels and the bravery of the troops. On the third day from the halting of the army, eight chiefs, with Cornstalk at their head, came into camp; and when the interpreters made known who Cornstalk was, Lord Dunmore addressed them, and, from a written memorandum, recited the various infractions, on the part of the Indians, of former treaties, and different murders unprovokedly committed by them. To all this Cornstalk replied, mixing a good deal of recrimination with the defence of his red brethren; and when he had concluded, a time was specified when the chiefs of the different nations should come in, and proceed to the negotiation of a treaty.

Before the arrival of that period, Cornstalk came alone to the camp, and acquainted the Governor that none of the Mingoes would attend, and that he was apprehensive there could not a full council be convened. Dunmore then requested that he would convoke as many chiefs of the other nations as he could, and bring them to the

council fire without delay, as he was anxious to close the war at once, and that if this could not be effected peaceably, he should be forced to resume hostilities. Meantime, two interpreters were despatched to Logan, by Lord Dunmore, requesting his attendance;—but Logan replied, that “he was a warrior, not a councillor, and would not come.”*

On the night after the return of the interpreters to Camp Charlotte, (the name of Dunmore’s encampment) Major William Crawford, with three hundred men, left the main army about midnight, on an excursion against a small Mingo village, not far off. Arriving there before day, the detachment surrounded the town; and on the first coming out of the Indians from their huts, there was some little firing on the part of the whites, by which one squaw and a man were killed—the others, about twenty in number, were all made prisoners and taken to the camp, where they remained until the conclusion of a treaty. Everything about the village indicated an intention of their speedily deserting it.

Shortly after, Cornstalk and two other chiefs made their appearance at Camp Charlotte, and entered into a negotiation, which soon terminated in an agreement to forbear all farther hostilities against each other—to give up the prisoners then held by them, and to attend at Pittsburg, with as many of the Indian chiefs as could be prevailed on to meet the commissioners from Virginia, in the ensuing summer, where a treaty was to be concluded and ratified—Dunmore requiring hostages, to guarantee the performance of those stipulations on the part of the Indians.

If in the battle at Point Pleasant, Cornstalk manifested the bravery and generalship of a mighty captain, in the negotiations at Camp Charlotte he displayed the skill of a statesman, joined to powers of oratory rarely if ever surpassed. With the most patriotic devotion to his country, and in a strain of most commanding eloquence, he recapitulated the accumulated wrongs which had oppressed their fathers, and which were oppressing them. Sketching in lively colors the once happy and powerful condition of the Indians, he placed in striking contrast their present fallen fortunes and unhappy destiny.—Exclaiming against the perfidiousness of the whites, and the dishonesty of the traders, he proposed as the basis of a treaty, that no persons should be permitted to carry on a commerce with the Natives for individual profit, but that their white brother should send them such articles as they needed, by the hands of honest men, who were

*Colonel Benjamin Wilson, Sen., (then an officer in Dunmore’s army, and whose narrative of the campaign furnished the facts which are here detailed) says that he conversed freely with one of the interpreters (Nicholson) in regard to the mission to Logan, and that neither from the interpreter, nor any other one during the campaign, did he hear of the charge preferred in Logan’s speech against Captain Cresap, as being engaged in the affair at Yellow creek. Captain Cresap was an officer in the division of the army under Lord Dunmore; and it would seem strange, indeed, if Logan’s speech had been made public, at Camp Charlotte, and neither he, (who was so materially interested in it, and could at once have proved the falsehood of the allegation which it contained,) nor Colonel Wilson, (who was present during the whole conference between Lord Dunmore and the Indian chiefs, and at the time when the speeches were delivered sat immediately behind and close to Dunmore,) should have heard nothing of it until years after.

to exchange them at a fair price for their skins and furs, and that no spirit of any kind should be sent among them, as from the "fire-water" of the whites proceeded evil to the Indians.*

This truly great man is said to have been opposed to the war from its commencement, and to have proposed on the eve of the battle at Point Pleasant to send in a flag and make overtures for peace; but this proposal was overruled by the general voice of the chiefs.—When a council was first held after the defeat of the Indians, Cornstalk, reminding them of their late ill success, and that the Long Knives were still pressing on them, asked what should be then done. But no one answered. Rising again, he proposed that the women and children should be all killed, and that the warriors should go out and fight until they too were slain. Still no one answered. Then, said he, striking his tomahawk into the council post, "I will go and make peace." This was done, and the war of 1774 concluded.

Upon the close of the campaign of 1774, there succeeded a short period of perfect quiet and of undisturbed repose from savage invasion along the borders of North-Western Virginia. The decisive battle of the 10th of October, repressed incursion for a time, and taught those implacable enemies of her citizens their utter inability, alone and unaided, to maintain a contest of arms against the superior power of Virginia. They saw that in any future conflict with this colony, her belligerent operations would no longer be confined to the mere purposes of defence, but that war would be waged in their own country, and their own towns become the theatre of its action. Had the leading objects of the Dunmore campaign been fully accomplished—had the contemplated junction of the different divisions of the army taken place—had its combined forces extended their march into the Indian territory and effected the proposed reduction of the Chillicothe and other towns on the Scioto and Sandusky, it would have been long indeed before the frontier settlements became exposed to savage inroad. A failure to effect these things, however, left the Indians comparatively at liberty, and prepared to renew invasion and revive their cruel and bloody deeds, whenever a savage thirst for vengeance should incite them to action, and the prospect of achieving them with impunity be open before them. In the then situation of our country, this prospect was soon presented to them.

The contest between Great Britain and her American colonies, which had been for some time carried on with increasing warmth, was ripening rapidly into war. The events of every day more and more confirmed the belief that the "*unconditional submission*" of the colonies was the object of the parent State, and that to accomplish this, she was prepared to desolate the country by a civil war, and

*In remarking on the appearance and manner of Cornstalk, while speaking, Col. Wilson says, "When he arose, he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis. His looks while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive.—I have heard the first orators in Virginia, Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk on that occasion."

imbue her hands in the blood of its citizens. This state of things the Indians knew would favor the consummation of their hopes.— Virginia, having to apply her physical strength to the repulsion of other enemies, could not be expected to extend her protectingegis over the remote and insulated settlements on her borders. These would have to depend on themselves alone for resistance to ruthless irruption and exemption from total annihilation. The Indians well knew the weakness of those settlements and their consequent incapacity to vie in open conflict with the overwhelming force of their savage foes, and their hereditary resentment to the whites prompted them to take advantage of that weakness to wreak this resentment and involve them once more in hostilities.

Other circumstances, too, combined in their operation to produce this result. The plan of Lord Dunmore and others to induce the Indians to co-operate with the English in reducing Virginia to subjection, and defeated by the detection and apprehension of Connolly, was soon after resumed on a more extensive scale. British agents were busily engaged from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, in endeavoring, by immediate presents and the promise of future reward, to excite the savages to a war upon the western frontiers. To accomplish this object, no means which were likely to be of any avail were neglected to be used. Gratified resentment and the certainty of plunder were held up to view as present consequences of this measure; and the expulsion of the whites, and the repossession, by the Natives, of the country from which their fathers had been ejected, as its ultimate result. Less cogent motives might have enlisted them on the side of Great Britain. These were too strong to be resisted by them, and too powerful to be counteracted by any course of conduct which the colonies could observe towards them, and they became ensnared by the delusive bait, and the insidious promises which accompanied it.

There were in the colonies, too, many persons who, from principle or fear, were still attached to the cause of Great Britain, and who not only did not sanction the opposition of their country to the supremacy of Parliament, but were willing in any wise to lend their aid to the royal cause. Some of those disaffected Americans, (as they were at first denominated) who resided on the frontiers, foreseeing the attachment of the Indians to the side of Britain, and apprehensive that in their inroads the friends as well as the enemies of that country might, from the difficulty of discriminating, be exposed to savage fury; and, at the same time, sensible that they had become obnoxious to a majority of their neighbors who were perhaps too much inclined to practise summary modes of punishment, sought a refuge among the Indians from those impending evils. In some instances, these persons were under the influence of the most rancorous and vindictive passions, and when once with the savages, strove to infuse those passions into their breasts, and stimulate them to the repetition of those enormities which had previously so terribly annoyed the inhabitants of the different frontiers. Thus wrought

upon, their inculcated enmity to the Anglo-Americans generally, roused them to action, and the dissonant notes of the war song resounded in their villages. For a while indeed they refrained from hostilities against North-Western Virginia. It was, however, but to observe the progress of passing events, that they might act against the mountain borders simultaneously with the British on the Atlantic coast, as a premature movement on their part might, while Virginia was yet at liberty to bear down upon them with concentrated forces, bring upon their towns the destruction which had so appallingly threatened them after the battle at Point Pleasant.

But though the inhabitants on the Virginia frontiers enjoyed a momentary respite from savage warfare, yet were the Indians not wholly unemployed in deeds of aggression. The first attempt to occupy Kentucky, had been the signal of hostilities in 1774; and the renewed endeavors to form establishments in it, in 1775, induced their continuance, and brought on those who were engaged in effecting them all the horrors of savage warfare.

Upon the close of the campaign under Lord Dunmore, Kentucky became more generally known. James Harrod, with those who had associated themselves with him in making a settlement in that country and aided in the erection of the fort at Harrodsburg, joined the army of General Lewis at Point Pleasant; and when, after the treaty of Camp Charlotte, the army was disbanded, many of the soldiers and some of the officers, enticed by the description given of it by Harrod, returned to South Western Virginia through that country.—The result of their examination of it induced many to migrate thither immediately, and in 1775, families began to take up their residence in it.

At that time the only white persons residing in Kentucky were those at Harrod's fort, and for a while emigrants to that country established themselves in its immediate vicinity that they might derive protection from its walls from the marauding irruptions of Indians.—Two other establishments were, however, soon made, and became, as well as Harrod's, rallying points for land adventurers, and for many of those whose enterprising spirits led them to make their home in that wilderness. The first of these was that at Boonsborough, and which was made under the superintendence of Daniel Boone.

The prospect of amassing great wealth, by the purchase of a large body of land from the Indians for a comparatively trifling consideration, induced some gentlemen in North Carolina to form a company, and endeavor by negotiation to effect such purpose. This association was known under the title of "Henderson & Company," and its object was the acquisition of a considerable portion of Kentucky. The first step necessary towards the accomplishment of this project, was to convene a council of the Indians, and as the territory sought to be acquired did not belong in individual property to any one nation of them, it was deemed advisable to convoke the chiefs of the different nations south of the Ohio river. A time was then appointed at which these were to assemble, and it became necessary to engage an agent,

possessing the requisite qualifications, to attend the council, on behalf of Henderson and Company, and to transact the business for them. The fame of Daniel Boone which had reached them, recommended him as one eminently qualified to discharge the duties devolving on an agent, and he was employed in that capacity. At the appointed period, the council was held and a negotiation commenced, which resulted in the transfer to Henderson and Company of the title of the southern Indians to the land lying south of the Kentucky river and north of the Tennessee.

Boone was then placed at the head of a party of enterprising men sent to open a road from the Holstein settlement through the wilderness to the Kentucky river, and to take possession of the company's purchase. When within fifteen miles of the termination of their journey they were attacked by a body of northern Indians, who killed two of Boone's comrades, and wounded two others. Two days after, they were again attacked by them and had two more of their party killed and three wounded. From this time they experienced no farther molestation until they had arrived within the limits of the purchase and erected a fort at a lick near the southern bank of the Kentucky river—the site of the present town of Boonsborough.—Enfeebled by the loss sustained in the attacks made on them by the Indians, and worn down by the continued labor of opening a road through an almost impervious wilderness, it was some time before they could so far complete the fort as to render it secure against anticipated assaults of the savages and justify a detachment being sent from the garrison to escort the family of Boone to his new situation. When it was thus far completed, an office was opened for the sale of the company's land,* and Boone and some others returned to Holstein, and from thence guarded the family of Boone through the wilderness to the newly erected fort. Mrs. Boone and her daughter are believed to be the first white females who ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river.

In 1775, Benjamin Logan, who had been with Lord Dunmore at Camp Charlotte, visited Kentucky and selected a spot for his future residence near to the present village of Stanford, erected thereon a fort, and in the following year moved his family thither.

These were the only settlements then commenced within the limits of the new State of Kentucky. As the tide of emigration flowed into the country, those three forts afforded an asylum from the Indian hostility to which the whites were incessantly subjected, and never perhaps lived three men better qualified by nature and habit to resist that hostility, and preserve the settlers from captivity and death, than James Harrod, Daniel Boone, and Benjamin Logan. Reared in the lap of danger, and early inured to the hardships and sufferings of a wilder-

*The purchase of Henderson and Company, was subsequently declared by the Legislature of Virginia, to be null and void, so far as the purchasers were concerned, but effectual as to the extinguishment of the Indian title to the territory thus bought of them. To indemnify the purchasers for any advancements of money or other things which they had made to the Indians, the Assembly granted to them 200,000 acres of land, lying at the mouth of Green river, and known generally as Henderson's grant.

ness life, they were habitually acquainted with those arts which were necessary to detect and defeat the one and to lessen and alleviate the others. Intrepid and fearless, yet cautious and prudent, there was united in each of them the sly, circumventive powers of the Indian, with the bold defiance and open daring of the whites. Quick, almost to intuition, in the perception of impending dangers, instant in determining and prompt in action, to see, to resolve, and to execute, were with them the work of the same moment. Rife in expedients, the most perplexing difficulties rarely found them at a loss. Possessed of these qualities, they were placed at the head of the little colonies planted around them, not by ambition, but by the universal voice of the people, from a deep and thorough conviction that they only were adequate to the exigencies of their situation. The conviction was not ill founded. Their intellectual and physical resources were powerfully and constantly exerted for the preservation and security of the settlements, and frequently, with astonishing success, under the most inauspicious circumstances. Had they, indeed, by nature been supine and passive, their isolated situation and the constantly repeated attempts of the Indians at their extermination would have aroused them as it did others to activity and energy, and brought their every nerve into action. For them there were no "weak, piping times of peace,"—no respite from danger. The indefatigable vigilance and persevering hostility of an unrelenting foe required countervailing exertions on their part, and kept alive the life which they delighted to live.

From the instant those establishments were made, and emigrants placed themselves in their vicinity, the savages commenced their usual mode of warfare, and marauding parties were ever in readiness to seize upon those whose misfortune it was to become exposed to their vigilance. In the prosecution of these hostilities, incidents of the most lively and harrowing interest, though limited in their consequences, were constantly recurring, before a systematic course of operations was undertaken for the destruction of the settlers.

The Indians, seeing that they had to contend with persons as well skilled in their peculiar mode of warfare as themselves, and as likely to detect them while lying in wait for an opportunity to strike the deadly blow as they were to strike it with impunity, they entirely changed their plans of annoyance. Instead of longer endeavoring to cut off the whites in detail, they brought into the country a force, sufficiently numerous and powerful to act simultaneously against all the settlements. The consequence of this was much individual suffering and several horrid massacres. Husbandmen, toiling to secure the product of the summer's labor for their sustenance another season, were frequently attacked and murdered. Hunters, engaged in procuring meat for immediate and pressing use, were obliged to practise the utmost wariness to evade the ambushed Indian and make sure their return to the fort. Springs and other watering places, and the paths leading to them, were constantly guarded by the savages, who would lie near them day and night, until forced to leave their covert

in quest of food to satisfy their extreme hunger, and who, when this end was attained, would return to their hiding places with renovated strength and increased watchfulness. The cattle belonging to the garrisons were either driven off or killed, so that no supplies could be derived from them. This state of things continued without intermission till the severity of winter forced the Indians to depart for their towns, and then succeeded of necessity a truce, which had become extremely desirable to the different settlements.

When we reflect on the dangers, the difficulties, the complicated distresses, to which the inhabitants were then exposed, it is really matter of astonishment that they did not abandon the country and seek elsewhere an exemption from those evils. How women, with all the weakness of the sex, could be prevailed upon to remain during the winter, and encounter with the returning spring the returning horrors of savage warfare, is truly surprising. The frequent recurrence of danger does indeed produce a comparative insensibility and indifference to it, but it is difficult to conceive that familiarity with the tragic scenes which were daily exhibited there could reconcile persons to a life of constant exposure to them. Yet such was the fact, and not only did the few who were first to venture on them continue in the country, but others, equally adventurous, moved to it, encountering many hardships and braving every danger, to aid in maintaining possession of the modern Canaan, and to obtain a home in that land of milk and honey. If for a while they flattered themselves with the hope that the ravages which had been checked by winter would not be repeated on the return of spring, they were sadly disappointed. Hostilities were resumed as soon as the abatement of cold suffered the Indians to take the field, and were carried on with renewed ardor and on an enlarged scale.

Feeling the hopelessness of extirpating the settlements, so long as the forts remained to afford a safe retreat to the inhabitants, and having learned, by the experience of the preceding season, that the whites were but little if at all inferior to them in their own arts, and were competent to combat them, in their own mode of warfare, the Indians resolved on bringing into the country a larger force, and to direct their united energies to the demolition of the different forts. To prevent any aid being afforded by the other garrisons while operations were levelled against one, they resolved on detaching from their main body such a number of men as was deemed sufficient to keep watch around the other forts and awe their inmates from attempting to leave them on any occasion. This was a course of excellent policy. It was calculated not only to prevent the marching of any auxiliary forces from one to the other of the fortresses, but at the same time, by preventing hunting parties from ranging the woods, cut off the principal source from which their supplies were derived, and thus render their fall the more certain and easy.

Accordingly, in March, 1777, they entered Kentucky with a force of upwards of two hundred warriors, and sending some of their most expert and active men to watch around Boone's and Logan's forts,

marched with the chief part of their army to attack Harrodsburg.—On the 14th of March three persons (who were engaged in clearing some land) not far from Harrod's fort, discovered the Indians proceeding through the woods, and sought to escape observation and convey the intelligence to the garrison. But they too were discovered and pursued, and one of them was killed, another taken prisoner, and the third (James, afterwards Gen. Ray, then a mere youth) reached Harrodsburg alone in safety. Aware that the place had become alarmed, and that they had then no chance of operating on it by surprise, they encamped near to it on that evening, and early on the morning of the 15th commenced a furious and animated attack.

Apprised of the near approach of the enemy, the garrison had made every preparation for defence of which their situation admitted, and when the assailants rushed to the assault, not intimidated by their horrible yells, nor yet dispirited by the presence of a force so far superior to their own, they received them with a fire so steady and well directed as forced them to recoil, leaving one of their slain on the field of attack. This alone argued a great discomfiture of the Indians, as it is well known to be their invariable custom, to remove, if practicable, those of their warriors who fall in battle. Their subsequent movements satisfied the inmates of the fort that there had been indeed a discomfiture, and that they had but little to apprehend from a renewed assault on their little fortress. After reconnoitering for a while, at a prudent distance from the garrison, the Indians kindled their fires for the night, and in the following day, leaving a small party for the purpose of annoyance, decamped with the main body of their army and marched towards Boonsborough. In consequence, however, of a severe spell of March weather, they were forced to remain inactive for a time, and did not make their appearance there until the middle of April.

In the assault on Boone's fort, the Indians soon became satisfied that it was impregnable against them, and although their repulse was not as signal here as it had been at Harrodsburg, yet they soon withdrew from the contest and marched towards Logan's fort, having killed one and wounded four of the whites.

Several causes combined to render an attack on the fort at Logan's station an event of most fearful consequence. Its inmates had been but a short time in the country and were not provided with an ample supply either of provisions or ammunition. They were few in number, and though of determined spirit and undaunted fortitude, yet such was the disparity between thirteen and two hundred—the force of the garrison and the force of the assailants—joined to their otherwise destitute situation, that hope itself could scarcely live in so perilous a situation. Had this been the first point against which the enemy levelled their operations when they arrived in the country, it must have fallen before them. But by deferring the attack on it till they had been repulsed at the two other forts, the garrison was allowed time, and availing themselves of it to fortify their position more strongly, the issue was truly most fortunate though unexpected.

On the night preceding the commencement of the attack on the fort, the Indians had approached near to it unperceived and secreted themselves in a cane-brake which had been suffered to remain around the cabins. Early in the morning the women went out to milk, guarded by most of the garrison, and before they were aware of impending danger the concealed Indians opened a general fire, which killed three of the men and drove the others hastily within the fort. A most affecting spectacle was then presented to view, well calculated to excite the sympathies of human nature and arouse to action a man possessed of the generous sensibility and noble daring which animated the bosom of Logan.

One of the men who had fallen on the first fire of the Indians, and had been supposed by his comrades to be dead, was in truth though badly wounded yet still alive, and was observed feebly struggling to crawl towards the fort. The fear of mangling from the horrid scalping-knife, and of tortures from more barbarous instruments, seemed to abate his exertions in dragging his wounded body along, lest he should be discovered and borne off by some infuriated and unfeeling savage. It was doubtful, too, whether his strength would endure long enough to enable him to reach the gate, even if unmolested by any apprehension of danger. The magnanimous and intrepid Logan resolved on making an effort to save him. He endeavored to raise volunteers to accompany him without the fort and bring in their poor wounded companion. It seemed as if courting the quick embraces of death, and even his adventurous associates for an instant shrunk from the danger. At length a man by the name of Martin, who plumed himself on rash and daring deeds, consented to aid in the enterprise, and the two proceeded towards the gate. Here the spirit of Martin forsook him, and he recoiled from the hazardous adventure. Logan was then alone. He beheld the feeble but wary exertions of his unfortunate comrade entirely subside, and he could not hesitate. He rushed quickly through the gate, caught the unhappy victim in his arms and bore him triumphantly into the fort, amid a shower of bullets aimed at him, and some of which buried themselves in the pallisades close by his head. A most noble and disinterested achievement and worthy of all commendation.

The siege being maintained by the Indians, the ammunition of the garrison was nearly exhausted in repelling the frequent assaults made on the fort, and it was apparent that the enemy did not intend speedily to withdraw their forces. Parties of Indians were frequently detached from the main body, as well to obtain a supply of provisions by hunting as to intercept and cut off any aid which might be sent to St. Asaph's (Logan's station) from the other forts. In this posture of affairs, it was impossible that the garrison could long hold out, unless its military stores could be replenished; and to effect this, under existing circumstances, appeared to be almost impossible.—Harrodsburg and Boonesborough were not themselves amply provided with stores; and had it been otherwise, so closely was the intermediate country between them and St. Asaph's guarded by the savages,

that no communication could be carried from one to the other of them. The settlement on the Holstein was the nearest point from which it could be practicable to derive a supply of ammunition, and the distance to that neighborhood was considerable.

Logan knew the danger which must result to the garrison, from being weakened as much as it must be, by sending a portion of it on this hazardous enterprise; but he also knew, that the fort could not be preserved from falling unless its magazine was soon replenished. Preferring the doubtful prospect of succeeding in its relief, by adopting the plan of sending to Holstein, he proposed the measure to his companions, and they eagerly embraced it. It remained then to select the party which was to venture on this high enterprise. Important as the presence of Logan was known to be in the fort, yet as the lives of all within depended on the success of the expedition, and as to effect this required the exercise of qualities rarely possessed in so great degree by any other individual, he was unanimously chosen to conduct the enterprise.

Accompanied by four of the garrison, Logan, as slyly as possible, slipped from the fort and commenced his tedious journey. To lessen the chance of coming in contact with straggling bands of Indians, he avoided the pack road which had been opened by Boone, and, pursuing an untrodden route, reached the settlement in safety. The requisite supplies were soon engaged; and while they were being prepared for transportation, Logan was actively engaged in endeavoring to prevail on the inhabitants to form a company as expeditiously as possible and march to their relief. With a feint promise of assistance, and with the assurance that their situation should be immediately made known to the executive authority of the State, he set off on his return. Confiding the ammunition which he had obtained to the care of his companions, and prudently advising and instructing them in the course best to be pursued, he left them and hastened to make his way alone back to St. Asaph. In ten days after his departure from the fort he returned to it again, and his presence contributed much to revive and encourage the garrison, till then in almost utter despair of obtaining relief. In a few days after, the party arrived with the ammunition, and succeeded in entering the fort unperceived, though it was still surrounded by the Indians. With so much secrecy and caution had the enterprise been conducted, that the enemy never knew it had been undertaken until it was happily accomplished.

For some time after this the garrison continued in high expectation of seeing the besiegers depart, despairing of making any impression on the fort. But they were mistaken in this expectation. Each returning day showed the continued investiture of the fort and exhibited the Indians as pertinaciously intent on its reduction by assault or famine as they were on the day of their arrival before it. Weeks elapsed, and there was no appearance of the succors which had been promised to Logan when in the settlement on Holstein. And although the besieged were still successful in repelling every assault on the garrison, yet their stock of provisions was almost entirely ex-

hausted and there was no chance of obtaining a farther supply but from the woods around them. To depend on the success of hunting parties, to relieve their necessities and prevent their actual starvation or surrender, seemed indeed but a slender reed on which to rely, and the gloom of despondency overshadowed their hitherto sanguine countenances. But as they were resigning themselves to despair, and yielding up the last hope of being able to escape from savage fury and vengeance, Col. Bowman arrived to their relief, and forced the Indians to raise the siege. It was not, however, without some loss on his part. A detachment of his men, which had preceded the advance of the main army, was unfortunately unable to reach the fort undiscovered by the besiegers, who attacked and killed them before they could enter the garrison. On the body of one of these men was left a proclamation, issued by the Governor of Detroit, promising protection and reward to those who would renounce the cause of the American colonies and espouse that of Great Britain, and denouncing those who would not. When this proclamation was carried to Logan, he carefully kept secret its contents, lest it might produce an unfavorable effect on the minds of some of his men, worn down, exhausted, and discouraged as they then were.

After the arrival of Colonel Bowman in the country, there was for a time a good deal of skirmishing between his forces, aided by individuals from the different forts, and those Indians. In all of them the superiority of the whites in the use of the rifle became apparent to the savages; and as the feat of Captain Gibson with the sword had previously acquired for the Virginians the appellation of the Long Knives, the fatal certainty with which Bowman's men and the inhabitants of the various settlements in Kentucky then aimed their shots, might have added to that title the forcible epithet of sharpshooters. They were as skillful and successful, too, in the practice of those arts by which one is enabled to steal unawares upon his enemy, as the Natives themselves, and were equally as sure to execute the purposes for which those arts were put in requisition as these were. The consequence was, that the Indians were not only more shy in approaching the garrison than they had been, but they likewise became more cautious and circumspect in their woods operations than formerly.

The frequent success of Colonel Bowman's men, in scouring the surrounding country, gave to the inhabitants of all the settlements an opportunity of cultivating their little fields and of laying in such a stock of provisions and military stores as would suffice in the hour of need, when that force should be withdrawn from the country, and the Indians consequently be again enabled to overrun it. All that the inhabitants, by reason of the paucity of their numbers, could yet do, was to shut themselves in forts and preserve these from falling into the hands of the enemy. When the term of those who had so opportunely come to their relief expired, and they returned to their homes, there were at Boonsborough only twenty-two, at Harrodsburg sixty-five, and at St. Asaph's fifteen men. Emigrants, however,

flocked to the country during the ensuing season in great numbers, and their united strength enabled them the better to resist aggression and conduct the various operations of husbandry and hunting—then the only occupations of the men.

While these things were transacting in Kentucky, North Western Virginia enjoyed a repose undisturbed, save by the conviction of the moral certainty that it would be again involved in all the horrors of savage warfare, and that, too, at no distant period. The machinations of British agents to produce this result were well known to be gaining advocates daily among the savages, and the hereditary resentments of these were known to be too deeply seated for the victory of Point Pleasant to have produced their eradication, and to have created in their stead a void to become the future receptacle of kindlier feelings towards their Virginia neighbors. A coalition of the many tribes north west of the Ohio river had been some time forming, and the assent of the Shawanese alone was wanting to its perfection.—The distinguished Sachem at the head of that nation was opposed to an alliance with the British, and anxious to preserve a friendly intercourse with the colonists. All his influence with all his energy was exerted to prevent his brethren from again involving themselves in a war with the whites. But it was likely to be in vain. Many of his warriors had fallen at the mouth of the Kenhawa, and his people had suffered severely during the continuance of that war; they were, therefore, too intent on retaliation to listen to the sage counsel of their chief. In this posture of affairs, Cornstalk, in the spring of 1777, visited the fort which had been erected at Point Pleasant after the campaign of 1774, in company with the Red Hawk and another Indian. Captain Matthew Arbuckle was then commandant of the garrison, and when Cornstalk communicated to him the hostile preparations of the Indians—that the Shawanese alone were wanting to render a confederacy complete—that, as the “current set so strongly against the colonies, even they would float with the stream in despite of his endeavors to stem it,” and that hostilities would commence immediately, he deemed it prudent to detain him and his companions as hostages, for the peace and neutrality of the different tribes of Indians in Ohio. He at the same time acquainted the newly organized government of Virginia with the information which he had received from Cornstalk, and the course which he had taken with that chief and the others who accompanied him to the garrison.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence, it was resolved, if volunteers could be had for this purpose, to march an army into the Indian country, and effectually accomplish the objects which had been proposed to be achieved in the campaign of Lord Dunmore, in 1774. The volunteers in Augusta and Bottetourt were to rendezvous as early as possible at the mouth of the Big Kenhawa, where they would be joined by other troops under General Hand, who would then assume the command of the whole expedition.

In pursuance of this resolve, three or four companies only were raised in the counties of Bottetourt and Augusta, and these immedi-

ately commenced their march to the place of general rendezvous, under the command of Colonel George Skillern. In the Greenbrier country great exertions were made by the militia officers there to obtain volunteers, but with little effect. One company only was formed, consisting of thirty men, and the officers, laying aside all distinctions of rank, placed themselves in the line as common soldiers and proceeded to Point Pleasant with the troops led on by Col. Skillern. Upon their arrival at that place, nothing had been heard of General Hand, or of the forces which it was expected would accompany him from Fort Pitt, and the volunteers halted, to await some intelligence from him.

The provisions for the support of the army in its projected invasion of the Indian country were expected to be brought down the river from Fort Pitt, and the troops under Colonel Skillern had only taken with them what was deemed sufficient for their subsistence on their march to the place of rendezvous. This stock was nearly exhausted, and the garrison was too illy supplied to admit of their drawing on its stores. While thus situated, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of General Hand with his army and provisions, the officers held frequent conversations with Cornstalk, who seemed to take pleasure in acquainting them with the geography of the country west of the Ohio river generally, and more particularly with that section of it lying between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. One afternoon while he was engaged in delineating on the floor a map of that territory, with the various water-courses emptying into those two mighty streams, and describing the face of the country, its soil and climate, a voice was heard hallooing from the opposite shore of the Ohio, which he immediately recognised to be that of his son Ellinipsico, and who coming over at the instance of Cornstalk, embraced him most affectionately. Uneasy at the long absence of his father, and fearing that some unforeseen evil might have befallen him, he had come to learn some tidings of him here, knowing that it was the place to go to which he had left the nation. His visit was prompted by feelings which do honor to human nature—anxious solicitude for a father—but it was closed by a most terrible catastrophe.

On the day after the arrival of Ellinipsico, and while he was yet in the garrison, two men from Capt. Hall's company of Rockbridge volunteers, crossed the Kenhawa river on a hunting excursion. As they were returning to the canoe for the purpose of recrossing to the Fort, after the termination of the hunt, Gilmore was espied by two Indians, concealed near the bank, who fired at, killed and scalped him. At that instant, Captains Arbuckle and Stuart (the latter having accompanied the Greenbrier volunteers as a private soldier) were standing on the point opposite to where lay the canoe in which Hamilton and Gilmore had crossed the river, and expressed some astonishment that the men should be so indiscreet as to be shooting near to the encampment, contrary to commands. They had scarcely time to express their disapprobation at the supposed violation of orders, when Hamilton was seen running down the bank of the river, and

heard to exclaim, that Gilmore was killed. A party of Capt. Hall's men immediately sprang into a canoe and went over to relieve Hamilton from danger, and to bring the body of Gilmore to the encampment. Before they relanded with the bloody corpse of Gilmore, a cry arose, "let us go and kill the Indians in the fort," and pale with rage they ascended the bank, with Captain Hall at their head, to execute their horrid purpose. It was vain to remonstrate. To the interference of Captains Arbuckle and Stuart to prevent the fulfilling of this determination they responded by cocking their guns and threatening instant death to any one who should dare to oppose them.

The interpreter's wife, (who had lately returned from Indian captivity, and seemed to entertain a feeling of affection for Cornstalk and his companions) seeing their danger ran to their cabin to apprise them of it, and told them that Ellinipsico was charged with having brought with him the Indians who had killed Gilmore. This, however, he positively denied, averring that he came alone and with the sole object of learning something of his father. In this time Captain Hall and his men had arrived within hearing, and Ellinipsico appeared much agitated. Cornstalk, however, encouraged him to meet his fate composedly, saying, "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together, and has sent you here to that end. It is his will and let us submit—it is all for the best;" and turning to meet his murderers at the door received seven bullets in his body and fell without a groan.

Thus perished the mighty Cornstalk, Sachem of the Shawanees, and King of the Northern Confederacy, in 1774—a chief remarkable for many great and good qualities. He was disposed to be at all times the friend of white men, as he ever was the advocate of honorable peace. But when his country's wrongs "called aloud to battle," he became the thunderbolt of war, and made her oppressors feel the weight of his uplifted arm. He sought not to pluck the scalp from the head of the innocent, nor to war against the unprotected and defenceless, choosing rather to encounter his enemies girded for battle and in open conflict. His noble bearing—his generous and disinterested attachment to the colonies, when the thunder of British cannon was reverberating through the land—his anxiety to preserve the frontier of Virginia from desolation and death, (the object of his visit to Point Pleasant)—all conspired to win for him the esteem and respect of others, while the untimely and perfidious manner of his death caused a deep and lasting regret to pervade the bosoms even of those who were enemies to his nation, and excited the just indignation of all towards his inhuman and barbarous murderers.

When the father fell, Ellinipsico continued still and passive, not even raising himself from the seat, which he had occupied before they received notice that some infuriated whites were loudly demanding their immolation. He met death in that position, with the utmost composure and calmness. The trepidation which at first seized upon him was of but momentary duration, and was succeeded by a most dignified sedateness and stoical apathy. It was not so with the

young Red Hawk. He endeavored to conceal himself up the chimney of the cabin in which they were, but without success; he was soon discovered and killed. The remaining Indian was murdered by piece-meal, and with almost all those circumstances of cruelty and horror which characterize the savage in wreaking vengeance upon an enemy.

Cornstalk is said to have had a presentiment of his approaching fate. On the day preceding his death, a council of officers was convoked, in consequence of the continued absence of General Hand, and their entire ignorance of his force or movements, to consult and determine on what would be the course for them to pursue under existing circumstances. Cornstalk was admitted to the council, and in the course of some remarks with which he addressed it said, "When I was young and went to war, I often thought each might be my last adventure, and I should return no more. I still lived. Now I am in the midst of you, and if you choose, may kill me. I can die but once. It is alike to me whether now or hereafter." Little did those who were listening with delight to the eloquence of his address, and deriving knowledge from his instruction, think to see him so quickly and inhumanly driven from the theatre of life. It was a fearful deed, and dearly was it expiated by others. The Shawanees were a warlike people, and became henceforward the most deadly foe to the inhabitants on the frontiers.

In a few days after the perpetration of this diabolical outrage upon all propriety, General Hand arrived from Pittsburg without an army and without provisions for those who had been awaiting his coming. It was then determined to abandon the expedition, and the volunteers returned to their homes.

While Cornstalk was detained at Point Pleasant, as surety for the peace and neutrality of the Shawanees, Indians of the tribes already attached to the side of Great Britain, were invading the more defenceless and unprotected settlements. Emerging as Virginia then was from a state of vassalage and subjection to independence and self-government—contending in fearful inferiority of strength and the munitions of war with a mighty and warlike nation—limited in resources and wanting in means essential for supporting the unequal conflict, she could not be expected to afford protection and security from savage inroad to a frontier so extensive as hers, and still less was she able to spare from the contest which she was waging with that colossal power a force sufficient to maintain a war in the Indian country and awe the savages into quiet. It had not entered into the policy of this State to enlist the tomahawk and scalping knife in her behalf, or to make allies of savages in a war with christians and civilized men. She sought by the force of reason and the conviction of propriety to prevail on them to observe neutrality—not to become her auxiliaries. "To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood, against protestant brethren," was a refinement in war to which she had not attained. That the enemy with whom she was struggling for liberty

and life as a nation, with all the lights of religion and philosophy to illumine her course, should have made of them allies and "let loose those horrible hell-hounds of war against their countrymen in America, endeared to them by every tie which should sanctify human nature," was a most lamentable circumstance in its consequences, blighting and desolating the fairest portions of the country, and covering the face of its border settlements with the gloomy mantle of sorrow and woe.

There is in the Indian bosom an hereditary sense of injury which naturally enough prompts to deeds of revengeful cruelty towards the whites, without the aid of adventitious stimulants. When these are superadded they become indeed the most ruthless and infuriated enemy, "thirsting for blood," and causing it literally to flow alike from the hearts of helpless infancy and hoary age, from the timorous breast of weak woman and the undaunted bosom of the stout warrior. Leagued with Great Britain, the Indians were enabled more fully and effectually to glut their vengeance on our citizens and gratify their entailed resentment towards them.

In the commencement of Indian depredations on North Western Virginia, during this war, the only places of refuge for the inhabitants, besides private forts and block-houses, were at Pittsburg, Redstone, Wheeling, and Point Pleasant. Garrisons had been maintained at Fort Pitt and Redstone, ever after their establishment, and fortresses were erected at the two latter places, in 1774. They all seemed to afford an asylum to many when the Indians were known to be in the country, but none of them had garrisons strong enough to admit of detachments being sent to act offensively against the invaders. All that they could effect was the repulsion of assaults made on them and the expulsion from their immediate neighborhoods of small marauding parties of the savage enemy. When Captain Arbuckle communicated to the Governor the information derived from Cornstalk, that extensive preparations were making by the Indians for war, and the probability of its early commencement, such measures were immediately adopted to prevent its success as the then situation of the country would justify. A proclamation was issued, advising the inhabitants of the frontier to retire into the interior as soon as practicable; and that they might be enabled the better to protect themselves from savage fury, some ammunition was forwarded to settlements on the Ohio river, remote from the State forts, and more immediately exposed to danger from incursion. General Hand, too, then stationed at Fort Pitt, sent an express to the different settlements, recommending that they should be immediately abandoned and the individuals composing them should forthwith seek shelter in some contiguous fortress, or retire east of the mountain. All were apprized of the impending danger, and that it was impracticable in the pressing condition of affairs for the newly organized government to extend to them any effective protection.

Thus situated, the greater part of those who had taken up their abode on the western waters continued to reside in the country.—

Others, deeming the means of defence inadequate to security, and unwilling to encounter the horrors of an Indian war, no better provided than they were, pursued the advice of government and withdrew from the presence of danger. Those who remained, sensible of dependence on their individual resources, commenced making preparations for the approaching crisis. The positions which had been selected as places of security and defence in the war of 1774, were fortified anew, and other block-houses and forts were erected by their unaided exertion, into which they would retire on the approach of danger. Nor was it long before this state of things was brought about.

In June, 1777, a party of Indians came to the house of Charles Grigsby, on Rooting creek, a branch of the West Fork, and in the county of Harrison. Mr. Grigsby being from home, the Indians plundered the house of every thing considered valuable by them, and which they could readily carry with them, and, destroying many other articles, departed, taking with them Mrs. Grigsby and her two children as prisoners. Returning home soon after, seeing the desolation which had been done in his short absence, and unable to find his wife and children, Mr. Grigsby collected some of his neighbors and set out in pursuit of those by whom the mischief had been effected, hoping that he might overtake and reclaim from them the partner of his bosom and the pledges of her affection. His hopes were of but momentary existence. Following in the trail of the fugitives, when they had arrived near to Loss creek, a distance of but six miles, they found the body of Mrs. Grigsby and of her younger child, where they had been recently killed and scalped. The situation of this unfortunate woman (being near the hour of confinement), and the entire helplessness of the child, were hindrances to a rapid retreat, and fearing pursuit, the Indians thus inhumanly rid themselves of those incumbrances to their flight, and left them to accidental discovery, or to become food for the beasts of the forest.

Stimulated to more ardent exertions by the distressing scene just witnessed, the pursuers pushed forward with increased expectations of speedily overtaking and punishing the authors of this bloody deed, and leaving two of their party to perform the sepulture of the unfortunate mother and her murdered infant. But before the whites were aware of their nearness to the Indians, these had become apprized of their approach and separated so as to leave no trail by which they could be farther traced. They had of course to give over the pursuit, and returned home to provide more effectually against the perpetration of similar acts of atrocity.

A short time after this, two Indians came on the West Fork and concealed themselves near to Coon's fort, awaiting an opportunity of effecting some mischief. While thus lying in ambush a daughter of Mr. Coon came out for the purpose of lifting some hemp in a field near to the fort and by the side of the road. Being engaged in performing this business, Thomas Cunningham and Enoch James passing along, and seeing her entered into conversation with her, and after

a while proceeded on their road. But before they had gone far, alarmed by the report of a gun, they looked back and saw an Indian run up to the girl, tomahawk and scalp her. The people of the fort were quickly apprised of what had been done, and immediately turned out in pursuit, but could not trace the course taken by the savages. It afterwards appeared that the Indians had been for some time waiting for the girl to come near enough for them to catch and make her prisoner before she could alarm the fort or get within reach of its guns, but when one of them crossed the fence for this purpose, she espied him and ran directly towards the fort. Fearing that he would not be able to overtake her, without approaching the fort so as to involve himself in some danger, he shot her as she ran, and then tomahawked and scalped her. In endeavoring then to secure himself by flight he was shot at by James, but at so great a distance to prevent the doing of execution.

In the neighborhood of Wheeling, some mischief of this kind was done about the same time, and by Indians who acted so warily as to avoid being discovered and punished. A man by the name of Thomas Ryan was killed in a field some distance from the house, and a negro, at work with him, taken prisoner and carried off. No invasion, however, of that country had been as yet of sufficient importance to induce the people to forsake their homes and go into the forts. Scouting parties were constantly traversing the woods in every direction, and so successfully did they observe every avenue to the settlements that the approach of Indians was generally discovered and made known, before any evil resulted from it. But in August the whole country bordering on the Ohio, from Fort Pitt to Wheeling, became alarmed for its fate, and the most serious apprehensions for the safety of its inhabitants were excited in the bosoms of all. Intelligence was conveyed to General Hand at Fort Pitt, by some friendly Indians from the Moravian towns, that a large army of the North-Western Confederacy had come as far as those villages, and might soon be expected to strike an awful blow on some part of the Ohio settlements. The Indian force was represented as being so great as to preclude all idea of securing safety by open conflict, and the inhabitants along the river generally retired into forts, as soon as they received information of their danger, and made every preparation to repel an assault on them. They did not, however, remain long in suspense as to the point against which the enemy would direct its operations.

Wheeling Fort, although it had been erected by the proper authorities of the government, and was supplied with arms and ammunition from the public arsenal, was not at this time garrisoned, as were the other State forts on the Ohio, by a regular soldiery, but was left to be defended solely by the heroism and bravery of those who might seek shelter within its walls. The settlement around it was flourishing and had grown with a rapidity truly astonishing, when its situation and the circumstances of the border country generally are taken into consideration. A little village of twenty-five or thirty houses

had sprung up where but a few years before the foot of civilized man had never trod, and where the beasts of the forest had lately ranged undisturbedly, were to be seen lowing herds and bleating flocks, at once the means of sustenance and the promise of future wealth to their owners. In the enjoyment of this comparatively prosperous condition of things, the inhabitants little dreamed how quickly those smiling prospects were to be blighted, their future hopes blasted, and they deprived of almost every necessary of life. They were not insensible to the danger which in time of war was ever impending over them, but relying on the vigilance of their scouts to ascertain and apprise them of its approach, and on the proximity of a fort into which they could retire upon a minute's warning, they did not shut themselves up within its walls until advised of the immediate necessity of doing so from the actual presence of the enemy.

On the night of the first of September, Captain Ogal, who with a party of twelve men had been engaged in watching the paths to the settlement and endeavoring to ascertain the approach of danger, came into Wheeling with the assurance that the enemy were not at hand. In the course of that night the Indian army, consisting of three hundred and eighty nine warriors, came near to the village, and believing from the lights in the fort that the inhabitants were on their guard, and that more might be effected by an ambuscade in the morning than by an immediate and direct attack, posted themselves advantageously for that purpose. Two lines were formed, at some distance from each, extending from the river across the point to the creek, with a cornfield to afford them concealment. In the centre between these lines, near a road leading through the field to the fort, and in a situation easily exposing them to observation, six Indians were stationed, for the purpose of decoying within the lines any force which might discover and come out to molest them.

Early in the morning of the second, two men, going to a field for horses, passed the first line and came near to the Indians in the centre before they were aware of danger. Perceiving the six savages near them, they endeavored to escape by flight. A single shot brought one of them to the ground, the other was permitted to escape that he might give the alarm. Captain Mason (who, with Captain Ogal and his party and a few other men had occupied the fort the preceding night) hearing that there were but six of the enemy, marched with fourteen men to the place where they had been seen. He had not proceeded far from the fort before he came in view of them, and leading his men briskly towards where they were, soon found themselves enclosed by a body of Indians who till then had remained concealed. Seeing the impossibility of maintaining a conflict with them, he endeavored to retreat with his men to the fort, but in vain. They were intercepted by the Indians and nearly all literally cut to pieces. Captain Mason, however, and his sergeant succeeded in passing the front line, but being observed by some of the enemy were pursued and fired at as they began to rise the hill.—The sergeant was so wounded by the ball aimed at him that he fell:

unable again to get up, but seeing his Captain pass near without a gun and so crippled that he moved but slowly in advance of his pursuers, he handed him his, and calmly surrendered himself to his fate.

Captain Mason had been twice wounded, and was then so enfeebled by the loss of blood and faint from fatigue, that he almost despaired of ever reaching the fort, yet he pressed forward with all his powers. He was sensible that the Indian was near him, and expecting every instant that the tomahawk would sever his skull, he for a while forgot that his gun was yet charged. The recollection of this inspiring him with fresh hopes, he wheeled to fire at his pursuer, but found him so close that he could not bring his gun to bear on him.— Having greatly the advantage of ground, he thrust him back with his hand. The uplifted tomahawk descended to the earth with force, and before the Indian could so far regain his footing as to hurl the fatal weapon from his grasp, or rush forward to close in deadly struggle with his antagonist, the ball from Captain Mason's gun had done its errand and the savage fell lifeless to the earth. Captain Mason was able to proceed only a few paces farther, but concealing himself by the side of a large fallen tree, he remained unobserved while the Indians continued about the fort.

The shrieks of Captain Mason's men, and the discharge of the guns, induced Capt. Ogal to advance with his twelve scouts to their relief. Being some distance in the rear of his men, the Indians, in closing round them, fortunately left him without the circle and he concealed himself amid some briars in the corner of the fence, where he lay until the next day. The same fate awaited his men which had befallen Capt. Mason's. Of the twenty-six who were led out by those two officers, only three escaped death, and two of these were badly wounded, a striking evidence of the fact that the ambuscade was judiciously planned and the expectations of its success well founded.

While these things were doing, the inhabitants of the village were busily employed in removing to the fort and preparing for its defence. A single glance at the situation of the parties led on by Mason and Ogal, convinced them of the overwhelming force of the Indians and the impossibility of maintaining an open contest with them.— And so quick had been the happening of the events which have been narrated, that the gates of the fort were scarcely closed, before the Indian army appeared under its walls with a view to its reduction by storm. But before the assault was commenced, the attention of the garrison was directed to a summons for its surrender, made by that infamous renegado, Simon Girty.

This worse than savage wretch, appeared at the end window of a house not far from the fort, and told them that he had come with a large army to escort to Detroit such of the inhabitants along the frontier as were willing to accept the terms offered by Governor Hamilton, to those who would renounce the cause of the colonies and attach themselves to the interest of Great Britain, calling upon them to remember their fealty to their sovereign, assuring them of protection,

if they would join his standard, and denouncing upon them all the woes which spring from the uncurbed indulgence of savage vengeance if they dared to resist, or fire one gun to the annoyance of his men. He then read to them Governor Hamilton's proclamation, and told them he could allow only fifteen minutes to consider of his proposition. It was enough. In love with liberty, attached to their country, and without faith in his proffered protection, they required but little time to "deliberate which of the two to choose, slavery or death." Col. Zane replied to him, "that they had consulted their wives and children, and that all were resolved to perish, sooner than place themselves under the protection of a savage army with him at its head, or abjure the cause of liberty and of the colonies." Girty then represented to them the great force of the Indians, the impossibility that the fort could withstand the assault, the certainty of protection if they acceded to his propositions, and the difficulty of restraining the assailants, if enraged and roused to vengeance by opposition and resistance. A shot discharged at him from the fort, caused him to withdraw from the window and the Indians commenced the assault.

There were then in the fort but thirty-three men, to defend it against the attack of upwards of three hundred and eighty Indians, and bravely did they maintain their situation against the superior force of the enemy and all that art and fury could effect to accomplish their destruction. For twenty-three hours, all was life, and energy, and activity within the walls. Every individual had particular duties to perform, and promptly and faithfully were they discharged. The more expert of the women took stations by the side of the men; and handling their guns with soldier-like readiness, aided in the repulse with fearless intrepidity. Some were engaged in moulding bullets, others in loading and supplying the men with guns already charged; while the less robust were employed in cooking and in furnishing to the combatants provisions and water during the continuance of the attack. It seemed indeed as if each individual was sensible that the safety of all depended on his exertions, and that the slightest relaxation of these would involve them all in one common ruin.

Finding that they could make no impression on the fort, and fearing to remain long before it lest their retreat might be cut off by reinforcements from the surrounding country, the assailants fired all the houses without the walls, killed all the stock which could be found, and destroying every thing on which they could lay their hands, retired about daylight, leaving the garrison in possession of the fortress, but deprived of almost every thing else. The alarm of the presence of Indians having been given after daylight, and the attack on the fort commencing before sunrise, but little time was afforded them for securing their moveable property. The greater part had taken with them nothing but their clothes, while some had left their homes with their night apparel only. Few were left the enjoyments of a bed or the humble gratification of the coarse repast of bread and milk. Their distress was consequently great, and their situation for some time not much more enviable than when pent within the fort and straining every nerve to repel its savage assailants.

Before this the Governor had sent to Col. Andrew Swearingen a quantity of ammunition for the defence of those who remained in the country above Wheeling. By his exertions and under his superintendence, Bolling's and Holliday's old forts were repaired and the latter made strong enough to serve as a magazine. In it was collected all the inhabitants from its neighborhood, and it was generally regarded as a strong position and able occasionally to detach part of its garrison for the aid of other portions of the country. Soon after the attack on Wheeling, the alarm reached Shephard's fort, and a runner was despatched from thence to Holliday's fort with the intelligence, and the apprehension that if speedy relief were not afforded the garrison at Wheeling must fall. No expectation of being able to collect a force sufficient to cope with the assailants was entertained. All that was expected was, to throw succors into the fort and thus enable the garrison the more successfully to repel assaults and preserve it from the violence of the Indian onsets. For this purpose, Colonel Swearingen left Holliday's with fourteen men who nobly volunteered to accompany him in this hazardous enterprise, to the regret of those who remained from an apprehension that thus weakened, if Holliday's fort were attacked, it must fall easily into the hands of the enemy. These men got into a large *continental canoe* and plied their paddles industriously to arrive in time to be of service to the besieged. But the night being dark and a dense fog hanging over the river, they toiled to great disadvantage, frequently coming in contact with the banks, until at length it was thought advisable to cease rowing and float with the current lest they might unknowingly pass Wheeling, and at the appearance of day be obliged to contend with the force of the stream to regain that point. Floating slowly, they at length descried the light which proceeded from the burning of the houses at Wheeling, and with all their exertion could not then attain their destination before the return of day. Could they have realized their expectation of arriving before day, they might from the river bank, in the darkness of the night, have gained admission into the fort; but being frustrated in this, they landed some of the men near above Wheeling, to reconnoitre and ascertain the situation of things, it being doubtful to them, from the smoke and fog, whether the fort and all were not a heap of ruins. Col. Swearingen, Capt. Bilderbock and William Boshears, volunteered for this service, and proceeding cautiously soon reached the fort.

When arrived there, it was still questionable whether the Indians had abandoned the attack or were only lying concealed in the cornfield in order to fall on any who might come out from the fort under the impression that danger was removed from them. Fearing that the latter was the case, it was thought prudent not to give the preconcerted signal for the remainder of Col. Swearingen's party to come on, lest it might excite the Indians to greater vigilance and they intercept the men on their way to the fort. To obviate the difficulty arising from this apprehension, Col. Swearingen, Capt. Bilderbock, and William Boshears, taking a circuitous route to avoid passing near

the cornfield, returned to their companions and escorted them to Wheeling. It then remained to ascertain whether the Indians had really withdrawn or were only lying in ambush. A council, consisting of Col. Zane, Col. Shephard, Doctor McMahon and Col. Swearingen, being requested to devise some expedient by which to be assured of the fact, recommended that two of their most active and vigilant men should go out openly from the fort, and carelessly but surely examine the cornfield near to the palisade. Upon their return twenty others, under the guidance of Col. Zane, marched round at some distance from the field, and approaching it more nearly on their return, became assured that the Indians had indeed despaired of success and were withdrawn from the field. About this time Major M'Cullough arrived with forty-five men, and they all proceeded to view the battle ground.

Here was indeed a pitiable sight. Twenty-three of the men who had accompanied Capts. Mason and Ogal in the preceding morning, were lying dead; few of them had been shot, but the greater part most inhumanly and barbarously butchered with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Upwards of three hundred head of cattle, horses and hogs, wantonly killed by the savages, were seen lying about the field, and all the houses, with everything which they contained, and which could not be conveniently taken off by the enemy, were but heaps of ashes. It was long indeed before the inhabitants of that neighborhood regained the comforts of which that night's desolation had deprived them.

Soon after the happening of these events, a company of militia, under the command of Capt. Foreman, arrived from east of the Alleghany, to afford protection to the settlements around Wheeling, and occupy the fort at that place. While stationed in it, it was known that parties of Indians were still lurking about, seeking opportunities of doing mischief, and to prevent which, detachments were frequently sent on scouting expeditions. On the 26th of September, Captain Foreman with forty-five men, went about twelve miles below Wheeling and encamped for the night. He was ignorant of the practices of the Indians, and seemed rather indisposed to take council of those who were conversant with them. After building fires for the night, he remained with his men close around them, contrary to the advice of one of the settlers by the name of Lynn, who had accompanied him as a spy. Lynn, however, would not consent to remain there himself, but taking with him those of the frontiers-men who were in company, retired some distance from the fires, and spent the night. Before it was yet light, Lynn, being awake, thought he heard such a noise as would be probably produced by the launching of rafts on the river, above the position occupied by Capt. Foreman. In the morning he communicated his suspicion that an Indian force was near them, and advised the Captain to return to Wheeling along the hill sides and avoid the bottoms. His advice was rejected; but Lynn, with the caution of one used to such a condition of things, prudently kept on the hill side with four others, while they who belonged to

the command of Captain Foreman continued along the level at the base of the hill.

In marching along the Grave Creek Narrows, one of the soldiers saw a parcel of Indian ornaments lying in the path, and picking them up, soon drew around him the greater part of the company. While thus crowded together, inspecting the trinkets, a galling fire was opened on them by a party of Indians who lay in ambush, and which threw them into great confusion. The fire was continued with deadly effect for some minutes, and must eventually have caused the loss of the whole party, but that Lynn, with his few comrades, rushed from the hill, discharging their guns and shouting so boisterously as induced the Indians to believe that a reinforcement was at hand, and they precipitately retreated.

In this fatal ambuscade there were twenty-one of Capt. Foreman's party killed, and several much wounded, among the slain were the Captain and his two sons.

It appeared that the Indians had dropped their ornaments purposely to attract the attention of the whites, while they themselves were lying concealed in two parties, the one to the right of the path in a sink-hole on the bottom, and the other to the left, under covert of the river bank. From these advantageous positions they fired securely on our men, while they were altogether exempt from danger till the party in the sink-hole was descried by Lynn. His firing was not known to have taken effect, but to his good conduct is justly attributable the saving of the remnant of the detachment. The Indian force was never ascertained; it was supposed to have been small, not exceeding twenty warriors.

On the ensuing day, the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Wheeling, under the direction and guidance of Col. Zane, proceeded to Grave Creek and buried those who had fallen.

At the time of the happening of those occurrences, the belief was general that the army which had been led to Wheeling by Girty, had been ordered on for the purpose of conducting the Tories from the settlements to Detroit, and that detachments from that army continued to hover about the frontiers for some time to effect that purpose. There was then, unfortunately for the repose and tranquility of many neighborhoods, a considerable number of those misguided and deluded wretches who, disaffected to the cause of the colonies, were willing to advance the interest of Britain, by the sacrifice of every social relation and the abandonment of every consideration save that of loyalty to the king. So far did their opposition to those who espoused the cause of American Liberty blunt every finer and more noble feeling, that many of them were willing to imbrue their hands in the blood of their neighbors, in the most sly and secret manner, and in the hour of midnight darkness, for no offence but attachment to the independence of the colonies. A conspiracy for the murder of the whigs and for accepting the terms offered by the Governor of Canada to those who would renounce their allegiance to the United States and repair to Detroit, by the relenting of one individual, was

prevented from being carried into effect, and many were consequently saved from horrors equalling if not transcending in enormity the outrages of the savages themselves. Scenes of licentiousness and fury followed upon the discovery of the plot. Exasperated at its heinousness, and under the influence of resentful feelings, the whigs retaliated upon the Tories some of the evils which these had conspired to inflict upon them. In the then infuriated state of their minds, and the little restraint at that time imposed on the passions by the operation of the laws, it is really matter of admiration that they did not proceed farther and requite upon those deluded wretches the full measure of their premeditated wrongs. The head only of this fiendish league lost his life, but many depredations were committed on the property of its members.

A court, for the trial of the conspirators, was held at Redstone Fort, and many of them were arraigned at its bar; but as their object had been defeated by its discovery, and as no farther danger was apprehended from them, they were released, after having been required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and to bear with the injuries which had been done their property. Those who were suspected for the murder of the chief conspirator, were likewise arraigned for that offence, but were acquitted.

Hitherto the inhabitants of Tygart's Valley had escaped the ill effects of savage enmity, Indian hostility not having prompted an incursion into that country, since its permanent settlement was effected previous to the war of 1774. This, however, had not the effect to lull them into confident security. Ascribing their fortunate exemption from irruptions of the enemy to other causes than a willingness on the part of the Indians to leave them in quiet and repose, they exercised the utmost vigilance to discover their approach, and used every precaution to ensure them safety, if the enemy should appear among them. Spies were regularly employed in watching the warriors' paths beyond the settlements, to detect their advance and to apprise the inhabitants of it.

In September of this year (1777), Leonard Petro and Wm. White, being engaged in watching the path leading up the Little Kenhawa, killed an elk late in the evening, and taking part of it with them, withdrew a short distance for the purpose of eating their suppers and spending the night. About midnight, White, awaking from sleep, discovered by the light of the moon that there were several Indians near, who had been drawn in quest of them by the report of the gun in the evening. He saw at a glance the impossibility of escaping by flight, and preferring captivity to death, he whispered to Petro to lie still, lest any movement of his might lead to this result. In a few minutes the Indians sprang on them, and White, raising himself as one lay hold of him, aimed a furious blow with his tomahawk, hoping to wound the Indian by whom he was beset and then make his escape. Missing his aim he affected to have been ignorant of the fact that he was encountered by Indians, professed great joy at meeting with them, and declared that he was then on his way to

their towns. They were not deceived by the artifice; for although he assumed an air of pleasantness and gaiety, calculated to win upon their confidence, yet the woful countenance and rueful expression of poor Petro, convinced them that White's conduct was feigned, that he might lull them into inattention and they be enabled to effect an escape. They were both tied for the night, and in the morning, White being painted red, and Petro black, they were forced to proceed to the Indian towns. When approaching a village the whoop of success brought several to meet them, and on their arrival at it, they found that every preparation was made for their running the gauntlet—in going through which ceremony both were much bruised. White did not, however, remain long in captivity. Eluding their vigilance, he took one of their guns and began his flight homeward. Before he had travelled far, he met an Indian on horseback, whom he succeeded in shooting, and mounting the horse from which he fell, his return to the Valley was much facilitated. Petro was never heard of afterwards. The painting of him black had indicated their intention of killing him, and the escape of White probably hastened his doom.

During this time, and after the return of White among them, the inhabitants of Tygart's Valley practised their accustomed watchfulness till about the 20th of November, when there was a considerable fall of snow. This circumstance induced them to believe that the savages would not attempt an irruption among them until the return of spring, and they became consequently inattentive to their safety.

Generally the settlements enjoyed perfect quiet from the first appearance of winter until the return of spring. In this interval of time, the Indians are usually deterred from penetrating into them, as well because of their great exposure to discovery and observation in consequence of the nakedness of the woods and the increased facility of pursuing their trail in the snows which then usually covered the earth, as of the suffering produced by their lying in wait and travelling in their partially unclothed condition in this season of intense cold. Instances of their being troublesome during the winter were rare indeed, and never occurred but under very peculiar circumstances; the inhabitants were, therefore, not culpably remiss when they relaxed in their vigilance, and became exposed to savage inroad.

A party of twenty Indians, designing to commit some depredations during the fall, had nearly reached the upper end of Tygart's Valley when the snow, which had inspired the inhabitants with confidence in their security, commenced falling. Fearful of laying themselves open to detection, if they ventured to proceed farther at that time, and anxious to effect some mischief before they returned home, they remained concealed about ten miles from the settlements, until the snow disappeared. On the 15th of December they came to the house of Darby Connolly, at the upper extremity of the Valley, and killed him, his wife and several of the children, and took three others prisoners. Proceeding to the next house, they killed John Stewart, his

wife and child, and took Miss Hamilton (sister-in-law to Stewart) into captivity. They then immediately changed their direction, and with great dispatch entered upon their journey home with the captives and plunder taken at those two places.

In the course of the evening after these outrages were committed, John Hadden passing by the house of Connolly, saw a tame elk, belonging there, lying dead in the yard. This, and the death-like silence which reigned around, excited his fears that all was not right, and entering into the house he saw the awful desolation which had been committed. Seeing that the work of blood had been but recently done, he hastened to alarm the neighborhood, and sent an express to Capt. Benjamin Wilson, living about twenty miles lower in the Valley, with the melancholy intelligence. With great promptitude, Capt. Wilson went through the settlement, exerting himself to procure as many volunteers as would justify going in pursuit of the aggressors, and so indefatigable was he in accomplishing his purpose that, on the day after the murders were perpetrated, he appeared on the theatre of their exhibition with thirty men, prepared to take the trail and push forward in pursuit of the savages. For five days they followed through cold and wet, without perceiving that they had gained upon them. At this time many of the men expressed a determination to return. They had suffered much, travelled far, and yet saw no prospect of overtaking the enemy. It is not wonderful that they became dispirited. In order to expedite their progress, the numerous water-courses which lay across their path, swollen to an unusual height and width, were passed without any preparation to avoid getting wet; the consequence was, that after wading one of them, they would have to travel with icicles hanging from their clothes the greater part of a day, before an opportunity could be allowed of drying them. They suffered much too for the want of provisions.—The short time afforded for preparation had not admitted of their taking with them as much as they expected would be required, and they had already been on the chase longer than was anticipated.—Under these circumstances it was with great difficulty Captain Wilson could prevail on them to continue the pursuit one day longer, hoping that the Indians would have to halt, in order to hunt for food.—Not yet being sensible that they gained upon them, the men positively refused going farther, and they returned to their several homes.

This was the last outrage committed by the savages on North Western Virginia, in this year. And although there were not as much mischief effected by them in this season as in others, yet the year 1777 has become memorable in the annals of Border Warfare. The murder of Cornstalk and his companions—the attack on Wheeling Fort—the loss of lives and destruction of property which then took place, together with the fatal ambuscade at Grave Creek Narrows, all conspired to render it a period of much interest, and to impress its incidents deeply on the minds of those who were actors in these scenes.

After the winter became so severe as to prevent the Indians from penetrating the country and committing farther aggression, the inhabitants became assured of safety and devoted much of their time to the erection of new forts, the strengthening of those which had been formerly established, and the making of other preparations deemed necessary to prevent the repetition of those distressing occurrences which had spread gloom and sorrow over almost every part of North Western Virginia. That the savages would early renew their exertions to destroy the frontier settlements and harass their citizens, could not for an instant be doubted. Revenge for the murder of Cornstalk and the other chiefs killed in the fort by the whites, had operated to unite the warlike nation of the Shawances in a league with the other Indians against them, and every circumstance seemed to promise increased exertions on their part to accomplish their purposes of blood and devastation.

Notwithstanding all that had been suffered during the preceding season, and all that it was confidently anticipated would have to be undergone after the return of spring, yet did the whole frontier increase in population, and in capacity to defend itself against the encroachments of a savage enemy, aided by British emissaries and led on by American Tories. The accession to its strength, caused by the number of emigrants who came into the different settlements was indeed considerable, yet it was insufficient to enable the inhabitants to purchase, by offensive operations, exemption from invasion or security from the tomahawk and scalping knife. Assured of this, Virginia extended to them farther assistance, and a small body of regular troops, under the command of General McIntosh, was appropriated to their defence.

In the spring of 1778, General McIntosh, with the regulars and some militia-men attached to his command, descended the Ohio river from Fort Pitt, to the mouth of Big Beaver—a creek discharging itself into that river from the northwest. This was a favorable position at which to station his troops to effect the partial security of the frontier by intercepting parties of Indians on their way to the settlements on the opposite side of the river, and by pursuing and punishing them while engaged either in committing havoc or in retreating to their towns after the consummation of their horrid purposes. Fort McIntosh was accordingly erected here, garrisoned, and a six-pounder mounted for its defence.

From Wheeling to Point Pleasant, a distance of one hundred and eighty-six miles, there was then no obstacle whatever presented to the advance of Indian war parties into the settlements on the East and West Forks of the Monongahela and their branches. The consequences of this exposure had been always severely felt, and never more so than after the establishment of Fort McIntosh. Every impediment to their invasion of one part of the country caused more frequent irruptions into others where no difficulties were interposed to check their progress, and brought heavier woes on them. This had been already experienced in the settlements on the upper branch-

es of the Monongahela, and as they were the last to feel the effects of savage enmity in 1777, so were they first to become sacrificed to its fury in 1778.

Anticipating the commencement of hostilities at an earlier period of the season than usual, several families retired into Herbert's block house, on Ten Mile (a branch of the West Fork), in the month of February; and notwithstanding the prudent caution manifested by them in the step thus taken, yet the state of the weather lulling them into false security they did not afterwards exercise the vigilance and provident care which were necessary to ensure their future safety.— On the 3d of March, some children playing with a crippled crow, at a short distance from the yard, espied a number of Indians proceeding towards them, and running to the house, told that a number of *Red Men* were close by. John Murphey stepped to the door to see if danger had really approached, when one of the Indians, turning the corner of the house, fired at him. The ball took effect, and Murphey fell back into the house. The Indian springing directly in, was grappled by Herbert and thrown on the floor. A shot from without wounded Herbert, yet he continued to maintain his advantage over the prostrate savage, striking him as effectually as he could with his tomahawk, when another gun was fired from without the house. The ball passed through his head, and he fell lifeless. His antagonist then slipped out at the door, sorely wounded in the encounter.

Just after the first Indian had entered, an active young warrior, holding in his hand a tomahawk, with a long spike at the end, also came in. Edward Cunningham instantly drew up his gun to shoot him, but it flashed, and they closed in doubtful strife. Both were active and athletic, and sensible of the high prize for which they were contending, each put forth his utmost strength and strained his every nerve to gain the ascendancy. For a while the issue seemed doubtful. At length, by great exertion, Cunningham wrenched the tomahawk from the hand of the Indian and buried the spike end, to the handle, in his back. Mrs. Cunningham closed the contest. Seeing her husband struggling closely with the savage, she struck at him with an axe. The edge wounding his face severely he loosened his hold and made his way out of the house.

The third Indian who had entered before the door was closed, presented an appearance almost as frightful as the object he had in view. He wore a cap made of the unshorn front of a buffalo, with the ears and horns still attached to it, and which hanging loosely about his head, gave to him a most hideous aspect. On entering the room this infernal monster aimed a blow with his tomahawk at a Miss Reece, which alighting on her head, wounded her severely. The mother of this girl, seeing the uplifted arm about to descend on her daughter, seized the monster by the horns, but his false head coming readily off, she did not succeed in changing the direction of the weapon. The father then caught hold of him, but being far inferior in strength and agility, he was soon thrown on the floor, and must have been killed but for the timely interference of Cunningham. Having

succeeded in ridding the room of one Indian, he wheeled and sunk a tomahawk into the head of the other.

During all this time the door was kept by the women, though not without great exertion. The Indians from without endeavored several times to force it open and gain admittance, and would at one time have succeeded, but that as it was yielding to their effort to open it the Indian who had been wounded by Cunningham and his wife, squeezing out at the aperture which had been made, caused a momentary relaxation of the exertions of those without, and enabled the women again to close it and prevent the entrance of others. These were not, however, unemployed. They were engaged in securing such of the children in the yard as were capable of being carried away as prisoners and in killing and scalping the others, and when they had effected this, despairing of being able to do farther mischief, they retreated to their towns.

Of the whites in the house, one only was killed and four were wounded, and seven or eight children in the yard were killed or taken prisoners. One Indian was killed and two badly wounded. Had Reece engaged sooner in the conflict, the other two who had entered the house would no doubt have been likewise killed; but being a quaker he looked on without participating in the conflict until his daughter was wounded; having then to contend singly with superior prowess, he was indebted for the preservation of his life to the assistance of those whom he refused to aid in pressing need.

On the eleventh of April some Indians visited the house of William Morgan, at the Dunkard Bottom of Cheat river. They there killed a young man by the name of Brain, Mrs. Morgan, (the mother of William) and her grand daughter, and Mrs. Dillon and her two children, and took Mrs. Morgan (the wife) and her child prisoners; when on their way home they came near to Pricket's fort, where they bound Mrs. Morgan to a bush and went in quest of a horse for her to ride, leaving her child with her. She succeeded in untying, with her teeth, the bands which confined her and wandered the balance of that day and part of the next before she came in sight of the fort. Here she was kindly treated and in a few days sent home. Some man going out from Pricket's fort a short time after, found at the spot where Mrs. Morgan had been left by the Indians, a fine mare stabbed to the heart. Exasperated at the escape of Mrs. Morgan, they had no doubt vented their rage on the animal which they had destined to bear her weight.

In the last of April, a party of about twenty Indians came to the neighborhoods of Hacker's creek and the West Fork. At this time the inhabitants of those neighborhoods had removed to West's fort, on the creek, and to Richards' fort on the river; and leaving the women and children in them during the day, under the protection of a few men, the others were in the habit of performing the usual labors of their farms in companies, so as to preserve them from attacks of the Indians. A company of men being thus engaged the first week of May in a field on Hacker's creek, and being a good deal dispersed

in various occupations, some fencing, others clearing, and a few ploughing, they were unexpectedly fired upon by the Indians, and Thomas Hughes and Jonathan Lowther shot down; the others being incautiously without arms fled for safety. Two of the company, having the Indians rather between them and West's Fort, ran directly to Richard's, as well for their own security as to give the alarm there. But they had been already apprized that the enemy was at hand.—Isaac Washburn, who had been to mill on Hacker's creek the day before, on his return to Richard's Fort, was shot from his horse, tomahawked and scalped. The finding of his body thus cruelly mangled, had given them the alarm, and they were already on their guard before the two men from Hacker's creek arrived with the intelligence of what had been done there. The Indians then left the neighborhood without effecting more havoc, and the whites were too weak to go in pursuit of them.

The determination of the Shawanees to revenge the death of their Sachem had hitherto been productive of no very serious consequences. A while after his murder, a small band of them made their appearance near the fort at Point Pleasant, and Lieutenant Moore was despatched from the garrison, with some men, to drive them off.—Upon his advance they commenced retreating, and the officer commanding the detachment fearing they would escape, ordered a quick pursuit. He did not proceed far before he fell into an ambuscade.—He and three of his men were killed at the first fire—the rest of the party saved themselves by a precipitate flight to the fort.

In the May following this transaction, a few Indians again came in view of the fort; but as the garrison had been very much reduced by the removal of Captain Arbuckle's company and the experience of the last season had taught them prudence, Capt. McKee forbore to detach any of his men in pursuit of them. Disappointed in their expectations of enticing others to destruction, as they had Lieutenant Moore in the winter, the Indians suddenly rose from their covert and presented an unbroken line, extending from the Ohio to the Kenhawa river, and in front of the fort. A demand for the surrender of the garrison was then made, and Captain McKee asked till the next morning to consider of it. In the course of the night the men were busily employed in bringing water from the river, expecting that the Indians would continue before the fort for some time.

In the morning, Captain McKee sent his answer, by the grenadier squaw, (sister to Cornstalk, and who, notwithstanding the murder of her brother and nephew was still attached to the whites, and was remaining at the fort in the capacity of interpreter) that he could not comply with their demand. The Indians immediately began the attack, and for one week kept the garrison closely besieged. Finding, however, that they made no impression on the fort, they collected the cattle about it, and instead of returning towards their own country with the plunder, proceeded up the Kenhawa river towards the Greenbrier settlement.

Believing their object to be the destruction of that settlement, and

knowing from their great force that they would certainly accomplish it, if the inhabitants were unadvised of their approach, Capt. McKee despatched two men to Col. Andrew Donnelly's, (then the frontier house,) with the intelligence. These men soon came in view of the Indians, but finding that they were advancing in detached groups, and dispersed in hunting parties through the woods, they despaired of being able to pass them, and returned to the fort. Captain McKee then made an appeal to the chivalry of the garrison, and asked "who would risk his life to save the people of Greenbrier?" John Pryor and Philip Hammond at once stepped forward, and replied, "we will." They were then habited after the Indian manner, and painted in Indian style by the Grenadier Squaw, and departed on their hazardous but noble and generous undertaking. Travelling night and day with great rapidity, they passed the Indians at Meadow river, and arrived about sunset of that day at Donnelly's fort, twenty miles further on.

As soon as the intelligence of the approach of the Indians was communicated by these men, Col. Donnelly had the neighbors all advised of it, and in the course of the night they called at his house. He also despatched a messenger to Captain John Stuart, to acquaint him with the fact, and made every preparation to resist attack and ensure their safety of which his situation admitted. Pryor and Hammond told them how, by the precaution of Captain McKee, the garrison at Point Pleasant had been saved from suffering for the want of water, and advised them to lay in a plentiful supply of that necessary article. A hogshead was accordingly filled and rolled behind the door of the kitchen which adjoined the dwelling house.

Early next morning, John Pritchett (a servant to Col. Donnelly) went out for some firewood, and while thus engaged was fired at and killed. The Indians then ran into the yard and endeavored to force open the kitchen door, but Hammond and Dick Pointer, (a negro belonging to Col. Donnelly) who were the only persons within, aided by the hogshead of water, prevented their accomplishing this object. They next proceeded to cut it in pieces with their tomahawks.—Hammond seeing that they would soon succeed in this way, with the assistance of Dick rolled the hogshead to one side, and letting the door suddenly fly open, killed the Indian at the threshold, and the others who were near gave way. Dick then fired among them with a musket heavily charged with swan shot, and no doubt with effect, as the yard was crowded with the enemy; a war club with a swan shot in it was afterwards picked up near the door.

The men in the house, who were asleep at the commencement of the attack, being awakened at the firing of Hammond and Dick, now opened a galling fire upon the Indians. Being chiefly up stairs, they were enabled to do greater execution, and fired with such effect that about one o'clock the enemy retired a small distance from the house. Before they retired, however, some of them succeeded in getting under the floor, when they were aided by the whites below in raising some of the puncheons of which it was made. It was to their

advantage to do this, and well did they profit by it. Several of the Indians were killed in this attempt to gain admittance, while only one of the whites received a wound which but slightly injured his hand.

When intelligence was conveyed to Capt. Stuart of the approach of so large a body of savages, Colonel Samuel Lewis was with him, and they both exerted themselves to save the settlement from destruction, by collecting the inhabitants at a fort where Lewisburg now stands. Having succeeded in this, they sent two men to Donnelly's to learn whether the Indians had advanced that far. As they approached, the firing became distinctly audible, and they returned with the tidings. Capt. Stuart and Col. Lewis proposed marching to the relief of Donnelly's fort, with as many men as were willing to accompany them, and in a brief space of time commenced their march at the head of sixty-six men. Pursuing the most direct route without regarding the road, they approached the house on the back side, and thus escaped an ambuscade of Indians placed near the road to intercept and cut off any assistance which might be sent from the upper settlements.

Adjoining the yard, there was a field of well grown rye, into which the relief from Lewisburg entered about two o'clock; but as the Indians had withdrawn to a distance from the house, there was no firing heard. They soon, however, discovered the savages in the field, looking intently towards Donnelly's, and it was resolved to pass them. Captain Stuart and Charles Gatliff fired at them, and the whole party rushed forward into the yard, amid a heavy discharge of balls from the savage forces. The people in the fort hearing the firing in the rear of the house, soon presented themselves at the port holes to resist what they supposed was a fresh attack on them, but quickly discovering the real cause, they opened the gates and all the party, led on by Stuart and Lewis, safely entered.

The Indians then resumed the attack and maintained a constant fire at the house until near dark, when one of them approached, and in broken English called out, "we want peace." He was told to come in and he should have it; but he declined the invitation to enter, and they all retreated, dragging off those of their slain who lay not too near the fort.

Of the whites, four only were killed by the enemy. Pritchett, before the attack commenced—James Burns and Alexander Ochiltree, as they were coming to the house early in the morning, and James Graham while in the fort. It was impossible to ascertain the entire loss of the Indians. Seventeen lay dead in the yard, and they were known to carry off others of their slain. Perhaps the disparity of the killed equalled if it did not exceed the disparity of the numbers engaged. There were twenty-one men at Donnelly's fort, before the arrival of the reinforcement under Stuart and Lewis, and the brunt of the battle was over before they came. The Indian force exceeded two hundred men.

It was believed that the invasion of the Greenbrier country had been projected some time before it actually was made. During the

preceding season, an Indian, calling himself John Hollis, had been very much through the settlement, and was observed to take particular notice of the different forts, which he had entered under the garb of friendship. He was with the Indians in the attack on Donnelly's fort, and was recognized as one of those who were left dead in the yard.

On the morning after the Indians departed, Capt. Hamilton went in pursuit of them with seventy men, but following two days without perceiving that he had gained on them, he abandoned the chase and returned.

About the middle of June, three women went out from West's fort to gather greens in a field adjoining, and while thus engaged were attacked by four Indians lying in wait. One gun only was fired, and the ball from it passed through the bonnet of Mrs. Hacker, who screamed aloud and ran with the others towards the fort. An Indian, having in his hand a long staff with a spear in one end, pursuing closely after them, thrust it at Mrs. Freeman with such violence that, entering her back just below the shoulder, it came out at her left breast. With his tomahawk he cleft the upper part of her head, and carried it off to save the scalp.

The screams of the women alarmed the men in the fort, and seizing their guns they ran out just as Mrs. Freeman fell. Several guns were fired at the Indian while he was getting her scalp, but with no effect. They served, however, to warn the men who went out that danger was at hand, and they quickly came in.

Jesse Hughes and John Schoolcraft (who were out) in making their way to the fort came very near two Indians standing by the fence looking towards the men at West's so intently that they did not perceive any one near them. They, however, were observed by Hughes and Schoolcraft, who, avoiding them, made their way in safely.—Hughes immediately took up his gun, and learning the fate of Mrs. Freeman, went with some others to bring in the corpse. While there, he proposed to go and show them how near he had approached the Indians after the alarm had been given before he saw them.—Charles and Alexander West, Elias Hughes, James Brown and John Sleeth went with him. Before they had arrived at the place one of the Indians was heard to howl like a wolf, and the men with Hughes moved on in the direction from which the sound proceeded. Supposing that they were then near the spot, Jesse Hughes howled in like manner, and being instantly answered, they ran to a point of the hill and looking over it saw two Indians coming towards them. Hughes fired and one of them fell. The other took to flight. Being pursued by the whites, he sought shelter in a thicket of brush, and while they were proceeding to intercept him at his coming out, he returned by the way he had entered and made his escape. The wounded Indian likewise got off. When the whites were in pursuit of the one who took to flight, they passed near to him who had fallen and one of the men was for stopping and finishing him, but Hughes called to him, "he is safe—let us have the other," and they all pressed forward.—On their return, however, he was gone, and although his free bleeding

enabled them to pursue his track readily for a while, yet a heavy shower of rain soon falling, all trace of him was quickly lost and could not be afterwards regained.

On the 16th of June, as Capt. James Booth and Nathaniel Cochran were at work in a field on Booth's creek they were fired at by the Indians; Booth fell, but Cochran, being very slightly wounded, took to flight; he was, however, overtaken and carried into captivity to their towns. From thence he was taken to Detroit, where he remained some time, and endeavoring to escape from that place, unfortunately took a path which led him immediately to the Maumee old towns. Here he was detained a while—then sent back to Detroit, where he was exchanged, and from whence he made his way home after having had to endure much suffering and many hardships. The loss of Booth was severely felt by the inhabitants in that settlement. He was not only an active and enterprising man, but was endowed with superior talents and a better education than most of those who had settled in the country, and on these accounts was very much missed.

In a few days after this transaction, Benjamin Shinn, Wm. Grundy and Benjamin Washburn, returning from a lick on the head of Booth's creek, were fired on by the Indians when near to Baxter's run. Washburn and Shinn escaped unhurt but Grundy was killed.

This party of Indians continued for some days to prow! about the neighborhood, seeking opportunities of committing murder on the inhabitants, but fortunately with little success. James Owens, a youth of sixteen years of age, was the only one whom they succeeded in killing after the murder of Grundy. Going from Powers' fort on Simpson's creek to Booth's creek his saddle girth gave way, and while he was down mending it, a ball was discharged at him which killed both him and the horse.

Seeing that the whites in that neighborhood had all retired to the fort, and being too weak openly to attack it, they crossed over to Bartlett's run and came to the house of Gilbert Hustead, who was then alone and engaged in fixing his gun lock. Hearing a noise in the yard, for which he was unable to account, he slipped to the door to ascertain from whence it proceeded. The Indians were immediately round it and there was no chance for his escape. Walking out with an air of the utmost pleasantry, he held forth his hand to the one nearest him and asked them all to walk in. While in the house he affected great cheerfulness, and by his talk won their confidence and friendship. He told them that he was a King's man and unwilling to live among the rebels, for which reason, when others retired into the fort, he preferred staying at his own house, anxiously hoping for the arrival of some of the British Indians to afford him an opportunity of getting among English friends. Learning, upon enquiry, that they would be glad to have something to eat, he asked one of them to shoot a fat hog which was in the yard, that they might regale on it that night and have some on which to subsist while travelling to their towns. In the morning, still farther to maintain the

deception he was practising, he broke his furniture to pieces, saying, "the rebels shall never have the good of you." He then accompanied them to their towns, acting in the same apparently contented and cheerful manner, till his sincerity was believed by all, and he obtained leave to return for his family. He succeeded in making his way home, where he remained, sore at the destruction of his property, but exulting in the success of his artifice.

While this party of Indians were thus engaged, on Booth's creek and in the circumjacent country, a more numerous body had invaded the settlements lower down, and were employed in the work of destruction there. They penetrated to Coburn's creek unperceived, and were making their way (as was generally supposed) to a fort not far from Morgantown, when they fell in with a party of whites, returning from the labors of the cornfield, and then about a mile from Coburn's fort. The Indians had placed themselves on each side of the road leading to the fort, and from their covert fired on the whites before they were aware of danger. John Woodfin being on horseback had his thigh broken by a ball, which killed his horse and enabled them to catch him easily. Jacob Miller was shot through the abdomen, and soon overtaken, tomahawked and scalped. The others escaped to the fort.

Woodfin was afterwards found on a considerable eminence overlooking the fort, tomahawked and scalped. The Indians had, most probably, taken him there that he might point out to them the least impregnable part of the fortress, and in other respects give them such information as would tend to ensure success to their meditated attack on it; but when they heard its strength and the force with which it was garrisoned, despairing of being able to reduce it, in a fit of disappointed fury they murdered him on the spot.

They next made their appearance on Dunkard creek, near to Stradler's fort. Here, as on Coburn's creek, they lay in ambush on the road side, awaiting the return of the men who were engaged at work in some of the neighboring fields. Towards evening the men came on, carrying with them some hogs which they had killed for the use of the fort people, and on approaching where the Indians lay concealed were fired on and several fell. Those who escaped injury from the first fire returned the shot, and a severe action ensued. But so many of the whites had been killed before the savages exposed themselves to view, that the remainder were unable long to sustain the unequal contest. Overpowered by numbers the few who were still unhurt fled precipitately to the fort, leaving eighteen of their companions dead in the road. These were scalped and mangled by the Indians in a most shocking manner, and lay some time before the men in the fort, assured of the departure of the enemy, went out and buried them.

Weakened by the severe loss sustained in this bloody skirmish, had the Indians pushed forward to attack the fort, in all human probability it would have fallen before them. There were at that day very few settlements which could have maintained possession of a

garrison for any length of time, after having suffered so great a diminution of the number of their inhabitants, against the onsets of one hundred savages, exercising their wonted energy; and still less would they be able to leave their strong holds and cope with such superior force in open battle. Nor were the settlements as yet sufficiently contiguous to each other to admit of their acting in concert and combining their strength to operate effectively against their invaders.—When alarmed by the approach of the foe, all that they could generally do was retire to a fort, and endeavor to defend it from assault. If the savages, coming in numbers, succeeded in committing any outrage, it usually went unpunished. Sensible of their want of strength, the inhabitants rarely ventured in pursuit to harass or molest the retreating foe. When, however, they would hazard to hang on their retreat, the many precautions which they were compelled to exercise to prevent falling into ambuscades and to escape the entangling artifices of their wily enemies, frequently rendered their enterprises abortive and their exertions inefficient.

The frequent visits paid by the Indians to the country on the West Fork, and the mischief which they would effect at these times, led several of the inhabitants to resolve on leaving a place so full of dangers as soon as they could make the necessary preparations. A family of Washburns particularly, having several times very narrowly escaped destruction, commenced making arrangements and fitting up for their departure. But while two of them were engaged in procuring pine-knots, from which to make wax for shoemaking, they were discovered and shot at by the Indians. Stephen fell dead and James was taken prisoner and carried to their towns. He was there forced to undergo repeated and intense suffering before death closed the scene of his miseries.

According to the account given by Nathaniel Cochran, on his return from captivity, Washburn was most severely beaten, on the first evening of his arrival at their village, while running the gauntlet; and although he succeeded in getting into the council-house, where Cochran was, yet he was so disfigured and mutilated that he could not be recognised by his old acquaintance, and so stunned and stupified that he remained nearly all night in a state of insensibility. Being somewhat revived in the morning, he walked to where Cochran sat by the fire, and being asked if he were not James Washburn, replied with a smile—as if a period had been put to his sufferings by the sympathetic tone in which the question was proposed—that he was. The gleam of hope which flashed over his countenance was transient and momentary. In a few minutes he was again led forth that the barbarities which had been suspended by the interposition of night might be revived, and he made to endure a repetition of their cruelties. He was now feeble and too much exhausted to save himself from the clubs and sticks even of the aged of both sexes. The old men and the old women who followed him had strength and activity enough to keep pace with his fleetest progress and inflict on him their severest blows. Frequently he was beaten to the ground, and as

frequently, as if invigorated by the extremity of anguish, he rose to his feet. Hobbling before his tormentors, with no hope but in death, an old savage passed a knife across his ham, which cutting the tendons disabled him from proceeding farther. Still they repeated their unmerciful blows with all their energy. He was next scalped, though alive, and struggling to regain his feet. Even this did not operate to suppress their cruelty. They continued to beat him until in the height of suffering he again exhibited symptoms of life and exerted himself to move. His head was then severed from his shoulders, attached to a pole, and placed in the most public situation in the village.

After the attack on the Washburns, there were but two other outrages committed in the upper country during that season. The cessation on the part of the savages of hostile incursions induced an abandonment of the forts, and the people returned to their several homes and respective occupations. But aggression was only suspended for a time. In October, two Indians appeared near the house of Conrad Richards, and finding in the yard a little girl at play, with an infant in her arms, they scalped her and rushed to the door. For some time they endeavored to force it open, but it was so securely fastened within that Richards was at liberty to use his gun for its defence. A fortunate aim wounded one of the assailants severely and the other retreated, helping off his companion. The girl who had been scalped in the yard, as soon as she observed the Indians going away, ran with the infant still in her arms and uninjured, and entered the house—a spectacle of most heart-rending wretchedness.

Soon after, David Edwards, returning from Winchester with salt, was shot near the Valley river, tomahawked and scalped, in which situation he lay for some time before he was discovered. He was the last person who fell a victim to savage vengeance, in North Western Virginia, in the year 1778.

The repeated irruptions of the Indians during the summer of the year, and the frequent murders and great devastation committed by them, induced Government to undertake two expeditions into the Indian country. One thousand men were placed under the command of General McIntosh, some time in the fall, and he received orders to proceed forthwith against the Sandusky towns. Between two and three hundred soldiers were likewise placed under Colonel Clarke, to operate against the Canadian settlements in Illinois. It was well known that the Governor of those settlements was an indefatigable agent of British cruelty, stimulating the savages to aggression and paying them well for scalps, torn alike from the heads of the aged matron and the helpless infant. The settlements in Kentucky were constantly the theatre of outrage and murder, and to preserve them from entire destruction it was necessary that a blow should be aimed at the hives from which the savages swarmed, and if possible that those holds into which they would retire to reap the rewards of their cruelties and receive the price of blood, should be utterly broken up. The success of those two expeditions could not fail to check savage encroachments, and give quiet and security to the frontier; and

although the armies destined to achieve it were not altogether adequate to the service required, yet the known activity and enterprize of the commanding officers, joined to their prudence and good conduct, and the bravery and indefatigable perseverance and hardiness of the troops, gave promise of a happy result.

The success of the expedition under Colonel Clarke, fully realized the most sanguine expectations of those who were acquainted with the adventurous and enterprising spirit of its commander, and was productive of essential benefit to the state, as well as of comparative security to the border settlements. Descending the Ohio river, from Fort Pitt to the Falls, he there landed his troops, and concealing his boats, marched directly towards Kaskaskias. Their provisions, which were carried on their backs, were soon exhausted, and for two days the army subsisted entirely on roots. This was the only circumstance which occurred during their march calculated to dampen the ardor of the troops. No band of savage warriors had interposed to check their progress—no straggling Indian had discovered their approach. These fortunate omens inspired them with flattering hopes, and they pushed forward with augmented energy. Arriving before Kaskaskias in the night, they entered it unseen and unheard and took possession of the town and fort without opposition. Relying on the thick and wide extended forests which interposed between them and the American settlements, the inhabitants had been lulled to repose by fancied security, and were unconscious of danger until it had become too late to be avoided. Not a single individual escaped to spread the alarm in the adjacent settlements.

But there still remained other towns higher up on the Mississippi, which if unconquered would still afford shelter to the savages and furnish them the means of annoyance and of ravage. Against these Colonel Clarke immediately directed operations. Mounting a detachment of men, on horses found at Kaskaskias, and sending them forward, three other towns were reduced with equal success. The obnoxious Governor at Kaskaskias was sent directly to Virginia, with the written instructions which he had received from Quebec, Detroit and Michillimacinae, for exciting the Indians to war, and remunerating them for the blood which they might shed.

Although the country within which Colonel Clarke had so successfully carried on operations, was considered to be within the limits of Virginia, yet as it was occupied by savages and those who were but little, if any, less hostile than they, and being so remote from her settlements, Virginia had as yet exercised no act of jurisdiction over it. But as it now belonged to her, by conquest as well as charter, the General Assembly created it into a distinct county, to be called Illinois; a temporary government was likewise established in it, and a regiment of infantry and a troop of cavalry ordered to be enlisted for its defence, and placed under the command of its intrepid and enterprising conqueror.

The expedition directed under General McIntosh was not equally successful. The difficulty of raising, equipping, and organizing so

large a force as was placed under his command, at so great a distance from the populous district of the state, caused the consumption of so much time that the season for carrying on effective operations had well nigh passed before he was prepared to commence his march.—Anxious, however, to achieve as much as could then be effected for the security of the frontier, he penetrated the enemy's country as far as Tuscarawa, when it was resolved to build and garrison a fort and delay farther operations till the ensuing spring. Fort Laurens was accordingly erected on the banks of the Tuscarawa, a garrison of one hundred and fifty men, under the command of Colonel John Gibson, left for its preservation, and the main army returned to Fort Pitt.

No sooner had the adventurous advance of Col. Clarke and the success with which it was crowned become known at Detroit than preparations were made to expel him from Kaskaskias, or capture his little army, and thus rid the country of this obstacle to the unmolested passage of the savages to the frontier of Virginia. An army of six hundred men, principally Indians, led on by Hamilton, the Governor of Detroit—a man at once bold and active, yet blood-thirsty and cruel, and well known as a chief instigator of the savages to war and as a prop of tories—left Detroit and proceeded towards the theatre of Clarke's renown. With this force, he calculated on being able to effect his purpose as regarded Col. Clarke and his little band of bold and daring adventurers, and to spread devastation and death along the frontier, from Kentucky to Pennsylvania. Arriving at Fort St. Vincent, on the Wabash, about the middle of December, and deeming it too late to advance towards Kaskaskias, he repaired its battlements and converting it into a repository for warlike implements of every description, he detached the greater part of his force in marauding parties to operate against the settlements on the Ohio river, reserving for the security of his head quarters only one company of men.

While these alarming preparations were being made, Col. Clarke was actively engaged in acquiring an ascendancy over the neighboring tribes of Indians, and in endeavors to attach them to the cause of the United States, from principle or fear. The aid which had been voted him fell far short of the contemplated assistance and had not yet arrived, but his genius and activity amply compensated for the deficiency. In the heart of an Indian country, remote from every succor, and in the vicinity of powerful and hostile tribes, he yet not only maintained his conquest and averted injury, but carried terror and dismay into the very strong holds of the savages. Intelligence of the movement of Hamilton at length reached him, and hostile parties of Indians soon hovered around Kaskaskias. Undismayed by the tempest which was gathering over him, he concentrated his forces, withdrawing garrisons from the other towns to strengthen this, and made every preparation to enable him to endure a siege, and withstand the assault of a powerful army. The idea of abandoning the country never occurred to him. He did not despair of being able to maintain his position, and he and his gallant band resolved that

they would do it, or perish in the attempt. In this fearful juncture, all was activity and industry, when the arrival of a Spanish merchant, who had been at St. Vincents, brought information of the reduced state of Hamilton's army. Convinced that a crisis had now arrived, Clarke revolved by one bold stroke to change the aspect of affairs, and instead of farther preparing to resist attack, himself to become the assailant. For this purpose, a galley, mounting two four pounders and four swivels, and having on board a company of men, was despatched with orders to the commanding officer to ascend the Wabash and station himself a few miles below St. Vincents, allowing no one to pass him until the arrival of the main army. Garrisoning Kaskaskias with militia, and embodying the inhabitants for the protection of the other towns, Colonel Clarke set forward on his march across the country, on the 7th of February, 1779, at the head of one hundred and thirty brave and intrepid men.

Such was the inclemency of the weather, and so many and great the obstacles which interposed, that in despite of the ardor, perseverance and energy of the troops, they could yet advance very slowly towards the point of destination. They were five days in crossing the drowned lands of the Wabash, and for five miles had to wade through water and ice, frequently up to their breasts. They overcame every difficulty and arrived before St. Vincents on the evening of the 23d of February, and almost simultaneously with the galley.

Thus far fortune seemed to favor the expedition. The army had not been discovered on its march, and the garrison was totally ignorant of its approach. Much, however, yet remained to be done.—They had arrived within view of the enemy, but the battle was yet to be fought.

Sensible of the advantage to be derived from commencing the attack, while the enemy was ignorant of his approach, at seven o'clock he marched to the assault. The inhabitants, instead of offering opposition, received the troops with gladness, and surrendering the town, engaged with alacrity in the siege of the fort. For eighteen hours the garrison resisted the repeated onsets of the assailants; but during the night succeeding the commencement of the attack, Colonel Clarke had an entrenchment thrown up within rifle shot of the enemy's strongest battery, and in the morning, from this position, poured upon it such a well directed shower of balls that in fifteen minutes he silenced two pieces of cannon without sustaining any loss whatever. The advantages thus gained induced Hamilton to demand a parley, intimating an intention of surrendering. The terms were soon arranged. The Governor and garrison became prisoners of war, and a considerable quantity of military stores fell into the hands of the conqueror.

During the continuance of the siege, Colonel Clarke received information that a party of Indians, which had been detached by Hamilton to harass the frontiers, was returning and then near to St. Vincents with two prisoners. He immediately ordered a detachment of his men to march out and give them battle.—Nine Indians were taken and the two prisoners released.

History records but few enterprises which displays as strikingly the prominent features of military greatness, and evince so much of the genius and daring which are necessary to their successful termination, as this; while the motives which led to its inception were such as must excite universal admiration. Bold and daring, yet generous and disinterested, Colonel Clarke sought not his individual advancement in the projection or execution of this campaign. It was not to gratify the longings of ambition, or an inordinate love of fame, that prompted him to penetrate the Indian country to the Kaskaskias, nor that tempted him forth from thence to war with the garrison of St. Vincents. He was not one of

"Those worshippers of glory,
Who bathe the earth in blood,
And launch proud names for an after age,
Upon the crimson flood."

The distress and sufferings of the frontier of Virginia required that a period should be speedily put to them, to preserve the country from ravage and its inhabitants from butchery. Clarke had seen and participated in that distress and those sufferings, and put in requisition every faculty of his mind and all the energies of his body, to alleviate and prevent them. Providence smiled on his undertaking, and his exertions were crowned with complete success. The plan which had been concerted for the ensuing campaign against the frontier of Virginia, threatening to involve the whole country west of the Alleghany mountains in destruction and death, was thus happily frustrated; and he who had been mainly instrumental in impelling the savages to war, and in permitting, if not instigating them to the commission of the most atrocious barbarities, was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. So justly obnoxious had he rendered himself by his conduct, that a more than ordinary rigor was practised upon him; and by the orders of the Governor of Virginia the Governor of Detroit was manacled with irons and confined in jail.

Far different was the termination of the enterprise entrusted to the conduct of General McIntosh. It has been already seen that the approach of winter forced the main army to retire to the settlements into winter quarters before they were able to accomplish any thing but the erection of Fort Laurens. Colonel Gibson, the commandant of the garrison, though a brave and enterprising officer, was so situated that the preservation of the fort was all which he could accomplish, and this with no little hazard of failure, from the very superior force of the enemy and the scarcity of provisions for the subsistence of the garrison. So soon as the Indians became acquainted with the existence of a fort so far in their country, they put in practice those arts which enable them so successfully to annoy their enemies.

Early in January, a considerable body of savages approached Fort Laurens unperceived, and before the garrison was apprised that an Indian knew of its erection. In the course of the night they succeeded in catching the horses outside of the fort, and taking off their bells, carried them into the woods some distance off. They then concealed themselves in the prairie grass, along a path leading from

the fort, and in the morning commenced rattling the bells, at the farther extremity of the line of ambushment, so as to induce the belief that the horses were there to be found. The stratagem succeeded. Sixteen men were sent out to bring in the horses. Allured by the sound of the bells, they kept the path along which the Indians lay concealed, until they found themselves unexpectedly in the presence of an enemy, who opened upon them a destructive fire from front and rear. Fourteen were killed on the spot, and the remaining two were taken prisoners.

On the evening of the day on which this unfortunate surprise took place, the Indian army, consisting of eight hundred and forty-seven warriors, painted and equipped for war, marched in single file through a prairie near the fort and in full view of the garrison, and encamped on an adjacent elevation on the opposite side of the river. From this situation, frequent conversations were held by them with the whites, in which they deprecated the longer continuance of hostilities, but yet protested against the encroachment made upon their territory by the whites, the erection of a fort and the garrisoning soldiers within their country, not only without permission from them but for some time before they knew any thing of it. For these infringements on their rights they were determined on prosecuting the war, and accordingly continued the investure of the fort for six weeks. In this time they became straitened for provisions, and aware that without a fresh supply of them they would be forced to abandon the siege, they sent word to the commander of the garrison, by a Delaware Indian, calling himself John Thompson, (who, though with the whites in the fort, was permitted by both parties to go in and out, as he chose) that they were desirous of peace, and were willing to enter into a negotiation, if he would send them a barrel of flour and some tobacco. Scarce as these articles had actually become in the garrison, yet Col. Gibson complied with their request, hoping that they might be induced to make peace, or withdraw from the fort, and hopeless of timely succors from the settlements. Upon the receipt of those presents, the Indians raised the siege and marched their army off, much to the relief of the garrison, although they did not fulfill their promise of entering into a treaty.

During the time the Indians remained about the fort there was much sickness in the garrison, and when they were believed to have retired, the commandant detached Col. Clarke, of the Pennsylvania line, with a party of fifteen men, to escort the invalids to Fort McIntosh. They proceeded but a small distance from the gate when they were attacked by some Indians who had been left concealed near the fort for the purpose of effecting farther mischief. A skirmish ensued, but overpowered by numbers and much galled by the first fire, Col. Clarke could not maintain the conflict. With much difficulty he and three others reached the fort in safety; the rest of the party were all killed.

Col. Gibson immediately marched out at the head of the greater part of the garrison, but the Indians had retreated as soon as they

succeeded in cutting off the detachment under Col. Clarke, and prudence forbade to proceed in pursuit of them, as the main army was believed to be yet in the neighborhood. The dead were, however, brought in and buried with the honors of war, in front of the fort gate.

In a few days after this, Gen. McIntosh arrived with a considerable body of troops and a supply of provisions for the garrison.— While the savages were continuing the siege, a friendly Indian had been despatched by Col. Gibson to acquaint Gen. McIntosh with the situation of Fort Laurens, and that without the speedy arrival of a reinforcement of men and an accession to their stock of provisions, the garrison would have to surrender or seek a doubtful safety by evacuating the fort and endeavoring to regain the Ohio river in the presence of an overwhelming body of the enemy. With great promptitude the settlers flocked to the standard of Gen. McIntosh, and leading pack horses, with abundance of provisions for the supply of the garrison at Fort Laurens, commenced a rapid march for their relief. Before their arrival, they had been relieved from the most pressing danger, by the withdrawal of the Indian army, and were only suffering from the want of flour and meat. A manifestation of the great joy felt upon the arrival of Gen. McIntosh had well nigh deprived them of the benefit to be derived from the provisions brought for them. When the relief army approached the fort a salute was fired by the garrison, which, alarming the pack horses, caused them to break loose and scatter the greater part of the flour in every direction through the woods, so that it was impossible to be again collected.

The remains of those who had unfortunately fallen into an ambuscade in January, and which had lain out until then, were gathered together and buried;* and a fresh detachment, under Major Vernon, being left to garrison the fort, in the room of that which had been stationed there during winter, General McIntosh withdrew from the country and returned to Fort McIntosh. In the ensuing fall, Fort Laurens was entirely evacuated, the garrison having been almost reduced to starvation, and it being found very difficult to supply them with provisions at so great a distance from the settlements and in the heart of the Indian country.

During the year 1778, Kentucky was the theatre of many outrages. In January, a party of thirty men, among whom was Daniel Boone, repaired to the "Lower Blue Licks" for the purpose of making salt; and on the 7th of February, while Boone was alone in the woods, on a hunt to supply the salt-makers with meat, he was encountered by a party of one hundred and two Indians and two Canadians, and made prisoner. The savages advanced to the Licks,

*The bodies of these men were found to have been much devoured by the wolves, and bearing the appearance of having been recently torn by them. With a view of taking revenge on these animals for devouring their companions, the fatigue party sent to bury their remains, after digging a grave sufficiently capacious to contain all, and having deposited them in it, they covered the pit with slender sticks, bark and rotten wood, too weak to bear the weight of a wolf, and placed a piece of meat on the top and near the centre of this covering, as a bait. In the morning seven wolves were found in the pit, and killed, and the grave then filled up.

and made prisoners of twenty-seven of those engaged in making salt. Their object, in this incursion, was the destruction of Boonesborough; and had they continued their march thither, there is no doubt but that place, weakened as it was by the loss of so many of its men and not expecting an attack at that inclement season, would have fallen into their hands; but elated with their success, the Indians marched directly back with their prisoners to Chilicothe. The extreme suffering of the prisoners, during this march, inspired the savages with pity, and induced them to exercise an unusual lenity towards their captives. In March, Boone was carried to Detroit, where the Indians refused to liberate him, though an hundred pounds were offered for his ransom, and from which place he accompanied them back to Chilicothe in the latter part of April. In the first of June, he went with them to the Scioto salt springs, and on his return found one hundred and fifty choice warriors of the Shawanee nation, painting, arming, and otherwise equipping themselves to proceed again to the attack at Boonesborough.

Hitherto Boone had enjoyed as much satisfaction as was consistent with his situation, and more than would have been experienced by the most of men in captivity to the Indians; but when he found such great preparations making for an attack on the place which contained all that he held most dear, his love of family, his attachment to the village reared under his superintending hand, and to its inhabitants protected by his fostering care, determined him to attempt an immediate escape. Early on the morning of the 16th of June, he went forth as usual to hunt. He had secreted as much food as would serve him for one meal, and with this scanty supply, he resolved on finding his way home. On the 20th, having travelled a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, crossed the Ohio and other rivers, and with no sustenance, save what he had taken with him from Chilicothe, he arrived at Boonesborough. The Fort was quickly repaired, and every preparation made to enable it to withstand a siege.

In a few days after, another of those who had been taken prisoners at the Blue Licks, escaped and brought intelligence that in consequence of the flight of Boone, the Indians had agreed to postpone their meditated irruption for three weeks. This intelligence determined Boone to invade the Indian country, and at the head of only ten men he went forth on an expedition against Point creek town.—Near to this place, he met with a party of Indians going to join the main army, then on its march to Boonesborough, whom he attacked and dispersed without sustaining any loss on his part. The enemy had one killed and two severely wounded in this skirmish, and lost their horses and baggage. On their return, they passed the Indian army on the 6th of August, and on the next day entered Boonesborough.

On the 8th of August, the Indian army, consisting of four hundred and fifty men, and commanded by Captain Du Quesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and their own chiefs, appeared before the Fort and demanded its surrender. In order to gain time, Boone requested two

days consideration, and at the expiration of that period, returned for answer, that the garrison had resolved on defending it while one individual remained alive within its walls.

Capt. Du Quenne then made known that he was charged by Gov. Hamilton to make prisoners of the garrison, but not to treat them harshly; and that if nine of their principal men would come out and negotiate a treaty, based on a renunciation of allegiance to the United States, and on a renewal of their fealty to the king, the Indian army should be instantly withdrawn. Boone did not confide in the sincerity of the Frenchman, but he determined to gain the advantage of farther preparation for resistance, by delaying the attack. He consented to negotiate on the terms proposed; but suspecting treachery, insisted that the conference should be held near the fort walls. The garrison were on the alert while the negotiation continued, and did not fail to remark that many of the Indians, not concerned in making the treaty, were stalking about under very suspicious circumstances. The terms on which the savage army was to retire were at length agreed upon, and the articles signed, when the whites were told that it was an Indian custom, in ratification of compacts, that two of their chiefs should shake hands with one white man. Boone and his associates, consenting to conform to this custom, not without suspicion of a sinister design, the savages endeavored to drag them off as prisoners; but being strong and active, they bounded from their grasp, and entered the gate, amid a heavy shower of balls; one only of the nine was slightly wounded. The Indians then commenced a furious assault on the fort, but were repulsed with some loss on their part; and every renewed attempt to carry it by storm was, in like manner, frustrated by the intrepidity and gallantry of its inmates.

Disappointed in their expectation of succeeding in this way, the savages next attempted to undermine the fort, commencing at the water mark of the Kentucky river, only sixty yards from the walls. This course was no doubt dictated to them by their French commanders, as they are ignorant of the practice of war farther than depends on the use of the gun and tomahawk and the exercise of stratagem and cunning. The vigilance of the besieged, however, soon led to a discovery of the attempt—the water below was colored by the clay thrown out from the excavation, while above it retained its usual transparency; and here again they were foiled by the active exertion of the garrison. A countermine was begun by them, the earth from which being thrown over the wall, manifested the nature of their operations and led the enemy to raise the siege and retire from the country.

In the various assaults made on the fort by this savage army, two only of the garrison were killed and four wounded. The loss of the enemy, as usual, could not be certainly ascertained—thirty-seven were left dead on the field and many were no doubt wounded.*

*When the Indians retired from before Boonesborough, one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets were picked up by the garrison, besides many that stuck in the logs of the fort. A conclusive proof that the Indians were not idle during the continuance of the siege.

So signally was the savage army repulsed, in their repeated attacks on Boonesborough, that they never afterwards made any great effort to effect its reduction. The heroism and intrepidity of Boone and his assistants rendered it impregnable to their combined exertions to demolish it; while the vigilance and caution of the inhabitants convinced them that it would be fruitless and unavailing to devise plans for gaining admission into the fort by stratagem. Still, however, they kept up a war of ravage and murder against such as were unfortunately found defenceless and unprotected, and directed combined operations against other and weaker positions.

The success of the expedition under Col. Clarke, though productive of many and great advantages to the frontier inhabitants, did not achieve for them an unmolested security. Their property was still liable to plunder, and families newly arrived among them to be murdered or taken prisoners. Combined efforts were required to put a period to savage aggression, and a meeting of the settlers was held at Harrodsburg to concert measures to effect that object. Their consultation resulted in a determination to carry the war into the enemy's country; and as the Shawanees had been most efficient in waging hostilities, it was resolved to commence operations against their most considerable town. Two hundred volunteers were accordingly raised, and when rendezvoused at Harrodsburg, were placed under the command of Col. Bowman, and proceeded against Chillicothe.

The expedition thus fitted out, arrived, by forced marches, near to Chillicothe, in the evening towards the latter end of July, 1779, and on deliberation it was agreed to defer the attack till next morning.—Before dawn the army was drawn up and arranged in order of battle. The right wing, led on by Colonel Bowman, was to assume a position on one side of the town, and the left, under Capt. Logan, was to occupy the ground on the opposite side, and at a given signal both were to develop to the right and left, so as to encircle and attack it in concert. The party led by Logan repaired to the point assigned, and was waiting in anxious but vain expectation for the signal of attack to be given, when the attention of the Indians was directed towards him by the barking of their dogs. At this instant a gun was discharged by one of Bowman's men, and the whole village alarmed. The squaws and children were hurried into the woods, along a path not yet occupied by the assailants, and the warriors collected in a strong cabin. Logan, being near enough to perceive every movement of the enemy, ordered his men quietly to occupy the deserted huts, as a momentary shelter from the Indian fires, until Col. Bowman should march forward. It was now light, and the savages began a regular discharge of shot at his men, as they advanced to the deserted cabins. This determined him to move directly to the attack of the cabin, in which the warriors were assembled, and ordering his men to tear off the doors, and hold them in front as a shield, while advancing to the assault, he was already marching on the foe when he was overtaken by an order from Col. Bowman to retreat.

Confounded by this command, Capt. Logan was for a time reluctant

to obey it; a retreat was, however, directed, and each individual, sensible of his great exposure while retiring from the towns, sought to escape from danger in the manner directed by his own judgment, and fled to the woods at his utmost speed. There they rallied and resumed more of order, though still too much terrified to stand a contest when the Indians sallied out to give battle. Intimidated by the apprehension of danger, which they had not seen, but supposed to be great from the retreating order of Col. Bowman, they continued to fly before the savages, led on by their chief, the Black Fish. At length they were brought to a halt, and opened a brisk though inefficient fire upon their pursuers. Protected by bushes, the Indians maintained their ground, till Capts. Logan and Harrod, with some of the men under their immediate command, mounted on pack-horses, charged them with great spirit and dislodged them from their covert. Exposed in turn to the fire of the whites, and seeing their chief fall, the savages took to flight, and Col. Bowman continued his retreat homeward free from farther interruption.

In this illly conducted expedition, Col. Bowman had nine of his men killed and one wounded. The Indian loss was no doubt less, only two or three were known to be killed. Had the commanding officer, instead of ordering a retreat when Logan's men were rushing bravely to the conflict, marched with the right wing of the army to his aid, far different would have been the result. The enemy, only thirty strong, could not long have held out against the bravery and impetuosity of two hundred backwoodsmen, stimulated to exertion by repeated suffering, and nerved by the reflection that they were requiring it upon its principal authors. Colonel Bowman doubtless believed that he was pursuing a proper course. The gallantry and intrepidity displayed by him on many occasions, forbid the supposition that he was under the influence of any unmilitary feeling, and prompted to that course by a disposition to shrink from ordinary dangers. His motives were certainly pure, and his subsequent exertions to rally his men and bring them to face the foe were as great as could have been made by any one; but disheartened by the fear of unreal danger, and in the trepidation of a flight, deemed to be absolutely necessary for their safety, they could not be readily brought to bear the brunt of battle. The efforts of a few resolute individuals drove back the pursuers and thus prevented a harrassed retreat.

Notwithstanding the frequent irruptions of the Indians and the constant exposure of the settlers to suffering and danger, Kentucky increased rapidly in population. From the influx of emigrants during the fall and winter months, the number of its inhabitants were annually doubled for some years, and new establishments were made in various parts of the country. In April, 1779, a block-house was erected on the present site of Lexington, and several stations were selected in its vicinity, and in the neighborhood of the present town of Danville. Settlements were also made in that year, on the waters of Bear Grass, Green and Licking rivers, and parts of the country began to be distinguished by their interior and frontier situation.

In North Western Virginia, the frequent inroads of small parties of savages in 1778, led to greater preparations for security from renewed hostilities after the winter should have passed away, and many settlements received a considerable accession to their strength from the number of persons emigrating to them. In some neighborhoods the sufferings of the preceding season and the inability of the inhabitants, from the paucity of their numbers, to protect themselves from invasion, led to a total abandonment of their homes. The settlement on Hacker's creek was entirely broken up in the spring of 1779—some of its inhabitants forsaking the country and retiring east of the mountains, while the others went to the fort on Buchannon, and to Nutter's fort, near Clarksburg, to aid in resisting the foe and in maintaining possession of the country. When the campaign of that year opened, the whole frontier was better prepared to protect itself from invasion and to shield its occupants from the wrath of the savage enemy, than it had ever been since it became the abode of white men. There were forts in every settlement, into which the people could retire when danger threatened, and which were capable of withstanding the assaults of savages, however furious they might be, if having to depend for success on the use of small arms only.—It was fortunate for the country that this was their dependence. A few well directed shots, even from small cannon, would have demolished their strongest fortress and left them no hope from death but captivity.

In the neighborhood of Pricket's fort, the inhabitants were early alarmed by circumstances which induced a belief that the Indians were near, and they accordingly entered that garrison. It was soon evident that their fears were groundless, but as the season was fast approaching when the savages might be expected to commence depredations, they determined on remaining in the fort at night, and yet prosecute the business of their farms as usual during the day. Among those who were at this time in the fort was David Morgan, (a relation of General Daniel Morgan,) then upwards of sixty years of age. Early in April, being himself unwell, he sent his two children—Stephen, a youth of sixteen, and Sarah, a girl of fourteen—to feed the cattle at his farm, about a mile off. The children, thinking to remain all day and spend the time in preparing ground for water-melons, unknown to their father took with them some bread and meat. Having fed the stock, Stephen set himself to work, and while he was engaged in grubbing, his sister would remove the brush and otherwise aid him in the labor of clearing the ground, occasionally going to the house to wet some linen which she had spread out to bleach. Morgan, after the children had been gone some time, betook himself to bed, and soon falling asleep, dreamed that he saw Stephen and Sarah walking about the fort yard, scalped. Aroused from slumber by the harrowing spectacle presented to his sleeping view, he enquired if the children had returned, and upon learning they had not, he set out to see what detained them, taking with him his gun. As he approached the house, still impressed with the horrible fear that he

should find his dream realized, he ascended an eminence from which he could distinctly see over his plantation, and observing from thence the objects of his anxious solicitude, he proceeded directly to them, and seated himself on an old log, near at hand. He had been here but a few minutes before he saw two Indians come out from the house and make towards the children. Fearing to alarm them too much, and thus deprive them of the power of exerting themselves ably to make an escape, he apprized them in a careless manner of their danger and told them to run towards the fort—himself still maintaining his seat on the log. The Indians then raised a hideous yell and ran in pursuit, but the old gentleman showing himself at that instant, caused them to forbear the chase and shelter themselves behind trees. He then endeavored to effect an escape by flight and the Indians followed after him. Age and consequent infirmity rendered him unable long to continue out of their reach, and aware that they were gaining considerably on him he wheeled to shoot. Both instantly sprang behind trees, and Morgan seeking shelter in the same manner got behind a tree which was so small as to leave part of his body exposed. Looking round, he saw a large oak about twenty yards farther, and he made to it. Just as he reached it, the foremost Indian sought security behind the sugar sapling which he had found insufficient for his protection. The Indian, sensible that it would not shelter him, threw himself down by the side of a log which lay at the root of the sapling. But this did not afford him sufficient cover, and Morgan, seeing him exposed to a shot, fired at him. The ball took effect, and the savage rolled over on his back, stabbing himself twice in the breast.

Having thus succeeded in killing one of his pursuers, Morgan again took to flight, and the remaining Indian after him. It was now that trees could afford him no security. His gun was unloaded and his pursuer could approach him safely. The unequal race was continued about sixty yards, when looking over his shoulder, he saw the savage within a few paces of him and with his gun raised. Morgan sprang to one side, and the ball whizzed harmlessly by him. The odds were now not great, and both advanced to closer combat, sensible of the prize for which they had to contend, and each determined to deal death to his adversary. Morgan aimed a blow with his gun, but the Indian hurled a tomahawk at him, which cutting the little finger of his left hand entirely off, and injuring the one next it very much, knocked the gun out of his grasp and they closed. Being a good wrestler, Morgan succeeded in throwing the Indian, but soon found himself overturned and the savage upon him, feeling for his knife and sending forth a most horrific yell, as is their custom when they consider victory as secure. A woman's apron, which he had taken from the house and fastened round him above his knife, so hindered him in getting at it quickly, that Morgan, getting one of his fingers in his mouth, deprived him of the use of that hand, and disconcerted him very much by continuing to grind it between his teeth.—At length the Indian got hold of his knife, but so far towards the

blade that Morgan too got a small hold on the extremity of the handle, and as the Indian drew it from the scabbard, Morgan, biting his finger with all his might, and thus causing him somewhat to relax his grasp, drew it through his hand, gashing it most severely.

By this time both had gained their feet, and the Indian, sensible of the great advantage gained over him, endeavored to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast to the finger until he succeeded in giving him a fatal stab, and felt the almost lifeless body sinking in his arms. He then loosed his hold and departed for the fort.

On his way he met with his daughter, who not being able to keep pace with her brother, had followed his footsteps to the river bank where he had plunged in, and was then making her way to the canoe. Assured thus far of the safety of his children, he accompanied his daughter to the fort, and then, in company with a party of the men, returned to his farm to see if there were any appearance of other Indians being about there. On arriving on the spot where the desperate struggle had been, the wounded Indian was not to be seen; but trailing him by the blood which flowed profusely from his side, they found him concealed in the branches of a fallen tree. He had taken the knife from his body, bound up the wound with the apron, and on their approaching him, accosted them familiarly, with the salutation, "How do do, broder, how do, broder." Alas! poor fellow! their brotherhood extended no farther than to the gratification of a vengeful feeling. He was tomakawked and scalped; and, as if this would not fill the measure of their vindictive passions, both he and his companion were flayed, their skins tanned and converted into saddle seats, shot pouches and belts a striking instance of the barbarities which a revengeful spirit will lead its possessors to perpetrate.

The alarm which had caused the people in the neighborhood of Pricket's fort to move into it for safety, induced two or three families on Dunkard creek to collect at the house of Mr. Bozarth, thinking they would be more exempt from danger when together than if remaining at their several homes. About the first of April, when only Mr. Bozarth and two men were in the house, the children who had been out at play, came running into the yard, exclaiming that there were "*ugly red men coming*." Upon hearing this, one of the two men in the house, going to the door to see if Indians really were approaching, received a glancing shot on his breast, which caused him to fall back. The Indian who had shot him, sprang in immediately after, and grappling with the other white man, was quickly thrown on the bed. His antagonist having no weapon with which to do him any injury called to Mrs. Bozarth for a knife. Not finding one at hand, she seized an axe and at one blow let out the brains of the prostrate savage. At that instant a second Indian entered the door and shot dead the man engaged with his companion on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned on him and with a well directed blow let out his entrails and caused him to bawl out for help. Upon this, others of his party, who had been engaged with the children in the yard, came to his relief. The first who thrust his head in at the door had it cleft by

the axe of Mrs. Bozarth and fell lifeless on the ground. Another, catching hold of his wounded, bawling companion, drew him out of the house, when Mrs. Bozarth, with the aid of the white man who had been first shot, and was then somewhat recovered, succeeded in closing and making fast the door. The children in the yard were all killed, but the heroism and exertions of Mrs. Bozarth and the wounded white man, enabled them to resist the repeated attempts of the Indians to force open the door and to maintain possession of the house until they were relieved by a party from the neighboring settlement. The time occupied in this bloody affair, from the first alarm by the children to the shutting of the door, did not exceed three minutes. And in this brief space, Mrs. Bozarth, with wonderful self-possession, coolness and intrepidity, succeeded in killing three Indians.

On the eleventh of the same month, five Indians came to a house on Snowy creek (in the now county of Preston), in which lived James Brain and Richard Powell, and remained in ambush during the night, close around it. In the morning early, the appearance of some ten or twelve men issuing from the house with guns, for the purpose of amusing themselves in shooting at a mark, deterred the Indians from making their meditated attack. The men seen by them were travellers who had associated for mutual security, and who, after partaking of a morning's repast, resumed their journey, unknown to the savages, when Mr. Brain and the sons of Mr. Powell went to their day's work. Being engaged in carrying clapboards for covering a cabin, at some distance from the house, they were soon heard by the Indians, who despairing of succeeding in an attack on the house, changed their position and concealed themselves by the side of the path along which those engaged at work had to go. Mr. Brain and one of his sons being at a little distance in front of them, they fired and Brain fell. He was then tomahawked and scalped, while another of the party followed and caught the son as he was attempting to escape by flight.

Three other boys were then some distance behind and out of sight, and hearing the report of the gun which killed Brain, for an instant supposed that it proceeded from the rifle of some hunter in quest of deer; but they were soon satisfied that this supposition was unfounded. Three Indians came running towards them, bearing their guns in one hand and tomahawks in the other. One of the boys, stupified by terror and unable to stir from the spot, was immediately made prisoner. Another, the son of Powell, was also caught, but the third, finding himself out of sight of his pursuer, ran to one side and concealed himself in a bunch of elders, where he remained until the Indian passed the spot where he lay, when he arose and taking a different direction ran with all his speed, and effected an escape. The little prisoners were then brought together, and one of Mr. Powell's sons, being discovered to have but one eye, was stripped naked, had a tomahawk sunk into his head, a spear ran through his body, and the scalp then removed from his bleeding head.

The little Powell who had escaped from the savages, being forced

to go a direction opposite to the house, proceeded to a station about eight miles off, and communicated intelligence of what had been done at Brain's. A party of men equipped themselves and went immediately to the scene of action, but the Indians had hastened homeward as soon as they perpetrated their horrid cruelties.— One of their little captives (Benjamin Brain) being asked by them, "how many men were at the house?" replied "twelve." To the question, "how far from thence was the nearest fort?" he answered "two miles." Yet he well knew that there was no fort nearer than eight miles, and that there was not a man at the house—Mr. Powell being from home, and the twelve travellers having departed before his father and he had gone out to work. His object was to save his mother and the other women and children from captivity or death by inducing them to believe that it would be extremely dangerous to venture near the house. He succeeded in the attainment of his object. Deterred by the prospect of being discovered and perhaps defeated by the superior force of the white men, represented to be at Mr. Brain's, they departed in the greatest hurry taking with them their two little prisoners, Benjamin and Isaac Brain.

So slyly had the whole affair been conducted (the report of a gun being too commonly heard to excite any suspicion of what was doing) and so expeditiously had the little boy who escaped and the men who accompanied him back moved in their course, that the first intimation given Mrs. Brain of the fate of her husband was given by the men who came in pursuit.

Soon after the happening of this affair, a party of Indians came into the Buchannon settlement, and made prisoner Leonard Schoolcraft, a youth of about sixteen, who had been sent from the fort on some business. When arrived at their towns and arrangements being made for his running the gauntlet, he was told that he might defend himself against the blows of the young Indians who were to pursue him to the council house. Being active and athletic, he availed himself of this privilege, so as to save himself from the beating which he would otherwise have received, and laying about him with well-timed blows, frequently knocked down those who came near to him—much to the amusement of the warriors, according to the account given by others who were then prisoners and present. This was the last certain information which was ever had concerning him. He was believed, however, to have been afterwards in his old neighborhood in the capacity of a guide to the Indians, and aiding them by his knowledge of the country, in making successful incursions into it.

In the month of June, at Martin's fort on Crooked Run, another murderous scene was exhibited by the savages. The greater part of the men having gone forth early to their farms, and those who remained being unapprehensive of immediate danger, and consequently supine and careless, the fort was necessarily easily accessible, and the vigilance of the savages who were lying hid around it, discovering its exposed and weakened situation, seized the favorable moment to attack those who were without. The women were engaged in milk-

ing the cows outside the gate, and the men who had been left behind were loitering around. The Indians rushed forward and killed and made prisoners of ten of them. James Stuart, James Smally and Peter Crouse, were the only persons who fell, and John Shiver and his wife, two sons of Stuart, two sons of Smally and a son of Crouse, were carried into captivity. According to their statement upon their return, there were thirteen Indians in the party which surprised them, and emboldened by success, instead of retreating with their prisoners, remained at a little distance from the fort till night, when they put the captives in a waste house near, under custody of two of the savages, while the remaining eleven went to see if they could not succeed in forcing an entrance at the gate. But the disaster of the morning had taught the inhabitants the necessity of greater watchfulness. The dogs were shut out at night and the approach of the Indians exciting them to bark freely gave notice of impending danger in time for them to avert it. The attempt to take the fort being thus frustrated, the savages returned to the house in which the prisoners were confined and moved off with them to their towns.

In August, two daughters of Captain David Scott living at the mouth of Pike run, going to the meadow with dinner for the mowers, were taken by some Indians who were watching the path. The younger was killed on the spot but the latter being taken some distance farther, and every search for her proving unavailing, her father fondly hoped that she had been carried into captivity and that he might redeem her. For this purpose he visited Pittsburg and engaged the service of a friendly Indian to ascertain where she was and endeavor to prevail on them to ransom her, but before his return from Fort Pitt some of his neighbors, directed to the spot by the buzzards hovering over it, found her half eaten and mutilated body.

In September, Nathaniel Davisson and his brother, being on a hunting expedition up Ten Mile, left their camp early on the morning of the day on which they intended to return home, and naming an hour at which they would be back, proceeded through the woods in different directions. At the appointed time Josiah went to the camp, and after waiting there in vain for the arrival of his brother, and becoming uneasy lest some unlucky accident had befallen him, he set out in search of him. Unable to see or hear any thing of him he returned home and prevailed on several of his neighbors to aid in endeavoring to ascertain his fate. Their search was likewise unavailing; but in the following March he was found by John Read, while hunting in that neighborhood. He had been shot and scalped, and notwithstanding he had laid out nearly six months, he was but little torn by wild beasts, and was easily recognized.

During this year, too, Tygart's Valley, which had escaped being visited by the Indians in 1778, again heard their startling yells; and although but little mischief was done by them while there, yet its inhabitants were a while kept in fearful apprehension that greater ills would befall them. In October of this year, a party of them lying in ambush near the road, fired several shots at Lieut. John White, who

was riding by, but with no other effect than, by wounding the horse, causing him to throw his rider. This was fatal to White. Being left on foot and open ground he was soon shot, tomahawked and scalped.

As soon as this event was made known, Capt. Benjamin Wilson, with his wonted promptitude and energy, raised a company of volunteers, and proceeding by forced marches to the Indian crossing, at the mouth of the Sandy fork of Little Kenhawa, he remained there nearly three days with a view to intercept the retreat of the savages. They, however, returned by another way and his scheme, of cutting them off while crossing the river, consequently failed.

Some time after this, several families in the Buchannon settlement, left the fort and returned to their homes, under the belief that the season had advanced too far for the Indians again to come among them. But they were sorely disappointed. The men being all assembled at the fort for the purpose of electing a Captain, some Indians fell upon the family of John Schoolcraft, and killed the women and eight children,—two little boys only were taken prisoners. A small girl, who had been scalped and tomahawked till a portion of her brains were forced from the head, was found the next day yet alive, and continued to live for several days, the brains still oozing from the fracture of her skull.

The last mischief that was done this fall, was perpetrated at the house of Samuel Cottrail near to the present town of Clarksburg. During the night, considerable fear was excited, both at Cottrail's and at Sotha Hickman's on the opposite side of Elk creek, by the continued barking of the dogs, that Indians were lurking near, and in consequence of this apprehension Cottrail, on going to bed, secured well the doors and directed that no one should stir out in the morning until it was ascertained that there was no danger threatening. A while before day, Cottrail being fast asleep, Moses Coleman, who lived with him, got up, shelled some corn and giving a few ears to Cottrail's nephew with directions to feed the pigs around the yard, went to the hand mill in an out house, and commenced grinding. The little boy, being squatted down shelling the corn to the pigs, found himself suddenly drawn on his back and an Indian standing over him, ordering him to lie there. The savage then turned towards the house in which Coleman was, fired, and as Coleman fell ran up to scalp him. Thinking this a favorable time for him to reach the dwelling house, the little boy sprang to his feet, and running to the door it was opened and he admitted. Scarcely was it closed after him, when one of the Indians with his tomahawk endeavored to break it open. Cottrail fired through the door at him and he went off. In order to see if others were about, and to have a better opportunity of shooting with effect, Cottrail ascended the loft and looking through a crevice saw them hastening away through the field and at too great distance from him to shoot with the expectation of injuring them. Yet he continued to fire and halloo, to give notice of danger to those who lived near him.

The severity of the following winter put a temporary stop to sav-

age inroad, and gave to the inhabitants on the frontier an interval of quiet and repose, extremely desirable to them after the dangers and confinement of the preceding season. Hostilities were, however, resumed upon the first appearance of spring, and acts of murder and devastation, which had, of necessity, been suspended for a time, were re-commenced with a determination on the part of the savages utterly to exterminate the inhabitants of the western country. To effect this object, an expedition was concerted between the British commandant at Detroit and the Indian chiefs north west of the Ohio, to be carried on by their united forces against Kentucky, while an Indian army alone was to penetrate North Western Virginia and spread desolation over its surface. No means which could avail to ensure success and which lay within their reach were left unemployed. The army destined to operate against Kentucky was to consist of six hundred Indians and Canadians, to be commanded by Colonel Byrd (a British officer) and furnished with every implement of destruction, from the war club of the savages to the cannon of their allies. Happily for North Western Virginia, its situation exempted its inhabitants from having to contend against these instruments of war; the want of roads prevented the transportation of cannon through the intermediate forests, and the difficulty and labor of propelling them up the Ohio river forbade the attempt in that way.

While the troops were collecting for these expeditions, and other preparations were making for carrying them on, the settlements of North Western Virginia were not free from invasion. Small parties of Indians would enter them at unguarded moments, and kill and plunder, whenever opportunities occurred of their being done with impunity, and then retreat to their villages. Early in March, 1780, Thomas Lacky discovered some moccasin tracks near the upper extremity of Tygart's Valley, and thought he heard a voice saying in an under tone, "*Let him alone, he will go and bring more.*" Alarmed by these circumstances, he proceeded to Hadden's fort and told there what he had seen and what he believed he had heard. Being so early in the season and the weather yet far from mild, none heeded his tale and but few believed it. On the next day, however, as Jacob Warwick, William Warwick and some others from Greenbrier were about leaving the fort on their return home, it was agreed that a company of men should accompany them some distance on the road. Unapprehensive of danger, regardless of the warning of Lackey, they were proceeding carelessly on their way, when they were suddenly attacked by some Indians lying in ambush, near to the place where the moccasin tracks had been seen on the preceding day. The men on horseback all got safely off, but those on foot were less fortunate. The Indians having occupied the pass both above and below, the footmen had no chance of escape but in crossing the river and ascending a steep bluff on its opposite side. In attempting this several lost their lives. John McLan was killed about thirty yards from the brow of the hill—James Ralston when a little farther up it, and James Crouch was wounded after having nearly reached its summit,

but he got safely off and returned to the fort on the next day. John Nelson, after crossing over, endeavored to escape down the river, but being there met by a stout warrior he too was killed after a severe struggle. His shattered gun breech, the upturned earth, and the locks of Indian hair yet in his clenched hands, showed that the victory over him had not been easily won.

Soon after this, the family of John Gibson were surprised at their sugar camp, on a branch of the Valley river, and made prisoners. Mrs. Gibson, being incapable of supporting the fatigue of walking so far and fast, was tomahawked and scalped in the presence of her children.

West's fort on Hacker's creek, was also visited by the savages early in this year. The frequent incursions of the Indians into this settlement in the year 1771, had caused the inhabitants to desert their homes the next year and shelter themselves in places of greater security; but being unwilling to give up the improvements which they had already made and commence anew in the woods, some few families returned to it during the winter, and on the approach of spring moved into the fort. They had not been long here before the savages made their appearance, and continued to invest the fort for some time. Too weak to sally out and give them battle, and not knowing when to expect relief, the inhabitants were almost reduced to despair, when Jesse Hughes resolved at his own hazard to try to obtain assistance to drive off the enemy. Leaving the fort at night, he broke by their sentinels and ran with speed to the Buchannon fort. Here he prevailed on a party of the men to accompany him to West's and relieve those who had been so long confined there. They arrived before day, and it was thought advisable to abandon the place once more, and remove to Buchannon. On their way, the Indians used every artifice to separate the party, so as to gain an advantageous opportunity of attacking them, but in vain. They exercised so much caution and kept so well together, that every stratagem was frustrated and they all reached the fort in safety.

Two days after this, as Jeremiah Curl, Henry Fink and Edmund West, who were old men, and Alexander West, Peter Cutright, and Simon Schoolcraft, were returning to the fort with some of their neighbor's property, they were fired at by the Indians who were lying concealed along a run bank. Curl was slightly wounded under the chin, but disdaining to fly without making a stand, he called to his companions, "*stand your ground, for we are able to whip them.*" At this instant a lusty warrior drew a tomahawk from his belt and rushed towards him. Nothing daunted by the danger which seemed to threaten him, Curl raised his gun, but the powder being damped by the blood from his wound, it did not fire. He instantly picked up West's gun (which he had been carrying to relieve West of part of his burden) and discharging it at his assailant brought him to the ground.

The whites being by this time rid of their incumbrances, the Indians retreated in two parties and pursued different routes, not however

without being pursued. Alexander West being swift of foot, soon came near enough to fire, and brought down a second, but having only wounded him, and seeing the Indians spring behind trees, he could not advance to finish him; nor could he again shoot at him, the flint having fallen out when he first fired. Jackson (who was hunting sheep not far off) hearing the report of the guns, ran towards the spot, and being in sight of the Indian when West shot, saw him fall and afterwards recover and hobble off. Simon Schoolcraft, following after West, came to him just after Jackson, with his gun cocked, and asking where the Indians were, was advised by Jackson to get behind a tree, or they would soon let him know where they were.—Instantly the report of a gun was heard, and Schoolcraft let fall his arm. The ball had passed through it, and striking a steel tobacco box in his waistcoat pocket, did him no farther injury. Cutright, when West fired at one of the Indians, saw another of them drop behind a log, and changing his position, espied him where the log was a little raised from the earth. With steady nerves he drew upon him. The moaning cry of the savage, as he sprang from the ground and moved haltingly away, convinced them that the shot had taken effect. The rest of the Indians continued behind trees, until they observed a reinforcement coming up to the aid of the whites, and they fled with the utmost precipitancy. Night soon coming on, those who followed them had to give over the pursuit.

A company of fifteen men went early next morning to the battle ground, and taking the trail of the Indians, and pursuing it some distance, came to where they had some horses (which they had stolen after the skirmish) hobbled out on a fork of Hacker's creek. They then found the plunder which the savages had taken from neighboring houses, and supposing that their wounded warriors were near, the whites commenced looking for them, when a gun was fired at them by an Indian concealed in a laurel thicket, which wounded John Cutright. The whites then caught the stolen horses and returned with them and the plunder to the fort.

For some time after this, there was nothing occurring to indicate the presence of Indians in the Buchannon settlement, and some of those who were in the fort, hoping that they should not be again visited by them this season, determined on returning to their houses.—Austin Schoolcraft was one of these, and being engaged in removing some of his property from the fort, as he and his niece were passing through a swamp in their way to his house, they were shot at by some Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft was killed, and his niece taken prisoner.

In June, John Owens, John Juggins and Owen Owens were attacked by some Indians, as they were going to their cornfield on Booth's creek, and the two former were killed and scalped. Owen Owens being some distance behind them, made his escape to the fort. John Owens the younger, who had been to the pasture field for the plough horses, heard the guns, but not suspecting any danger to be near, rode forward towards the corn field. As he was proceeding

along the path by a fence side, riding one and leading another horse, he was fired at by several Indians, some of whom afterwards rushed forward and caught at the bridle reins, yet he escaped unhurt from them all.

The savages likewise visited Cheat river, during the spring, and coming to the house of John Sims, were discovered by a negro woman, who ran immediately to the door and alarmed the family. Bernard Sims (just recovering from the small pox) taking down his gun, and going to the door was shot. The Indians, perceiving that he was affected with a disease, of all others the most terrifying to them, not only did not perform the accustomed operation of scalping, but retreated with as much rapidity as if they had been pursued by an overwhelming force of armed men—exclaiming as they ran, "*small pox! small pox!!*"

After the attack on Donnelly's fort in May, 1778, the Indians made no attempt to effect farther mischiefs in the Greenbrier country, until this year. The fort at Point Pleasant guarded the principal pass to the settlements on the Kenhawa, in the Levels, and on Greenbrier river, and the reception they had met with at Col. Donnelly's, convinced them that not much was to be gained by incursions into that section of the frontiers. But as they were now making great preparations for effectual operations against the whole border country, a party of them was despatched to this portion of it, at once for the purpose of rapine and murder, and to ascertain the state of the country and its capacity to resist invasion.

The party then sent into Greenbrier consisted of twenty-two warriors who committed their first act of atrocity near the house of Lawrence Drinnan, a few miles above the Little Levels. Henry Baker and Richard Hill, who were then staying there, going early in the morning to the river to wash, were shot at by them; Baker was killed, but Hill escaped back to the house. When the Indians fired at Baker, he was near a fence between the river and Drinnan's and within gun shot of the latter place. Fearing to cross the fence for the purpose of scalping him, they prized it up, and with a pole fastening a noose around his neck, drew him down the river bank and scalped and left him there.

Apprehensive of an attack on the house, Mr. Drinnan made such preparations as were in his power to repel them, and despatched a servant to the little Levels with the intelligence and to procure assistance. He presently returned with twenty men, who remained there during the night, but in the morning, seeing nothing to contradict the belief that the Indians had departed, they buried Baker and set out on their return to the Levels, taking with them all who were at Drinnan's and the most of his property. Arrived at the fork of the road, a question arose whether they should take the main route, leading through a gap which was deemed a favorable situation for an ambuscade, or continue on the farther but more open and secure way. A majority preferred the latter; but two young men, by the name of Bridger, separated from the others, and travelling on the nearer

path, were both killed at the place where it was feared danger might be lurking.

The Indians next proceeded to the House of Hugh McIver, where they succeeded in killing its owner, and in making prisoner his wife; and in going from thence, met with John Prior, who with his wife and infant were on their way to the country on the south side of the Big Kenhawa. Prior was shot through the breast, but anxious for the fate of his wife and child, stood still till one of the Indians came up and laid hold on her. Notwithstanding the severe wound which he had received, Prior proved too strong for his opponent, and the other Indians not interfering, forced him at length to disengage himself from the struggle. Prior, then seeing that no violence was offered to Mrs. Prior or the infant, walked off without any attempt being made to stop or otherwise molest him; the Indians no doubt suffering him to depart under the expectation that he would obtain assistance and endeavor to regain his wife and child, and that an opportunity of waylaying any party coming with this view would be then afforded them. Prior returned to the settlement, related the above incidents and died that night. His wife and child were never after heard of, and it is highly probable they were murdered on their way, as being unable to travel as expeditiously as the Indians wished.

They next went to a house occupied by Thomas Drinnon and a Mr. Smith with their families, where they made prisoners of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Drinnon and a child; and going then towards their towns, killed, on their way, an old gentleman by the name of Monday and his wife. This was the last outrage committed by the Indians in the Greenbrier settlements. And although the war was carried on by them against the frontier settlements with energy for years after, yet did they not again attempt an incursion into it. Its earlier days had been days of tribulation and woe, and those who were foremost in occupying and forming settlements in it had to endure all that savage fury could inflict. Their term of probation was indeed of comparatively short duration, but their sufferings for a time were many and great. The scenes of murder and blood, exhibited on Muddy creek and the Big Levels in 1776, will not soon be effaced from the memory, and the lively interest excited in the bosoms of many for the fate of those who there sadly perished, unabated by time, still gleams in the countenance, when tradition recounts the tale of their unhappy lot.

Early in June, 1780, every necessary preparation having been previously made, the Indian and Canadian forces destined to invade Kentucky, moved from their place of rendezvous to fulfil the objects of the expedition. In the general plan of the campaign, Louisville was the point against which operations were first to be directed.—The hero of Kaskaskias and St. Vincent had been for some time stationed there with a small body of troops, to intercept the passage of war parties into the interior, and the force thus placed under his command having been considerably augmented by the arrival of one hun-

dred and fifty Virginia soldiers under Col. Slaughter, that place had assumed the appearance of a regular fortification capable of withstanding a severe shock, while detachments from it gave promise of security to the settlements remote from the river, as well by detecting and checking every attempt at invasion as by acting offensively against the main Indian towns from which hostile parties would sally, spreading desolation along their path. The reduction of this establishment would at once give wider scope to savage hostilities and gratify the wounded pride of the Canadians. Stung by the boldness and success of Col. Clarke's adventure, and fearing the effect which it might have on their Indian allies, they seemed determined to achieve a victory over him and strike a retributive blow against the position which he then held.

It is highly probable, however, that the reputation which the gallant exploits of Col. Clarke had acquired for him induced some doubts in the mind of the commanding officers of the ultimate success of a movement against that post. They changed their destination, and when their army arrived in their boats at the Ohio, instead of floating with the current to the point proposed, they chose to stem the stream, and availing themselves of an uncommon swell of the waters, ascended the river Licking to its forks, where they landed their men and munitions of war.

Not far from the place of debarkation there was a station,* reared under the superintendence of Captain Ruddle, and occupied by several families and many adventurers. Thither Colonel Byrd, with his combined army of Canadians and Indians, then amounting to one thousand men, directed his march, and arriving before it on the 22d of June, gave the first notice which the inhabitants had of the presence of an enemy by a discharge of his cannon. He then sent in a flag, demanding the immediate surrender of the place. Knowing that it was impossible to defend the station against artillery, Captain Ruddle consented to surrender it, provided the inhabitants should be considered prisoners to the British and not to the Indians. To this proposition Colonel Byrd assented, and the gates were thrown open. The savages instantly rushed in, each laying his hands on the first person with whom he chanced to meet. Parents and children, husbands and wives, were thus torn from each other, and the air was rent with the sighs of wailing and shrieks of agony. In vain did Captain Ruddle exclaim against the enormities which were perpetrated in contravention to the terms of capitulation. To his remonstrances, Colonel Byrd replied that he was unable to control them, and affirmed that he too was in their power.

That Colonel Byrd was unable to check the enormities of the savages will be readily admitted, when the great disparity of the Canadian and Indian troops and the lawless and uncontrollable temper of the latter are taken into consideration. That he had the inclination

*A station was a parallelogram of cabins, united by palisades so as to present a continued wall on the outer side, the cabin doors opening into a common square, on the inner side.—They were the strong-holds of the early settlers.

to stop them cannot be doubted—his subsequent conduct furnished the most convincing evidence that the power to effect it was alone wanting in him.

After Ruddle's station had been completely sacked and the prisoners disposed of, the Indians clamored to be lead against Martin's station, then only five miles distant. Affected with the barbarities which he had just witnessed, Col. Byrd peremptorily refused, unless the chiefs would guaranty that the prisoners, which might be there taken should be entirely at his disposal. For awhile the Indians refused to accede to these terms, but finding Col. Byrd inflexible in his determination, they at length consented that the prisoners should be his, provided the plunder were allowed to them. Upon this agreement they marched forward. Martin's station, like Ruddle's, was incapable of offering any available opposition. It was surrendered on the first summons, and the prisoners and plunder divided, in conformity with the compact between Col. Byrd and the savages.

The facility with which these conquests were made, excited the thirst of the Indians for more. Not satisfied with the plundering of Ruddle's and Martin's stations, their rapacity prompted them to insist on going against Bryant's and Lexington. Prudence forbade. The waters were rapidly subsiding, and the fall of the Licking river would have rendered it impracticable to convey their artillery to the Ohio. Their success, too, was somewhat doubtful and it was even then difficult to procure provisions for the subsistence of the prisoners already taken. Under the influence of these considerations, Colonel Byrd determined to return to the boats, and embarking on these his artillery and the Canadian troops, descended the river; while the Indians, with their plunder, and the prisoners taken at Ruddle's, moved across the country.

Among those who were taken captive at Ruddle's station was a man of the name of Hinkstone, remarkable for activity and daring and for uncommon tact and skill as a woodsman. On the second night of their march, the Indians encamped on the bank of the river, and in consequence of a sudden shower of rain, postponed kindling their fires until dark, when part of the savages engaged in this business while the remainder guarded the prisoners. Hinkstone thought the darkness favorable to escape and inviting its attempt. He resolved on trying it, and springing suddenly from them, ran a small distance and concealed himself behind a large log, under the shade of a large spreading tree. The alarm was quickly given, and the Indians pursuing searched for him in every direction. It was fruitless and unavailing. Hid in thick obscurity no eye could distinguish his prostrate body. Perceiving at length by the subsiding of the noise without the camp that the Indians had abandoned the search, he resumed his flight with the stillness of death. The heavens afforded him no sign by which he could direct his steps. Not a star twinkled through the dark clouds which enveloped the earth, to point out his course.—Still he moved on, as he supposed, in the direction of Lexington.—He had mistaken the way and a short space of time served to con-

vince him that he was in error. After wandering about for two hours he came in sight of the Indian fires again. Perplexed by his devious ramble, he was more at fault than ever. The sky was still all darkness and he had recourse to the trees in vain to learn the points of the compass by the feeling of the moss. He remembered that at nightfall the wind blew a gentle breeze from the west, but it had now become so stilled that it no longer made any impression on him. The hunter's expedient to ascertain the direction of the air occurred to him. He dipped his finger in water, and knowing that evaporation and coolness would be first felt on the side from which the wind came, he raised it high in the air. It was enough. Guided by this unerring indication, and acting on the supposition that the current of air still flowed from the point from which it had proceeded at night, he again resumed his flight. After grouping in the wilderness for some time, faint and enfeebled, he sat down to rest his wearied limbs and sought their invigoration in refreshing sleep. When he awoke fresh dangers encircled him, but he was better prepared to elude or encounter them.

At the first dawn of day, his ears were assailed by the tremulous bleating of the fawn, the hoarse gobbling of the turkey, and the peculiar sounds of other wild animals. Familiar with the deceptive artifices practiced to allure game to the hunter, he was quickly alive to the fact that they were the imitative cries of savages in quest of provisions. Sensible of his situation, he became vigilant to discover the approach of danger and active in avoiding it. Several times, however, with all his wariness, he found himself within a few paces of some of the Indians, but fortunately escaping their observation, made good his escape and reaching Lexington in safety gave there the harrowing intelligence of what had befallen the inhabitants of Ruddle's and Martin's stations.

The Indians, after the escape of Hinkstone, crossed the Ohio river at the mouth of Licking, and separating into small parties proceeded to their several villages. The Canadian troops descended Licking to the Ohio, and this river to the mouth of the Great Miami, up which they ascended as far as it was navigable for their boats, and made their way thence by land to Detroit.

The Indian army destined to operate against North Western Virginia, was to enter the country in two divisions of one hundred and fifty warriors each, the one crossing the Ohio near below Wheeling, the other at the mouth of Raccoon creek about sixty miles farther up. Both were, avoiding the stronger forts, to proceed directly to Washington, then known as Catfishtown, between which place and the Ohio the whole country was to be laid waste.

The division crossing below Wheeling, was soon discovered by scouts, who, giving the alarm, caused most of the inhabitants of the more proximate settlements to fly immediately to that place, supposing that an attack was meditated on it. The Indians, however, proceeded on the way to Washington, making prisoners of many who although apprized that an enemy was in the country yet feeling secure

in their distance from what was expected to be the theatre of operations, neglected to use the precaution necessary to guard them against becoming captives to the savages. From all the prisoners they learned the same thing,—that the inhabitants had gone to Wheeling with a view of concentrating the force of the settlements to effect their repulsion. This intelligence alarmed them. The chiefs held a council in which it was determined, instead of proceeding to Washington, to retrace their steps across the Ohio, lest their retreat, if delayed till the whites had an opportunity of organizing themselves for battle, should be entirely cut off. Infuriate at the blasting of their hopes of blood and spoil, they resolved to murder all their male prisoners—exhausting on their devoted heads the fury of disappointed expectation. Preparations to carry this resolution into effect were immediately commenced.

The unfortunate victims to their savage wrath were led forth from among their friends and their families,—their hands were pinioned behind them,—a rope was fastened about the neck of each, and that bound around a tree, so as to prevent any motion of the head. The tomahawk and scalping knife were next drawn from their belts, and the horrid purpose of these preparations fully consummated.

“Imagination’s utmost stretch” can hardly fancy a more heart-rending scene than was there exhibited. Parents, in the bloom of life and glow of health, mercilessly mangled to death, in the presence of children, whose sobbing cries served but to heighten the torments of the dying. Husbands, cruelly lacerated, and by piece-meal deprived of life, in view of the tender partners of their bosoms, whose agonizing shrieks, increasing the anguish of torture, sharpened the sting of death. It is indeed

———“A fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape—in any mood;”

but that wives and children should be forced to behold the last ebb of life, and to witness the struggle of the departing spirit of husbands and fathers, under such horrific circumstances, is shocking to humanity and appalling even in contemplation.

Barbarities such as these had considerable influence on the temper and disposition of the inhabitants of the country. They gave birth to a vindictive feeling in many, which led to the perpetration of similar enormities, and sunk civilized man to the degraded level of the barbarian. They served, too, to arouse them to greater exertion to subdue the savage foe in justifiable warfare, and thus prevent their unpleasant recurrence.

So soon as the Indian forces effected a precipitate retreat across the Ohio, preparations were commenced for acting offensively against them. An expedition was concerted, to be carried on against the towns at the forks of the Muskingum; and through the instrumentality of Cols. Zane and Shepherd, Col. Broadhead, commander of the forces at Fort Pitt, was prevailed upon to co-operate in it. Before, however, it could be carried into effect, it was deemed advisable to proceed against the Munsie towns, up the north branch of the Alle-

ghany river, the inhabitants of which had been long engaged in active hostilities and committed frequent depredations on the frontiers of Pennsylvania. In the campaign against them, as many of those who resided in the settlements around Wheeling as could be spared from the immediate defence of their own neighborhoods, were joined with the Pennsylvania troops and the regulars under Col. Broadhead. It eventuated in the entire destruction of all their corn, (upwards of two hundred acres,) and in the cutting off a party of warriors on their way to the settlements in Westmoreland county.

Very soon after the return of the army from the Alleghany, the troops with which it was intended to operate against the Indian villages up the Muskingum, and amounting to eight hundred, rendezvoused at Wheeling. From thence they proceeded directly for the place of destination, under the command of Colonel Broadhead.

When the army arrived near to Salem (a Moravian town,) many of the militia expressed a determination to go forward and destroy it, but as the Indians residing there had ever been in amity with the whites and were not known to have ever participated in the murderous deeds of their more savage red brethren, the officers exerted themselves effectually to repress that determination. Colonel Broadhead sent forward an express to the Rev'd Mr. Heckewelder, (the missionary of that place,) acquainting him with the object of the expedition, and requesting a small supply of provisions, and that he would accompany the messenger to camp. When Mr. Heckewelder came, the commander enquired of him if any Christian Indians were engaged in hunting or other business in the direction of their march—stating that if they were they might be exposed to danger, as it would be impracticable to distinguish between them and other Indians, and that he should greatly regret the happening to them of any unpleasant occurrence, through ignorance or mistake. On hearing there were not, the army was ordered to resume its march, and proceeded towards the forks of the river.

At White Eyes plain, near to the place of destination, an Indian was discovered and made prisoner. Two others were seen near there, and fired at; and notwithstanding one of them was wounded, yet both succeeded in effecting their escape. Apprehensive that they would hasten to the Indian towns and communicate the fact that an army of whites was near at hand, Col. Broadhead moved rapidly forward with the troops, notwithstanding a heavy fall of rain, to reach Coshocton (the nearest village), and take it by surprise.—Approaching the town, the right wing of the army was directed to occupy a position above it, on the river, the left to assume a stand below, while the centre marched directly upon it. The Indian villages, ignorant of the fact that an enemy was in their country, were all made prisoners without the firing of a single gun. So rapid, and yet so secret, had been the advance of the army, that every part of the town was occupied by the troops before the Indians knew of its approach.

Successful as they thus far were, yet the expedition accomplished—

but a portion of what had been contemplated. The other towns were situated on the opposite side of the river, and this was so swollen by the excessive rains which had fallen and continued yet to deluge the earth, that it was impracticable to cross over to them; and Col. Broadhead, seeing the impossibility of achieving any thing farther, commenced laying waste the crops about Coshocton. This measure was not dictated by a spirit of revenge, naturally enkindled by the exterminating warfare waged against the whites by the savages, but was a politic expedient, to prevent the accomplishment of their horrid purposes and to lessen the frequency of their incursions. When they fail to derive sustenance from their crops of corn and other edible vegetables, the Indians are forced to have recourse to hunting to obtain provisions, and consequently to suspend their hostile operations for a season. To produce this desirable result was the object sought to be attained by the destruction which was made of every article of subsistence found here and at the Munsie towns, and subsequently at other places.

It remained then to dispose of the prisoners. Sixteen warriors, particularly obnoxious for their diabolical deeds, were pointed out by Pekillon (a friendly Delaware chief who accompanied the army of Col. Broadhead) as fit subjects of retributive justice, and taken into close custody. A council of war was then held, to determine on their fate, and which doomed them to death. They were taken some distance from town, despatched with tomahawks and spears, and then scalped. The other captives were committed to the care of the militia, to be conducted to Fort Pitt.

On the morning after the taking of Coshocton, an Indian, making his appearance on the opposite bank of the river, called out for the "Big Captain." Col. Broadhead demanded what he wished. I want peace, replied the savage. Then send over some of your chiefs, said the Colonel. May be you kill, responded the Indian. No, said Broadhead, they shall not be killed. One of their chiefs, a fine looking fellow, then came over; and while he and Col. Broadhead were engaged in conversation, a militiaman came up, and with a tomahawk which he had concealed in the bosom of his hunting shirt, struck him a severe blow on the hinder part of his head. The poor Indian fell and immediately expired.

This savage like deed was the precursor of other and perhaps equally atrocious enormities. The army on its return had not proceeded more than half a mile from Coshocton, when the militia guarding the prisoners commenced murdering them. In a short space of time a few women and children alone remained alive. These were taken to Fort Pitt, and after a while exchanged for an equal number of white captives.

The putting to death the sixteen prisoners, designated by Pekillon, can be considered in no other light than as a punishment inflicted for their great offences, and was certainly right and proper. Not so with the deliberate murder of the chief, engaged in negotiating with Col. Broadhead. He had come over under the implied assurance of

the security, due to a messenger of peace, and after a positive promise of protection had been given by the commander of the army. His death can consequently only be considered as an unwarrantable murder provoked indeed by the barbarous and bloody conduct of the savages. These, though they do not justify, should certainly extenuate the offence.

The fact that the enemy with whom they were contending did not observe the rules of war, and was occasionally guilty of the crime of putting their prisoners to death, would certainly authorize the practice of greater vigor than should be exercised towards those who do not commit such excesses. This extraordinary severity, of itself, tends to beget a greater regard for what is allowable among civilized men, and to produce conformity with those usages of war which were suggested by humanity and are sanctioned by all. But the attainment of this object, if it were the motive which prompted to the deed, cannot justify the murder of the prisoner placed under the safe keeping of the militia. It evinced a total disregard of the authority of their superior officer. He had assured them they should only be detained as prisoners and remain free from farther molestation, and nothing but the commission of some fresh offence could sanction the enormity. But however sober reflection may condemn those acts as outrages of propriety, yet so many and so great were the barbarous excesses committed by the savages upon the whites in their power, that the minds of those who were actors in those scenes were deprived of the faculty of discriminating between what was right or wrong to be practised towards them. And if acts, savoring of sheer revenge, were done by them, they should be regarded as but the ebullitions of men under the excitement of great and cruel wrongs, and which in their dispassionate moments they would condemn even in themselves.

When, upon the arrival of Hinkstone at Lexington, the people became acquainted with the mischief which had been wrought by the Canadian and Indian army, every bosom burned with a desire to avenge those outrages and to retort them on their authors. Runners were despatched in every direction, with the intelligence, and the cry for retribution arose in all the settlements. In this state of feeling, every eye was involuntary turned towards Gen. Clarke, as the one who should lead them forth to battle, and every ear was opened to receive his council. He advised a levy of four-fifths of the male inhabitants, capable of bearing arms, and that they should speedily assemble at the mouth of Licking and proceed from thence to Chillicothe. He ordered the building of a number of transport boats, and directed such other preparations to be made as would facilitate the expedition and ensure success to its object. When all was ready, the boats with the provisions and stores on board were ordered up the Ohio, under the command of Col. Slaughter.

In ascending the river, such was the rapidity of the current that the boats were compelled to keep near the banks, and were worked up in two divisions—one near each shore. While thus forcing their

way slowly up the stream, one of the boats, being some distance in advance of the others and close under the north western bank, was fired into by a party of Indians. The fire was promptly returned ; but before the other boats could draw nigh to her aid, a number of those on board of her were killed and wounded. As soon, however, as they approached and opened a fire upon the assailants, the savages withdrew, and the boats proceeded to the place of rendezvous without farther interruption.

On the second of August, General Clarke took up the line of march from the place where Cincinnati now stands, at the head of nine hundred and seventy men. They proceeded without delay to the point of destination, where they arrived on the sixth of the month. The town was abandoned, and many of the houses were yet burning, having been fired on the preceding day. There were, however, several hundred acres of luxuriant corn growing about it, every stalk of which was cut down and destroyed.

The army then moved in the direction of the Piqua Towns, twelve miles farther, with a view to lay waste every thing around it, and with the hope of meeting there an enemy with whom to engage in battle ; but before they had got far, a heavy shower of rain, accompanied with loud thunder and high winds, forced them to encamp. Every care which could be taken to keep the guns dry, was found to be of no avail, and General Clarke, with prudent precaution, had them all fired and re-loaded—continuing to pursue this plan, to preserve them fit for use whenever occasion required, and keeping the troops on the alert and prepared to repel any attack which might be made on them during the night.

In the afternoon of the next day, they arrived in sight of Piqua, and as they advanced upon the town, were attacked by the Indians concealed in the high weeds which grew around. Colonel Logan, with four hundred men, was ordered to file off, march up the river to the east, and occupy a position from which to intercept the savages, should they attempt to fly in that direction. Another division of the army was in like manner posted on the opposite side of the river, while General Clarke with the troops under Colonel Slaughter and those attached to the artillery, was to advance directly upon the town. The Indians seemed to comprehend every motion of the army, and evinced the skill of tacticians in endeavoring to thwart its purpose. To prevent being surrounded by the advance of the detachment from the west, they made a powerful effort to turn the left wing. Colonel Floyd extended his line some distance west of the town, and the engagement became general. Both armies fought with determined resolution, and the contest was warm and animated for some time. The Indians, finding that their enemy was gaining on them, retired unperceived through the prairie, a few only remaining in the town. The piece of cannon was then brought to bear upon the houses, into which some of the savages had retired to annoy the army as it marched upon the village. They were soon dislodged and fled.

On reaching the houses, a Frenchman was discovered concealed in one of them. From him it was learned, that the Indians had been apprized of the intention of Gen. Clarke to march against Chillicothe and other towns in its vicinity, by one of Col. Logan's men, who had deserted from the army while at the mouth of Licking, and was supposed to have fled to Carolina, as he took with him the horse furnished him for the expedition. Instead of this, however, he went over to the enemy, and his treason.

———"Like a deadly blight,
Came o'er the councils of the brave,
And damped them in their hour of might."

Thus forewarned of the danger which threatened them, they were enabled in a considerable degree to avoid it, and watching all the movements of the army were on the eve of attacking it silently with tomahawks and knives on the night of its encamping between Chillicothe and Piqua. The shooting of the guns, convincing them that they had not been rendered useless by the rain, alone deterred them from executing their determination.

Notwithstanding that the victory obtained by Gen. Clarke was complete and decided, yet the army under his command sustained a loss in killed and wounded, as great as was occasioned to the enemy. This circumstance was attributable to the sudden and unexpected attack made on it, by the Indians, while entirely concealed and partially sheltered. No men could have evinced more dauntless intrepidity and determined fortitude than was displayed by them, when fired upon by a hidden foe, and their comrades were falling around them. When the "combat thickened," such was their noble daring, that Girty, (who had been made chief among the Mingoes,) remarking the desperation with which they exposed themselves to the hottest of the fire, drew off his three hundred warriors, observing that it was useless to fight with fools and madmen. The loss in killed, under the peculiar circumstances attending the commencement of the action, was less than would perhaps be expected to befall an army similarly situated—amounting in all to only twenty men.

Here, as at Chillicothe, the crops of corn and every article of subsistence on which the troops could lay their hands, were entirely laid waste. At the two places it was estimated that not less than five hundred acres of that indispensable article were entirely destroyed.

An unfortunate circumstance occurring towards the close of the engagement, damped considerably the joy which would otherwise have pervaded the army. A nephew of Gen. Clarke, who had been taken and for some time detained a prisoner by the savages, was at Piqua during the action. While the battle continued he was too closely guarded to escape to the whites; but upon the dispersion of the savages, which ensued upon the cannonading of the houses into which some of them had retreated, he was left more at liberty.—Availing himself of this change of situation he sought to join his friends. He was quickly discovered by some of them and mistaken for an Indian. The mistake was fatal. He received a shot discharged at him, and died in a few hours.

Notwithstanding the success of the expeditions commanded by Col. Broadhead and Gen. Clarke, and the destruction which took place on the Alleghany, at Coshocton, Chillicothe and Piqua, yet the savages continued to commit depredations on the frontiers of Virginia. The winter, as usual, checked them for a while, but the return of spring brought with it the horrors which marked the progress of an Indian enemy. In Kentucky and in North Western Virginia, it is true that the inhabitants did not suffer much by their hostilities in 1781, as in the preceding years, yet were they not exempt from aggression.

Early in March a party of Indians invaded the settlements on the upper branches of Monongahela river, and on the night of the 5th of that month came to the house of Capt. John Thomas, near Booth's creek. Unapprehensive of danger, with his wife and seven children around him, and with thoughts devotedly turned upon the realities of another world, this gentleman was engaging in his accustomed devotions when the savages approached his door and as he was repeating the first lines of the hymn, "Go worship at Emanuel's feet," a gun was fired at him and he fell. The Indians immediately forced open the door, and entering the house commenced the dreadful work of death. Mrs. Thomas raised her hands and implored their mercy for herself and her dear children. It was in vain. The tomahawk was uplifted and stroke followed stroke in quick succession, till the mother and six children lay weltering in blood, by the side of her husband and their father—a soul-chilling spectacle to any but heartless savages.—When all were down, they proceeded to scalp the fallen, and plundering the house of what they could readily remove, threw the other things into the fire and departed—taking with them one little boy a prisoner.

Elizabeth Juggins, (the daughter of John Juggins, who had been murdered in that neighborhood the preceding year) was at the house of Capt. Thomas, when the Indians came to it; but as soon as she heard the report of the gun and saw Capt. Thomas fall, she threw herself under the bed and escaped the observation of the savages.—After they had completed the work of blood and left the house, fearing that they might be lingering near, she remained in that situation until she observed the house to be in flames. When she crawled forth from her asylum, Mrs. Thomas was still alive, though unable to move, and casting a pitying glance towards her murdered infant, asked that it might be handed to her. Upon seeing Miss Juggins about to leave the house, she exclaimed, "Oh, Betsy! do not leave us." Still anxious for her own safety, the girl rushed out, and taking refuge for the night between two logs, in the morning early spread the alarm.

When the scene of those enormities was visited, Mrs. Thomas was found in the yard, much mangled by the tomahawk and considerably torn by hogs—she had, perhaps in the struggle of death, thrown herself out at the door. The house, together with Captain Thomas and the children was a heap of ashes.

In April, Matthias, Simon and Michael Schoolcraft left Buchannon fort, and went to the head of Stone-coal creek, for the purpose of catching pigeons. On their return, they were fired upon by the Indians, and Matthias killed—the other two were taken captive. These were the last of the Schoolcraft family,—fifteen of them were killed or taken prisoners in the space of a few years. Of those who were carried into captivity none ever returned. They were believed to have mingled with the savages, and from the report of others who were prisoners to the Indians, three of them used to accompany war parties in their incursions into the settlements.

In the same month, as some men were returning to Cheat river from Clarksburg (where they had been to obtain certificates of settlement-rights to their lands, from the commissioners appointed to adjust land claims in the counties of Ohio; Youghiogany and Monongalia) they, after having crossed the Valley river, were encountered by a large party of Indians, and John Manear, Daniel Cameron and a Mr. Cooper were killed—the others effected their escape with difficulty.

The savages then moved on towards Cheat, but meeting with James Brown and Stephen Radcliff, and not being able to kill or take them, they changed their course, and passing over Leading creek, (in Tygart's Valley) nearly destroyed the whole settlement. They there killed Alexander Roney, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Hornbeck and her children, Mrs. Buffington and her children, and many others; and made prisoners, Mrs. Rony and her son, and Daniel Dougherty.—Jonathan Buffington and Benjamin Hornbeck succeeded in making their escape and carried the doleful tidings to Friend's and Wilson's forts. Col. Wilson immediately raised a company of men and proceeding to Leading creek, found the settlement without inhabitants, and the houses nearly all burned. He then pursued after the savages, but not coming up with them as soon as was expected, the men became fearful of the consequences which might result to their own families, by reason of this abstraction of their defence, provided other Indians were to attack them, and insisted on their returning. On the second day of the pursuit, it was agreed that a majority of the company should decide whether they were to proceed farther or not.—Joseph Friend, Richard Kettle, Alexander West and Col. Wilson, were the only persons in favor of going on, and they consequently had to return.

But though the pursuit was thus abandoned, yet did not the savages get off with their wonted impunity. When the land claimants, who had been the first to encounter this party of Indians, escaped from them they fled back to Clarksburg and gave the alarm. This was quickly communicated to the other settlements, and spies were sent out to watch for the enemy. By some of these, the savages were discovered on the West Fork, near the mouth of Isaac's creek, and intelligence of it immediately carried to the forts. Col. Lowther collected a company of men, and going in pursuit, came in view of their encampment, awhile before night, on a branch of Hughes' river,

ever since known as *Indian creek*. Jesse and Elias Hughes—active, intrepid and vigilant men—were left to watch the movements of the savages, while the remainder retired a small distance to refresh themselves and prepare to attack them in the morning.

Before day Colonel Lowther arranged his men in order of attack, and when it became light, on the preconcerted signal being given, a general fire was poured in upon them. Five of the savages fell dead and the others fled, leaving at their fires all their shot bags and plunder, and all their guns except one. Upon going to their camp it was found that one of the prisoners (a son of Alexander Rony who had been killed in the Leading creek massacre) was among the slain.—Every care had been taken to guard against such an occurrence, and he was the only one of the captives who sustained any injury from the fire of the whites.*

In consequence of information received from the prisoners who were retaken (that a larger party of Indians was expected hourly to come up,) Col. Lowther deemed it prudent not to go in pursuit of those who had fled, and collecting the plunder which the savages had left, catching the horses which they had stolen, and having buried young Rony, the party set out on its return and marched home—highly gratified at the success which had crowned their exertions to punish their untiring foe.

Some short time after this, John Jackson and his son George, returning to Buchannon fort, were fired at by some Indians, but fortunately missed. George Jackson having his gun in his hand, discharged it at a savage peeping from behind a tree, without effect, and they then rode off with the utmost speed.

At the usual period of leaving the forts and returning to their farms the inhabitants withdrew from Buchannon and went to their respective homes. Soon after, a party of savages came to the house of Charles Furrenash, and made prisoners of Mrs. Furrenash and her four children, and despoiled their dwelling. Mrs. Furrenash, being a delicate and weak woman, and unable to endure the fatigue of travelling far on foot, was murdered on Hughes' river. Three of the children were afterwards redeemed and came back—the fourth was never more heard of. In a few days after, the husband and father returned from Winchester (where he had been for salt) and instead of the welcome greeting of an affectionate wife, and the pleasing prattle of his innocent children, was saluted with the melancholy

*As soon as the fire was opened upon the Indians, Mrs. Rony (one of the prisoners) ran towards the whites rejoicing at the prospect of deliverance, and exclaiming, "I am Ellick Rony's wife, of the Valley—I am Ellick Rony's wife, of the Valley, and a pretty little woman, too, if I was well dressed." The poor woman, ignorant of the fact that her son was weltering in his own gore, and forgetting for an instant that her husband had been so recently killed, seemed intent only on her own deliverance from the savage captors.

Another of the captives, Daniel Daugherty, being tied down and unable to move, was discovered by the whites as they rushed towards the camp. Fearing that he might be one of the enemy and do them some injury if they advanced, one of the men, stopping, demanded who he was. Benumbed with cold, and discomposed by the sudden firing of the whites, he could not render his Irish dialect intelligible to them. The white man raised his gun and directed it towards him, calling aloud that if he did not make known who he was, he should blow a ball through him, let him be white man or Indian. Fear supplying him with energy, Daugherty exclaimed, "Lord Jasus! and am I to be killed by white people at last." He was heard by Col. Lowther, and his life saved.

intelligence of their fate. It was enough to make him curse the authors of the outrage and swear eternal enmity to the savage race.

The early period in spring at which irruptions were frequently made by the savages upon the frontier, had induced a belief, that if the Moravian Indians did not participate in the bloody deeds of their red brethren, yet they afforded to them shelter and protection from the inclemency of winter, and thus enabled them, by their greater proximity to the white settlements, to commence depredations earlier than they otherwise could. The consequence of this belief was the engendering in the minds of many a spirit of hostility towards those Indians, occasionally threatening a serious result to them. Reports, too, were in circulation, proceeding from restored captives, at war with the general pacific professions of the Moravians, and which, whether true or false, served to heighten the acrimony of feeling towards them. until the militia of a portion of the frontier came to the determination of breaking up the villages on the Muskingum. To carry this determination into effect, a body of troops, commanded by Colonel David Williamson, set out for those towns, in the latter part of the year 1781. Not deeming it necessary to use fire and sword to accomplish the desired object, Colonel Williamson resolved on endeavoring to prevail on them to move farther off, and if he failed in this, to make prisoners of them all and take them to Fort Pitt. Upon his arrival at their towns, they were found to be nearly deserted, a few Indians only remaining in them. These were made prisoners and taken to Fort Pitt, but were soon liberated.

It is a remarkable fact that at the time the whites were planning the destruction of the Moravian villages, because of their supposed co-operation with the hostile savages, the inhabitants of those villages were suffering severely from the ill treatment of those very savages, because of their supposed attachment to the whites. By the one party they were charged with affording to Indian war parties a resting place and shelter and furnishing them with provisions. By the other they were accused of apprizing the whites of meditated incursions into the country, and thus defeating their purpose, or lessening the chance of success, and of being instrumental in preventing the Delawares from entering into the war which they were waging.— Both charges were probably well founded, and the Moravian Indians yet culpable in neither.

Their villages were situated nearly midway between the frontier establishments of the whites and the towns of the belligerent Indians, and were consequently convenient resting places for warriors proceeding to and from the settlements. That they should have permitted war parties after ravages to refresh themselves there, or even have supplied them with provisions, does not argue a disposition to aid or encourage their hostile operations. It was at any time in the power of those warring savages to exact by force whatever was required of the Moravian Indians, and the inclination was not wanting to do this or other acts of still greater enormity. That the warriors were the better enabled to make incursions into the settlements and effect their

dreadful objects by reason of those accommodations, cannot be questioned; the fault, however, lay not in any inimical feeling of the christian Indians towards the whites, but in their physical inability to withhold whatever might be demanded of them.

And although they exerted themselves to prevail on other tribes to forbear from hostilities against the whites, and apprized the latter of enterprizes projected against them, yet did not these things proceed from an unfriendly disposition towards their red brethren. They were considerate and reflecting, and saw that the savages must ultimately suffer by engaging in a war against the settlements, while their pacific and christian principles, influenced them to forewarn the whites of impending danger, that it might be averted and the effusion of blood be prevented. But pure and commendable as were no doubt the motives which governed them in their intercourse with either party, yet they were so unfortunate as to excite the enmity and incur the resentment of both, and eventually were made to suffer though in different degrees by both.

In the fall of 1781, the settlements of the Moravians were almost entirely broken up by upwards of three hundred warriors, and the missionaries, residing among them, after having been robbed of almost every thing, were taken prisoners and carried to Detroit. Here they were detained until the governor became satisfied that they were guiltless of any offence meriting a longer confinement, when they were released and permitted to return to their beloved people. The Indians were left to shift for themselves in the Sandusky plains, where most of their horses and cattle perished from famine.

The revengeful feelings which had been engendered by inevitable circumstances towards the Moravian Indians, and which had given rise to the expedition of 1781, under Colonel Williamson, were yet more deeply fixed by subsequent events. On the night after their liberation from Fort Pitt, the family of a Mr. Monteur were all killed or taken captive, and the outrage occurring so immediately after they were set at liberty, and in the vicinity of where they were, was yet generally attributed to them. An irruption was made, too, in the fall of 1781, into the settlement on Buffaloe creek, and some murders committed and prisoners taken. One of these, escaping from captivity and returning soon after, declared that the party committing the aggression, was headed by a Moravian warrior.

These circumstances operated to confirm many in the belief that those Indians were secretly inimical to the whites, and not only furnished the savages with provisions and a temporary home, but likewise engaged personally in the war of extermination which they were waging against the frontier. Events occurring towards the close of winter dispelled all doubt from the minds of those who had fondly cherished every suggestion which militated against the professed and generally accredited neutrality and pacific disposition of the Moravians. On the 8th of February, 1782, while Henry Fink and his son John were engaged in sledding rails, on their farm in the

Buchannon settlement, several guns were simultaneously discharged at them, and before John had time to reply to his father's enquiry, whether he was hurt, another gun was fired and he fell lifeless.— Having unlinked the chain which fastened the horse to the sled, the old man galloped briskly away. He reached his home in safety, and immediately moved his family to the fort. On the next day the lifeless body of John was brought into the fort. The first shot wounded his arm; the ball from the second passed through his heart, and he was afterwards scalped.

Near the latter part of the same month, some Indians invaded the country above Wheeling, and succeeded in killing a Mr. Wallace and his family, consisting of his wife and five children, and in taking John Carpenter a prisoner. The early period of the year at which those enormities were perpetrated, the inclemency of the winter of 1781–2, and the distance of the towns of hostile Indians from the theatre of these outrages, caused many to exclaim, "*The Moravians have certainly done this deed.*" The destruction of their villages was immediately resolved upon, and preparations were made to carry this determination into effect.

There were then in the North Western wilderness between three and four hundred of the Christian Indians, and who until removed by the Wyandots and whites in 1781, as before mentioned, had resided on the Muskingum in the villages of Gnadenhutten, Salem and Shoenbrun. The society of which they were members had been established in the province of Pennsylvania about the year 1752, and in a short time became distinguished for the good order and deportment of its members, both as men and as christians. During the continuance of the French war, they nobly withstood every allurements which was practised to draw them within its vortex, and expressed their strong disapprobation of war in general, saying that "it must be displeasing to that Great Being, who made men, not to destroy men, but to love and assist each other." In 1769 emigrants from their villages of Friedenshutten, Wyalusing and Shesheequon in Pennsylvania, began to make an establishment in the North Western wilderness, and in a few years attained a considerable degree of prosperity, their towns increased rapidly in population, and themselves, under the teaching of pious and beneficent missionaries, in civilization and christianity. In the war of 1774, their tranquil and happy hours were interrupted by reports of the ill intentions of the whites along the frontier towards them, and by frequent acts of annoyance committed by war parties of the savages.

This state of things continued with but little, if any, intermission, occasionally assuming a more gloomy and portentous aspect, until the final destruction of their villages. In the spring of 1781, the principal war-chief of the Delawares apprised the missionaries and people of the danger which threatened them, as well from the whites as the savages; and advised them to remove to some situation where they would be exempt from molestation by either. Conscious of the rectitude of their conduct as regarded both, and unwilling to forsake the

comforts which their industry had procured for them, and the fields rendered productive by their labor, they disregarded the friendly mission, and continued in their villages, progressing in the knowledge and love of the Redeemer of men, and practising the virtues inculcated by his word.

This was their situation at the time they were removed to Sandusky, early in the fall of 1781. When their missionaries and principal men were liberated by the Governor of Detroit, they obtained leave of the Wyandot chief to return to the Muskingum to get the corn which had been left there, to prevent the actual starvation of their families. About one hundred and fifty of them, principally women and children, went thither for this purpose, and were thus engaged when the second expedition under Colonel Williamson proceeded against them.

In March, 1782, between eighty and ninety men assembled themselves for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the Moravian towns. If they then had in contemplation the achieving of any other injury to those people, it was not promulgated in the settlements. They avowed their object to be the destruction of the houses and the laying waste the crops, in order to deprive the hostile savages of the advantage of obtaining shelter and provisions, so near to the frontier; and the removal of the Moravians to Fort Pitt, to preserve them from the personal injury which, it was feared, would be inflicted on them by the warriors. Being merely a private expedition, each of the men took with him his own arms, ammunition and provisions, and many of them their horses. They took up the line of march from the Mingo Bottom, and on the second night thereafter encamped within one mile of the village of Gnadenhutten, and in the morning proceeded towards it, in the order of attack prescribed by a council of officers.

The village being built on both sides of the river, and the scouts having discovered and reported that it was occupied on both sides, one-half the men were ordered to cross over and bear down upon the town on the western bank, while the other half would possess themselves of that part of it which lay on the eastern shore. Upon the arrival of the first division at the river, no boat or other craft was seen in which they could be transported across, and they were for a time in some difficulty how they should proceed. What appeared to be a canoe was at length discovered on the opposite bank, and a young man by the name of Slaughter, plunging in, swam to it. It proved to be a trough for containing sugar water, and capable of bearing only two persons at a time. To obviate the delay which must have resulted from this tedious method of conveying themselves over, many of the men unclothed themselves, and placing their garments, arms and ammunition in the trough, swam by its sides, notwithstanding that ice was floating in the current and the water consequently cold and chilling.

When nearly half this division had thus reached the western bank, two sentinels, who on the first landing had been stationed a short dis-

tance in advance, discovered and fired at one of the Indians. The shot of one broke his arm—the other killed him. Directions were then sent to the division which was to operate on the eastern side of the river to move directly to the attack, lest the firing should alarm the inhabitants and they defeat the object which seemed now to be had in view. The few who had crossed without awaiting for the others marched immediately into the town on the western shore.

Arrived among the Indians, they offered no violence, but on the contrary, professing peace and good will, assured them they had come for the purpose of escorting them safely to Fort Pitt, that they might no longer be exposed to molestation from the militia of the whites, or the warriors of the savages. Sick of the sufferings which they had so recently endured, and rejoicing at the prospect of being delivered from farther annoyance, they gave up their arms, and with alacrity commenced making preparations for the journey, providing food as well for the whites as for themselves. A party of whites and Indians was next despatched to Salem to bring in those who were there.—They then shut up the Moravians left at Gnadenhutzen in two houses some distance apart, and had them well guarded. When the others arrived from Salem, they were treated in like manner and shut up in the same houses with their brethren of Gnadenhutzen.

The division which was to move into the town on the eastern side of the river, coming unexpectedly upon one of the Indian women, she endeavored to conceal herself in a bunch of bushes at the water's edge, but being discovered by some of the men, was quickly killed. She was the wife of Shabosh, who had been shot by the sentinels of the other division. Others, alarmed at the appearance of a party of armed men, and ignorant that a like force was on the opposite side of the river, attempted to escape thither. They did not live to effect their object. Three were killed in the attempt, and the men then crossed over, with such as they had made prisoners, to join their comrades, in the western and main part of the town.

A council of war was then held to determine on the fate of the prisoners. Col. Williamson having been much censured for the lenity of his conduct towards those Indians in the expedition of the preceding year the officers were unwilling to take upon themselves the entire responsibility of deciding upon their fate now, and agreed that it should be left to the men. The line was soon formed, and they were told it remained with them to say, whether the Moravian prisoners should be taken to Fort Pitt or murdered; and Col. Williamson requested that those who were inclined to mercy should advance and form a second link, that it might be seen on which side was the majority. Alas! it required no scrutiny to determine. Only sixteen, or at most eighteen men, stepped forward to save the lives of this unfortunate people, and their doom became sealed.

From the moment those ill fated beings were immured in houses they seemed to anticipate the horrid destiny which awaited them, and spent their time in holy and heartfelt devotion, to prepare them for the awful realities of another world. They sang, they prayed,

they exhorted each other to a firm reliance on the Saviour of men, and soothed those in affliction with the comfortable assurance, that although men might kill the body they had no power over the soul, and that they might again meet in a better and happier world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find rest." When told that they were doomed to die, they all affectionately embraced, and bedewing their bosoms with mutual tears, reciprocally sought and obtained forgiveness for any offences which they might have given each other through life. Thus at peace with God and reconciled with one another, they replied to those who, impatient for the slaughter, had asked if they were not yet prepared, "Yes! We have commended our souls to God, and are ready to die."

What must have been the obduracy of those who could remain inflexible in their doom of death, amid such scenes as these? How ruthless and unrelenting their hearts who, unmoved by the awful spectacle of so many fellow creatures preparing for the sudden and violent destruction of life, and asking of their God mercy for themselves and forgiveness for their enemies—could yet thirst for blood, and manifest impatience that its shedding was delayed for an instant? Did not the possibility of that innocence which has been ever since so universally accorded to their victims once occur to them; or were their minds so under the influence of exasperation and resentment that they ceased to think of any thing but the gratification of those feelings? Had they been about to avenge the murder of friends on its *known authors*, somewhat might have been pardoned to retaliation and to vengeance; but involving all in one common ruin, for the *supposed offences* of a few, there can be no apology for their conduct—no excuse for their crime.

It were well if all memory of the tragedy at Gnadenhutzen were effaced from the mind; but it yet lives in the recollection of many, and stands recorded on the polluted page of history. Impartial truth requires that it should be here set down.

A few of the prisoners, supposed to have been actively engaged in war, were the first to experience their doom. They were tied and taken some distance from the house in which they had been confined, despatched with spears and tomahawks, and scalped. The remainder, of both sexes, from the hoary head of decrepitude to helpless infancy, were cruelly and shockingly murdered; and the different apartments of those houses of blood exhibited their bleeding bodies mangled by the tomahawk, scalping knife and spear, and disfigured by the war-club and the mallet.

Thus perished ninety-six of the Moravian Indians. Of these, sixty-two were grown persons, one-third of whom were women; the remaining thirty-four were children. Two youths alone made their escape. One of them had been knocked down and scalped, but was not killed. He had the presence of mind to lie still among the dead, until nightfall, when he crept silently forth and escaped.—The other, in the confusion of the shocking scene, slipped through a trap door into the cellar, and passing out at a small window, got off unnoticed and uninjured.

In the whole of this transaction the Moravians were passive and unresisting. They confided in the assurances of protection given them by the whites, and until pent up in the houses continued cheerful and happy. If when convinced of the murderous intent of their visitors, they had been disposed to violence and opposition, it would have availed them nothing. They had surrendered their arms (being requested to do so as a guaranty for the security of the whites.) and were no longer capable of offering any effectual or available resistance, and while the dreadful work of death was doing, "they were as lambs led to the slaughter; and as sheep before the shearers are dumb, so opened they not their mouths." There was but a solitary exception to this passiveness, and it was well nigh terminating in the escape of its author, and in the death of some of the whites.

As two of the men were leading forth one of the supposed warriors to death, a dispute arose between them as to who should have the scalp of this victim to their barbarity. He was following them with a silent, dancing motion, and singing his death-song. Seeing them occupied so closely with each other, he became emboldened to attempt an escape. Drawing a knife from its scabbard, he cut the cord which bound him, and springing forward aimed a thrust at one of his conductors. The cutting of the rope had, however, drawn it so tightly, that the one who held it became sensible that it was affected in some way, and turning quickly round to ascertain the cause, barely avoided the stab. The Indian then bounded from them, and as he fled towards the woods, dexterously removed the cord from his wrists. Several shots were discharged at him without effect, when the firing was stopped, lest in the hurry and confusion of the pursuit, some of their own party might suffer from it. A young man mounting his horse, was soon by the side of the Indian, and springing off, his life had well nigh been sacrificed by his rashness. He was quickly thrown upon the ground, and the uplifted tomahawk about to descend on his head, when a timely shot, directed with fatal precision, took effect on the Indian and saved his antagonist.

Had the Moravians been disposed for war they could easily have ensured their own safety and dealt destruction to the whites. If, when their town was entered by a party of only sixteen, their thirty men, aided by the youths of the village, armed and equipped as all were, had gone forth in battle array, they could have soon cut off those few; and by stationing some gunners on the bank of the river, have prevented the landing of the others of the expedition. But their faith in the sincerity of the whites—their love of peace and abhorrence of war, forbade it; and the confidence of those who first rushed into the town, in these feelings and dispositions of the Indians, no doubt prompted them to that act of temerity, while an unfordable stream was flowing between them and their only support.

During the massacre of Gnadenhutten, a detachment of the whites was ordered to Shoenbrun to secure the Moravians who were there. Fortunately, however, two of the inhabitants of this village had discovered the dead body of Shabosh, in time to warn their brethren of

danger, and they all moved rapidly off. When the detachment arrived, nothing was left for them but *plunder*. This was secured, and they returned to their comrades. Gnadenhutten was then *pil-laged* of every article of value which could be easily removed; its houses—even those which contained the dead bodies of the Moravians—were burned to ashes, and the men set out on their return to the settlements.

The expedition against the Moravian towns on the Muskingum was projected and carried on by inhabitants of the western counties of Pennsylvania,—a district of country which had long been the theatre of Indian hostilities. Its result (strange as it may now appear) was highly gratifying to many; and the ease with which so much *Indian* blood had been made to flow, coupled with an ardent desire to avenge the injuries which had been done them by the *savages*, led to immediate preparations for another, to be conducted on a more extensive scale, and requiring the co-operation of more men. And although the completion of the work of destruction, which had been so successfully begun, of the Moravian Indians, was the principal inducement of some, yet many attached themselves to the expedition from more noble and commendable motives.

The residence of the Moravians, ever since they were removed to the plains of Sandusky, was in the immediate vicinity of the Wyandot villages, and the warriors from these had been particularly active and untiring in their hostility to the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania. The contemplated campaign against the Moravians, was viewed by many as affording a fit opportunity to punish those *savages* for their many aggressions, as it would require that they should proceed but a short distance beyond the point proposed in order to arrive at their towns; and they accordingly engaged in it for that purpose.

Other causes, too, conspired to fill the ranks and form an army for the accomplishment of the contemplated objects. The commandants of the militia of Washington and Westmoreland counties (Colonels Williamson and Marshall) encouraged the inhabitants to volunteer on this expedition, and made known that every militia man who accompanied it, finding his own horse and gun and provisions for a month, should be exempt from two tours of militia duty; and that all horses unavoidably lost in the service should be replaced from those taken in the Indian country. From the operation of these different causes, an army of nearly five hundred men was soon raised, who being supplied with ammunition by the Lieutenant Colonel of Washington county, proceeded to the Old Mingo towns, the place of general rendezvous, where an election was held to fill the office of commander of the expedition. The candidates were Colonel Williamson and Colonel Crawford; and the latter gentleman being chosen, immediately organized the troops and prepared to march.

On the 25th of May, the army left the Mingo towns, and pursuing "Williamson's trail," arrived at the upper Moravian town on the Muskingum (Shoenbrun,) where (finding plenty of corn of the

preceding year's crop, yet on the stalk,) they halted to refresh their horses. While here, Captains Brenton and Bean discovered and fired upon two Indians, and the report of the guns being heard in camp, the men, in despite of the exertions of their officers, rushed towards the source of alarm, in the most tumultuous and disorderly manner. Colonel Crawford, used to the discipline of Continental soldiers, saw in the impetuosity and insubordination of the troops under his command, enough to excite the liveliest apprehensions for the event of the expedition. He had volunteered to go on the campaign, only in compliance with the general wish of the troops that he should head them, and when chosen commander-in-chief of the forces assembled at the Mingo towns, he is said to have accepted the office with reluctance, not only sensible of the impracticability of controlling men unused to restraint, but opposed to some of the objects of the expedition, and the frequently expressed determination of the troops to spare no Indian whom accident or the fortune of war should place in their power.

From Shoenbrun the army proceeded as expeditiously as was practicable to the site of the Moravian village, near the Upper Sandusky; but instead of meeting with this oppressed and persecuted tribe, or having gained an opportunity of plundering their property, they saw nothing which manifested that it had been the residence of man, save a few desolate and deserted huts,—the people, whom it was their intention to destroy, had some time before, most fortunately for themselves, moved to Scioto.

Discontent and dissatisfaction ensued upon the disappointment.—The guides were ignorant of there being any Indian towns nearer than those on Lower Sandusky, and the men became impatient to return home. In this posture of affairs a council of war, consisting of the field officers and captains, was held, and it was resolved to move forward, and if no enemy appeared that day to retrace their steps. Just after this determination was made known, an express arrived from a detachment of mounted men which had been sent forward to reconnoitre, with information that about three miles in advance, a large body of Indians had been discovered hastening rapidly to meet them. The fact was, that Indian spies had watched and reported the progress of the expedition ever after it left the Mingo towns; and when satisfied of its destination, every arrangement which they could make to defeat its object and involve the troops in the destruction to which it was their purpose to consign others, was begun by the savages. Having perfected these, they were marching on to give battle to the whites.

Immediately upon the reception of this intelligence the army moved forward, and meeting the reconnoitering party coming in, had proceeded but a short distance farther when they came in view of the Indians hastening to occupy a small body of woods in the midst of an extensive plain. The battle was then begun by a heavy fire from both sides, and the savages prevented gaining possession of the woods. A party of them having, however, taken post in them before the

whites came up, continued much to annoy the troops, until some of them, alighting from their horses, bravely rushed forward and dislodged them. The Indians then attempted to gain a small skirt of woods on Colonel Crawford's right, but the vigilance of the commanding officer of the right wing, (Major Leet) detected the movement, and the bravery of his men defeated it. The action now became general and severe, and was warmly contested until dark, when it ceased for a time without having been productive of much advantage to either side. During the night both armies lay on their arms, adopting the wise policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and retreating some distance behind them, to prevent being surprised by a night attack.

Early in the morning a few shots were fired, but at too great distance for execution. The Indians were hourly receiving reinforcements, and seemed busily engaged in active preparations for a decisive conflict. The whites became uneasy at their increasing strength, and a council of the officers deemed it expedient to retreat. As it would be difficult to effect this in open day, in the presence of an enemy of superior force, it was resolved to postpone it until night, making in the meantime every arrangement to ensure its success.—The killed were buried, and fires burned over the graves to prevent discovery—litters were made for bearing the wounded, and the army was formed into three lines with them in the centre.

The day passed without an attack being made by the Indians.—They were still seen to traverse the plains in every direction, and in large bodies, and not until the troops were about forming the line of retreat, did they seem to have any idea that such a movement was intended. They then commenced firing a few shots, and in a little while it became apparent that they had occupied every pass, leaving open only that which led to Sandusky. Along this way, the guides conducted the main army, until they had passed the Indian lines about a mile; when, wheeling to the left, they marched round and gained the trail of their outward march. Continuing in this they proceeded to the settlements without any interruption—the savage warriors thinking it better to follow detached parties than the main army.

The few shots which were fired by the Indians, as the whites were forming the line of retreat, were viewed by many as an evidence that their purpose had been discovered, and that these were signal guns preceding a general attack. Under these impressions, the men in front hurried off, and others following the example, at least one-third of the army were to be seen flying in detached parties and in different directions from that taken by the main body, supposing that the attention of the Indians would be wholly turned to this point. They were not permitted to proceed far under this delusive supposition. Instead of following the main army, the Indians pursued those small parties with such activity, that not many of those composing them were able to escape; one company of forty men, under a Captain Williamson, was the only party detached from

the principal body of the troops fortunate enough to get with the main army on its retreat. Late in the night, they broke through the Indian lines, under a heavy fire and with some loss, and on the morning of the second day of the retreat, again joined their comrades in the expedition, who had marched off in a body, in compliance with the orders of the commander-in-chief.

Colonel Crawford himself proceeded at the head of the army for some short distance, when, missing his son, his son-in-law (Major Harrison) and two nephews, he stopped to enquire for them. Receiving no satisfactory information respecting either of them, he was induced through anxiety for their fate to continue still, until all had passed on, when he resumed his flight, in company with Dr. Knight and two others. For their greater security they travelled some distance apart, but from the jaded and exhausted condition of their horses could proceed but slowly. One of the two men in company with the Colonel and Doctor Knight, would frequently fall some distance behind the others, and as frequently call aloud for them to wait for him. Near the Sandusky creek he hallooed to them to halt, but the yell of a savage being heard near him, they went on and never again was he heard of. About day, Col. Crawford's horse gave out, and he was forced to proceed on foot, as was also the other of the two who had left the field with him and Knight. They continued, however, to travel together, and soon overtook Captain Biggs, endeavoring to secure the safety of himself and Lieutenant Ashly, who had been so badly wounded that he was unable to ride alone. A heavy fall of rain induced them to halt, and stripping the bark from some trees, they formed a tolerable shelter from the storm, and remained there all night. In the morning they were joined by another of the troops, when their company consisted of six—Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight, who kept about an hundred yards in front—Capt. Biggs and Lieutenant Ashly in the centre, and the other two men in the rear. They proceeded in this way about two miles, when a party of Delawares suddenly sprang from their hiding places into the road, and making prisoners of Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight, carried them to the Indian camp near to where they then were. On the next day the scalps of Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashly were brought in by another party of Indians, who had been likewise watching the road. From the encampment they were led, in company with nine other prisoners, to the old Wyandot town, from which place they were told they would be taken to the new town, not far off. Before setting out from this place, Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight were painted black by Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, who told the former that he intended to have him shaved when he arrived among his friends, and the latter that he was to be carried to the Shawanee town to see some of his old acquaintance. The nine prisoners were then marched off in front of Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight, who were brought on by Pipe and Wingenim, another of the Delaware chiefs. As they went on, they passed the bodies of four of the captives, who had been tomahawked and scalped on the way, and

came to where the remaining five were, in time to see them suffer the same fate from the hands of squaws and boys. The head of one of them (John McKinley, formerly an officer in one of the Virginia regiments) was cut off, and for some time kicked about on the ground. A while afterwards they met Simon Girty and several Indians on horseback, when Col. Crawford was stripped naked, severely beaten with clubs and sticks, and made to sit down near a post which had been planted for the purpose, and around which a fire of poles was burning briskly. His hands were then pinioned behind him, and a rope attached to the band around his wrist and fastened to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, allowing him liberty only to sit down, or walk once or twice round it, and return the same way. Apprehensive that he was doomed to be burned to death, he asked Girty if it were possible that he had been spared from the milder instruments of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, only to suffer the more cruel death by fire. "*Yes,*" said Girty, *composedly*, "*You must be burned, Colonel.*" "It is dreadful," replied Crawford, "but I will endeavor to bear it patiently." Captain Pipe then addressed the savages in an animated speech, at the close of which they rent the air with hideous yells, and immediately discharged a number of loads of powder at the naked body of their victim. His ears were then cut off, and while the men would apply the burning ends of the poles to his flesh, the squaws threw coals and hot embers upon him, so that in a little time he had to walk on fire. In the midst of these sufferings, he begged of the infamous Girty to shoot him. That worse than savage monster, tauntingly replied, "How can I?—you see I have no gun," and laughed heartily at the scene.

For three hours Colonel Crawford endured the most excruciating agonies with the utmost fortitude, when faint and almost exhausted, he commended his soul to God, and laid down on his face. He was then scalped, and burning coals being laid on his head and back by one of the squaws, he again rose and attempted to walk, but strength failed him, and he sank into the welcome arms of death. His body was then thrown into the fire and consumed to ashes.*

Of the whole of this shocking scene, Doctor Knight was an unwilling spectator, and in the midst of it was told by Girty, that it should be his fate too, when he arrived at the Shawanee towns.—These were about forty miles distant, and he was committed to the care of a young warrior to be taken there. On the first day they travelled about twenty-five miles, and when they stopped for the night, the Doctor was securely fastened. In vain did he anxiously watch for an opportunity to endeavor to release himself from the cords

*Col. Crawford was then about fifty years of age, and had been an active warrior against the savages for a great while. During the French war, he distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct, and was much noticed by Gen. Washington, who obtained for him an ensigncy. At the commencement of the Revolution, he raised a regiment by his own exertions, and at the period of this unfortunate expedition, bore the commission of Colonel in the Continental army. He possessed a sound judgment, was a man of singular good nature, great humanity, and remarkable for his hospitality. His melancholy sufferings and death spread a gloom over the countenances of all who knew him. His son, John Crawford, and his son-in-law, Major Harrison, were taken prisoners, carried to the Shawanee towns and murdered.

which bound him. The Indian was vigilant and slept none. About daylight they arose, and while the Indian was kindling a fire, the gnats were so troublesome that he untied his prisoner, and set him likewise to making a fire to relieve them from the annoyance. The Dr. took a burning coal between two sticks, and going behind the Indian towards the spot at which he was directed to excite a smoke, turned suddenly around, and struck the savage with all his force.— The Indian fell forward, but quickly recovering, and seeing his gun in the hands of his assailant, ran off, howling hideously. The anxiety of Dr. Knight saved the life of the savage. When he seized the gun, he drew back the cock in such haste and with so much violence as to break the main-spring and render it useless to him; but as the Indian was ignorant of this circumstance he continued his flight, and the Doctor was then enabled to escape. After a toilsome travel of twenty-one days, during which time he subsisted altogether on wild gooseberries, young nettles, a raw terrapin, and two young birds, he arrived safely at Fort McIntosh—meagre, emaciated, and almost famished.

Another instance of great good fortune occurred in the person of John Slover, who was also made prisoner after having travelled more than half the distance from the fatal scene of action to Fort Pitt.— When only eight years of age he had been taken by some Indians on New river, and detained in captivity for twelve years. In this time he became well acquainted with their manners and customs, and attached to their mode of living so strongly that when ransomed by his friends he left his Indian companions with regret. He had become, too, while with them, familiar with the country north-west of the Ohio, and an excellent woodsman, and in consequence of these attainments, was selected a principal guide to the army on its outward march. When a retreat was prematurely commenced by detached parties, he was some distance from camp, and having to equip himself for flight, was left a good way in the rear. It was not long, however, before he came up with a party whose horses were unable to extricate themselves from a deep morass over which they had attempted to pass. Slover's was soon placed in the same unpleasant situation, and they all, alighting from them, proceeded on foot. In this manner they travelled on until they had nearly reached the Tuscarawa, when a party of savages, from the way side, fired upon them. One of the men was killed, Slover and two others made prisoners, and the fifth escaped to Wheeling.

Those taken captive were carried first to Wachatomakah (a small town of the Mingoes and Shawanees,) from whence after having been severely beaten, they were conducted to a larger town two miles farther. On their arrival here they had all to pass through the usual ceremonies of running the gauntlet; and one of them who had been stripped of his clothes and painted black, was most severely beaten, mangled, and killed, and his body cut in pieces and placed on poles outside the town. Here, too, Slover saw the dead bodies of Colonel McClelland, Major Harrison, and John Crawford, and learned that

they had all been put to death but a little while before his arrival there; and although he was spared for some time, yet everything which he saw acted towards other prisoners led him to fear that he was reserved for a more cruel fate, whenever the whim of the instant should suggest its consummation. At length an express arrived from Detroit with a speech for the warriors, which decided his doom.—Being deciphered from the belt of wampum which contained it, the speech began by enquiring why they continued to take prisoners, and said, "Provisions are scarce, and when you send in prisoners we have them to feed, and still some of them are getting off and carrying tidings of our affairs. When any of your people are taken by the rebels, they show no mercy. Why then should you? My children, take no more prisoners of any sort, men, women, or children." Two days after the arrival of the express with this speech, a council of the different tribes of Indians near was held, and it was determined to act in conformity with the advice of the Governor of Detroit.—Slover was then the only white prisoner at this town; and on the morning after the council was dissolved, about forty warriors came to the house where he was, and tying a rope around his neck, led him off to another village, five miles distant. Here again he was severely beaten with clubs and the pipe end of the tomahawk, and then tied to a post, around which were piles of wood. These were soon kindled, but a violent rain falling unexpectedly, extinguished the flames before they had affected him. It was then agreed to postpone his execution until the next day, and being again beaten and much wounded by their blows, he was taken to a block house, his hands tied, the rope about his neck fastened to a beam of the building, and three warriors left to guard him for the night.

If the feelings of Slover had permitted him to enjoy sleep, the conduct of the guard would have prevented it. They delighted in keeping alive in his mind the shocking idea of the suffering which he would have to endure, and frequently asking him "how he would like to eat fire," tormented him nearly all night. Awhile before day, however, they fell asleep, and Slover commenced untieing himself.—Without much difficulty he loosened the cord from his arms, but the ligature around his neck, of undressed buffalo hide, seemed to defy his exertions to remove it; and while he was endeavoring to gnaw it in vain, one of the sleeping Indians rose up and going near to him sat and smoked his pipe for some time. Slover lay perfectly still, apprehensive that all chance of escape was now lost to him. But no—the Indian again composed himself to sleep, and the first effort afterwards made, to loose the band from his neck by slipping it over his head, resulted in leaving Slover entirely unbound. He then crept softly from the house and leaping a fence gained the cornfield. Passing on, as he approached a tree he espied a squaw with several children lying at its root, and fearing that some of them might discover him and give the alarm of his escape, he changed his course.—He soon after reached a glade in which were several horses, one of which he caught, and also found a piece of an old rug, which afforded

him his only covering until he reached Wheeling. This he was enabled to do in a few days, being perfectly acquainted with the country.

The town, from which Slover escaped, was the one to which Dr. Knight was to have been taken. The Indian who had him in charge, came in while Slover was there and reported his escape—magnifying the Doctor's stature to gigantic size and attributing to him herculean strength. When Slover acquainted the warriors of the fact that Dr. Knight was diminutive and effeminate, they laughed heartily at this Indian, and mocked at him for suffering the escape. He, however, bore a mark which showed that, weak and enfeebled as he was, the Doctor had not played booty when he aimed the blow at his conductor. It had penetrated to the skull and made a gash of full four inches in length.

These are but few of the many incidents which no doubt occurred to individuals who endeavored to effect an escape by detaching themselves from the main army. The number of those thus separated from the troops, who had the good fortune to reach the settlements, was small indeed; and of the many of them that fell into the hands of the savages, Knight and Slover are believed to be the only persons who were so fortunate as to make an escape. The precise loss sustained in the expedition was never ascertained, and is variously represented from ninety to one hundred and twenty.

While expeditions were carrying on by the whites against the Moravian and other Indians, the savages were prosecuting their accustomed predatory and exterminating war, against several of the settlements. Parties of Indians, leaving the towns to be defended by the united exertions of contiguous tribes, would still penetrate to the abode of the whites and with various success strive to avenge on them their real and fancied wrongs.

On the 8th of March, as William White, Timothy Dorman, and his wife, were going to and in sight of Buchannon fort, some guns were discharged at them, and White being shot through the hip soon fell from his horse and was tomahawked, scalped and lacerated in the most frightful manner. Dorman and his wife were taken prisoners. The people in the fort heard the firing and flew to arms, but the river being between, the savages cleared themselves while the whites were crossing over.

After the killing of White (one of their most active and vigilant warriors and spies) and the capture of Dorman, it was resolved to abandon the fort and seek elsewhere security from the greater ills which it was found would befall them if they remained. This apprehension arose from the fact that Dorman was then with the savages, and that to gratify his enmity to particular individuals in the settlement he would unite with the Indians, and from his knowledge of the country be enabled to conduct them the more securely to blood and plunder. He was a man of sanguinary and revengeful disposition, prone to quarrelling, and had been known to say that if he caught

particular individuals with whom he was at variance, in the woods and alone, he would murder them and attribute it to the savages. He had led, when in England, a most abandoned life, and after he was transported to this country, was so reckless of reputation and devoid of shame for his villainies, that he would often recount tales of theft and robbery in which he had been a conspicuous actor. The fearful apprehensions of increased and aggravated injuries after the taking of him prisoner, were well founded; and subsequent events fully proved, that but for the evacuation of the fort and the removal of the inhabitants, all would have fallen before the fury of savage warriors with this abandoned miscreant at their head.

While some of the inhabitants of that settlement were engaged in moving their property to a fort in Tygart's Valley (the others removing to Nutter's fort and Clarksburg,) they were fired upon by a party of savages, and two of them, Michael Hagle and Elias Paynter, fell. The horse on which John Bush was riding, was shot through, yet Bush succeeded in extricating himself from the falling animal, and escaped, though closely pursued by one of the savages.—Several times the Indian following him, would cry out to him, "*Stop, and you shall not be hurt—If you do not, I will shoot you,*" and once Bush, nearly exhausted, and in despair of getting off, actually relaxed his pace for the purpose of yielding himself a prisoner; when turning round he saw the savage stop also, and commence loading his gun. This inspired Bush with fear for the consequences, and renewing his flight, he made his escape. Edward Tanner, a mere youth, was soon taken prisoner, and as he was being carried to their towns, met between twenty and thirty savages, headed by Timothy Dorman, proceeding to attack Buchannon fort. Learning from him that the inhabitants were moving from it, and that it would be abandoned in a few days, the Indians pursued their journey with so much haste that Dorman had well nigh failed from fatigue. They arrived, however, too late for the accomplishment of their bloody purpose; the settlement was deserted, and the inhabitants safe within the walls of other fortresses.

A few days after the evacuation of the fort, some of its former inmates went from Clarksburg to Buchannon for grain which had been left there. When they came in sight, they beheld a heap of ashes where the fort had been; and proceeding on, became convinced that the savages were yet lurking about. They, however, continued to go from farm to farm, collecting grain, but with the utmost vigilance and caution, and at night went to an out-house, near where the fort had stood. Here they found a paper, with the name of Timothy Dorman attached to it, dated at the Indian towns, and containing information of those who had been taken captive in that district of country.

In the morning early, as some of the men went from the house to the mill, they saw the savages crossing the river, Dorman being with them. Thinking it best to impress them with a belief that they were able to encounter them in open conflict, the men advanced

towards them, calling to their companions in the house to come on. The Indians fled hastily to the woods, and the whites, not so rash as to pursue them, returned to the house and secured themselves in it as well as they could. At night, Captain George Jackson went privately forth from the house, and at great hazard of being discovered by the waylaying savages, proceeded to Clarksburg where he obtained such a reinforcement as enabled him to return openly and escort his former companions in danger from the place of its existence.

Disappointed in their hopes of involving the inhabitants of the Buchannon settlements in destruction, the savages went on to the Valley. Here, between Westfall's and Wilson's forts, they came upon John Bush and his wife, Jacob Stalnaker and his son Adam.—The two latter being on horseback and riding behind Bush and his wife, were fired at, and Adam fell. The old gentleman rode briskly on, but some of the savages were before him and endeavored to catch the reins of his bridle and thus stop his flight. He, however, escaped them all. The horse from which Adam Stalnaker had fallen, was caught by Bush, and both he and Mrs. Bush got safely away on him.

The Indians then crossed the Alleghany mountains, and coming to the house of Mr. Gregg, (Dorman's former master) made an attack on it. A daughter of that gentleman alone fell a victim to their thirst for blood. When taken prisoner, she refused to go with them, and Dorman sunk his tomahawk into her head and then scalped her. She, however, lived several days and related the circumstances above detailed.

After the murder of John Thomas and his family, in 1781, the settlement on Booth's creek was forsaken, and its inhabitants went to Simpson's creek, for greater security. In the spring, John Owens procured the assistance of some young men about Simpson's creek, and proceeded to Booth's creek for the purpose of threshing some wheat at his farm there. While on a stack throwing down sheaves, several guns were fired at him by a party of twelve Indians, concealed not far off. Owens leapt from the stack, and the men caught up their guns. They could not, however, discover any one of the savages in their covert, and thought it best to retreat to Simpson's creek and strengthen their force before they ventured in pursuit of their enemy. They accordingly did so, and when they came again to Booth's creek, the Indians had decamped, taking with them the horses left at Owens'. The men, however, found their trail and followed it until night. Early next morning, crossing the West Fork at Shinnston, they went on in pursuit and came within sight of the Indian camp, and seeing some of the savages lying near their fires, fired at them, but as was believed without effect. The Indians again took to flight; and as they were hastening on, one of them suddenly wheeled and fired upon his pursuers. The ball passed through the hunting-shirt of one of the men, and Benjamin Coplin (then an active, enterprising young man) returning the shot, an Indian was seen suddenly to spring into a laurel thicket. Not supposing that Coplin's

ball had taken effect, they followed the other savages some distance farther, and as they returned got the horses and plunder left at the camp. Some time afterwards a gun was found in the thicket, into which the Indian sprang, and it was then believed that Coplin's shot had done execution.

In the same spring the Indians made their appearance on Crooked run, in Monongalia county. Mr. Thomas Pindall, having been one day at Harrison's fort, at a time when a greater part of the neighborhood had gone thither for safety, prevailed on three young men, (Harrison, Crawford and Wright,) to return and spend the night with him. Some time after they had been abed, the females waked Mr. Pindall, and telling him that they had heard several times a noise very much resembling the whistling on a charger, insisted on going directly to the fort. The men heard nothing, and being inclined to believe that the fears of the females had given to the blowing of the wind that peculiar sound, insisted that there was no danger, and that it would be unpleasant to turn out then, as the night was very dark. Hearing nothing after this, for which they could not readily account, the men rose in the morning unapprehensive of interruption; and the females, relieved of their fears of being molested by the savages during the night, continued in bed. Mr. Pindall walked forth to the woods to catch a horse, and the young men went to the spring near by, for the purpose of washing. While thus engaged, three guns were fired at them, and Crawford and Wright were killed. Harrison fled and got safely to the fort.

The females, alarmed at the report of the guns, sprang out of bed and hastened towards the fort, pursued by the Indians. Mrs. Pindall was overtaken and killed, but Rachael Pindall, her sister-in-law, escaped safely to the fort.

In June some Indians came into the neighborhood of Clarksburg, and not meeting with an opportunity of killing or making prisoners any of the inhabitants without the town, one of them, more venturesome than the rest, came so near as to shoot Charles Washburn as he was chopping a log of wood in the lot, and then running up, with the axe, severed his skull, scalped him, and fled safely away. Three of Washburn's brothers had been previously murdered by the savages.

In August, as Arnold and Paul Richards were returning to Richard's fort, they were shot at by some Indians, lying hid in a cornfield adjoining the fort, and both fell from their horses. The Indians leaped over the fence immediately and tomahawked and scalped them.

These two men were murdered in full view of the fort, and the firing drew its inmates to the gate to ascertain the cause. When they saw that the two Richards' were down, they rightly judged that Indians had done the deed; and Elias Hughes, ever bold and daring, taking down his gun, went out alone at the back gate, and entered the cornfield, into which the savages had again retired, to see if he could not avenge on one of them the murder of his friends. Creeping softly along, he came in view of them standing near the fence, reloading their guns, and looking intently at the people at the fort gate.

Taking a deliberate aim at one of them, he touched the trigger. His gun flashed, and the Indians alarmed ran speedily away.

A most shocking scene was exhibited some time before this, on Muddy creek in Pennsylvania. On the 10th of May, as the Reverend John Corbly, his wife and five children were going to meeting, (Mr. Corbly being a short distance behind) they were attacked by a party of savages waylaying the road. The shrieks of Mrs. Corbly and the children, drew the husband and father to the fatal spot. As he was approaching, his wife called to him, "to fly." He knew that it was impossible for him to contend successfully against the fearful odds opposed to him, and supposing that his family would be carried away as prisoners, and that he would be enabled either to recover them by raising a company and pursuing the savages, or to ransom them, if conducted to the Indian towns, he complied with her wish, and got safely off, though pursued by one of the savages. But it was not their intention to carry them into captivity. They delighted too much to look upon the life-blood flowing from the heart, and accordingly shed it most profusely. The infant in its mother's arms was the first on whom their savage fury fell,—it was tomahawked and scalped. The mother then received several severe blows, but not falling, was shot through the body, by the savage who chased her husband, and then scalped. Into the brains of a little son, six years old, their hatchets were sunk to the hilt. Two little girls, of two and four years of age, were tomahawked and scalped. The eldest child, also a daughter, had attempted to escape by concealing herself in a hollow log, a few rods from the scene of action. From her hiding place she beheld all that was done, and when the bleeding scalp was torn from the head of her last little sister, and she beheld the savages retiring from the desolation which they had wrought, she crawled forth from her concealment. It was too soon. One of the savages yet lingered near, to feast to satiety on the horrid spectacle. His eyes caught a glimpse of her as she crept from the log, and his tomahawk and scalping knife became red with her blood.

When Mr. Corbly returned, all his hopes vanished. Which ever way he turned, the mangled body of some one of his family was presented to his view. His soul sickened at the contemplation of the scene, and he fainted and fell. When he had revived, he was cheered with the hope that some of them might yet survive. Two of his daughters had manifested symptoms of returning life, and with care and attention were restored to him.

Thus far in the year 1782, the settlements only suffered from the accustomed desultory warfare of the savages. No numerous collection of Indians had crossed their border,—no powerful army of warriors, threatening destruction to the forts, those asylums of their safety, had appeared among them. But the scene was soon to change.

In August, there was a grand council convened at Chillicothe, in which the Wyandots, the Shawanees, the Mingoes, the Tawas, Potawatomes, and various other tribes were represented. Girty and McKee—disgraces to human nature—aided in their deliberations.—

The surrender of Cornwallis, which had been studiously kept secret from the Indians, was now known to them, and the war between Great Britain and the United States, seemed to them to be verging to a close. Should a peace ensue, they feared that the concentrated strength of Virginia would bear down upon them and crush them at once. In anticipation of this state of things, they had met to deliberate what course it best became them to pursue. Girty addressed the council. He reminded them of the gradual encroachments of the whites—of the beauty of Kentucky and its value to them as a hunting ground. He pointed out to them the necessity of greater efforts to regain possession of that country, and warned them that if they did not combine their strength to change the present state of things, the whites would soon leave them no hunting grounds, and they would consequently have no means of procuring rum to cheer their hearts, or blankets to warm their bodies. His advice was well received and they determined to continue the war.

When the council was adjourned, the warriors proceeded to execute its determinations. Two armies, the one of six hundred and the other three hundred and fifty men, prepared to march, each to its assigned station. The larger was destined to operate against Kentucky, while the smaller was to press upon North Western Virginia, and each was abundantly supplied with the munitions of war. Towards the last of August the warriors who were to act in Kentucky, appeared before Bryant's station, south of Licking river, and placed themselves under covert during night, and in advantageous situations for firing upon the station, so soon as its doors should be thrown open.

There were at that time but few inhabitants occupying that station. William Bryant, its founder, and one in whose judgment, skill and courage many confidently reposed for security from savage enormity, had been unfortunately discovered by some Indians near the mouth of Cane run, and killed. His death caused most of those who had come to that place from North Carolina, to forsake the station, and return to their own country. Emigrants from Virginia, arriving some short time before, and among whom was Robert Johnson, (the father of Richard M. Johnson) to a certain extent supplied this desertion; yet it was in respect to numbers so far inferior to the savage forces that the most resolute shuddered in apprehension of the result.

The station, too, was at that time careless and inattentive to its own defence, not anticipating the appearance of a savage army before its gates. Indeed had the Indians delayed their attack a few hours it would have been in an almost entirely defenceless condition, as the men were on that morning to have left it, for the purpose of aiding in the defence of another station, which was then understood to be assailed by an army of Indians. Fortunately, however, for the inhabitants, as soon as the doors of some of the cabins were opened in the morning the savages commenced the fire, and thus admonished them of danger while it was not yet too late to provide against it.

The Indians in the attack upon Bryant's station practised their

usual stratagem to ensure their success. It was begun on the south-east angle of the station, by one hundred warriors, while the remaining five hundred were concealed in the woods on the opposite side, ready to take advantage of its unprotected situation, when, as they anticipated, the garrison would concentrate its strength to resist the assault on the south-east. But their purpose was fully comprehended by the garrison, and instead of returning the fire of the one hundred, they secretly sent an express to Lexington for assistance, and commenced repairing the pallisades, and putting themselves in the best possible condition to withstand the fury of the assailants.—Aware that the Indians were posted near the spring, and believing that they would not fire unless some of the men should be seen going thither, the women were sent to bring in water for the use of the garrison. The event justified their expectations. The concealed Indians, still farther to strengthen the belief, that their whole force were engaged in the attack on the south-east, forbore to fire, or otherwise contradict the impression which they had studiously sought to make on the minds of its inmates.

When a sufficiency of water had been provided and the station placed in a condition of defence, thirteen men were sent out in the direction from which the assault was made. They were fired upon by the assailing party of one hundred, but without receiving any injury, and retired again within the pallisades. Instantly the savages rushed to the assault of what they deemed the unprotected side of the station, little doubting their success. A steady, well directed fire, put them quickly to flight. Some of the more desperate and daring, however, approached near enough to fire the houses, some of which were consumed; but a favorable wind drove the flames from the mass of the buildings and the station escaped conflagration.

Disappointed of the expected success of their first stratagem, the assailants withdrew a short distance, and concealed themselves under the bank of the creek, to await the arrival of the assistance which was generally sent to a besieged fort or station, arranging themselves in ambushment to intercept its approach.

When the express from Bryant's station reached Lexington, the male inhabitants had left there to aid in the defence of Holder's station, which was reported to be attacked. Following on their route, they overtook them at Boonesborough, and sixteen mounted and thirty footmen were immediately detached to aid the inhabitants of Bryant's station. When this reinforcement came near, the firing had entirely ceased, no enemy was visible, and they approached in the confidence that all was well. A sudden discharge of shot from the savages in ambush dispelled that hope. The horsemen, however, passed safely by. The cloud of dust produced by the galloping of their horses, obscured the view and hindered the otherwise deadly aim of the Indians. The footmen were less fortunate. Two of them were killed, and four wounded; and but for the luxuriant growth of corn in the field through which they passed, nearly all must have fallen before the overwhelming force of the enemy.

Thus reinforced, the garrison did not for an instant doubt of safety, while the savages became hopeless of success by force of arms, and resorted to another expedient to gain possession of the station. In the twilight of evening, Simon Girty covertly drew near, and mounting on a stump from which he could be distinctly heard, demanded the surrender of the place. He told the garrison, that a reinforcement, with cannon, would arrive that night, and that this demand was suggested by *his humanity*, as the station must ultimately fall, and he could assure them of protection if they surrendered, but could not if the Indians succeeded by storm; and then demanded, if "they knew who was addressing them." A young man by the name of Reynolds, (fearing the effect which the threat of cannon might have upon the garrison, as the fate of Ruddle's and Martin's stations was yet fresh in their recollections,) replied, that he "knew him well, and held him in such contempt, that he had named a worthless dog which he had, SIMON GIRTY; that his reinforcements and threats, were not heeded by the garrison, who expected to receive before morning such an auxiliary force as would enable them to give a good account of the cowardly wretches that followed him, whom he held in such contempt that he had prepared a number of switches with which to drive them out of the country if they remained there till day."

Affecting to deplore their obstinacy, Girty retired, and during the night the main body of the Indian army marched off, leaving a few warriors to keep up an occasional firing and the semblance of a siege.

Shortly after the retreat of the savages, one hundred and sixty men, from Lexington, Harrodsburg, and Boonesborough, assembled at Bryant's station and determined to pursue them. Prudence should have prevailed with them to await the arrival of Colonel Logan, who was known to be collecting additional forces from the other station; but brave and fearless, well equipped, and burning with ardent desire to chastise their savage invaders, they rather indiscreetly chose to march on, unaided, sooner than risk suffering the enemy to retire, by delaying for other troops. But the Indians had no wish to retire, to avoid the whites. The trail left by them, to the experienced eye of Daniel Boone, furnished convincing evidence that they were only solicitous to conceal their numbers in order to tempt pursuit.

When the troops arrived at the Lower Blue Licks, they saw the only Indians which had met their eye on the route. These were slowly ascending the ridge on the opposite side of the river. The party was halted and Boone consulted as to what course it would be best to pursue. He was of opinion that the savage force was much greater than most had been led to believe by appearance of the trail, and anticipating pursuit was then in ambush in the ravines; he advised, therefore, that the force be divided into two equal parts, the one marching up the river, to cross it at the mouth of Elk creek, above the upper ravine, while the other party should take a position below for the purpose of co-operating whenever occasion might require; but that neither party should by any means cross the river until spies were sent out to learn the position and strength of the enemy. The

officers generally were inclined to follow the counsel of Boone, but Major McGary, remarkable for impetuosity, exclaiming, "Let all who are not cowards, follow me," spurred his horse into the river. The whole party caught the contagious rashness—all rushed across the river. There was no order—no arrangement—no unity or concert; but each following his own counsel, moved madly towards the sheltered ravines and wooded ground, where Boone had predicted the savages lay hid. The event justified the prediction and showed the wisdom of his counsel.

At the head of a chosen band of warriors, Girty advanced with fierceness upon the whites, from the advantageous position which he covertly occupied, and "madness, despair and death succeed the conflict's gathering wrath." The Indians had greatly the advantage in numbers as well as position, and the disorderly front of the whites gave them still greater superiority. The bravery of the troops for a while withstood the onset, and the contest was fierce and sanguinary till their right wing being turned a retreat became inevitable. All pressed towards the ford, but a division of the savage army, foreseeing this, had been placed so as to interpose between them and it: and they were driven to a point on the river, where it could only be crossed by swimming. Here was indeed a scene of blood and carnage. Many were killed on the bank, others in swimming over and some were tomahawked in the edge of the water. Some of those who had been foremost in getting across the river, wheeled and opened a steady fire upon the pursuers. Others, animated by the example, as soon as they reached the bank discharged their guns upon the savages, and checking them for a while enabled many to escape death. But for this stand the footmen would have been much harassed and very many of them entirely cut off. As it was, the loss in slain was great. Of one hundred and seventy-six (the number of whites), sixty-one were killed and eight taken prisoners. Colonels Todd and Trigg—Majors Harland and Bulger—Captains Gordon, McBride, and a son of Daniel Boone, were among those who fell.—The loss of the savages was never known—they were left in possession of the battle ground, and at leisure to conceal or carry off their dead, and when it was next visited by the whites, none were found.

A most noble and generous act, performed by one of the whites, deserves to be forever remembered. While they were flying before the closely pursuing savages, Reynolds (who at Bryant's station had so cavalierly replied to Girty's demand of its surrender) seeing Col. Robert Patterson, unhorsed and considerably disabled by his wounds, painfully struggling to reach the river, sprang from his saddle, and assisting him to occupy the relinquished seat, enabled that veteran officer to escape, and fell himself into the hands of the savages. He was not long, however, detained a prisoner by them. He was taken by a party of only three Indians; and two whites passing hurriedly on towards the river, just after, two of his captors hastened in pursuit of them, and he was left guarded by only one. Reynolds was cool and collected, and only awaited the semblance of an opportunity to

attempt an escape. Presently the savage in whose custody he was, stooped to tie his moccasin. Suddenly he sprang to one side, and being fleet of foot, got safely off.

The battle of the Blue Licks was fought on the 19th of August.—On the next day Col. Logan, with three hundred men, met the remnant of the troops retreating to Bryant's station, and learning the fatal result of the contest, hurried on to the scene of action to bury the dead, and avenge their fall if the enemy should be found yet hovering near. On his arrival, not a savage was to be seen. Flushed with victory, and exulting in their revenge, they had retired to their towns, to feast the eyes of their brethren with the scalps of the slain. The field of battle presented a miserable spectacle. All was stillness, where so lately had arisen the shout of the impetuous but intrepid whites, and the whoop and yell of the savages, as they closed in deadly conflict; not a sound was to be heard but the hoarse cry of the vulture, flapping her wings and mounting into the air, alarmed at the intrusion of man. Those countenances, which had so lately beamed with daring and defiance, were unmeaning and inexpressive; and what with the effect produced on the dead bodies by the excessive heat and the mangling and disfiguration of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, scarcely one could be distinguished from another.—Friends tortured themselves in vain to find friends in the huge mass of slain—fathers to recognize their sons. The mournful gratification of bending over the lifeless forms of dear relations and gazing with intense anxiety on their pallid features, was denied them. Undistinguished, though not unmarked, all were alike consigned to the silent grave, amid sighs of sorrow and denunciations of revenge.

An expedition against the Indian towns was immediately resolved upon, and in September, General Clarke marched towards them at the head of nearly one thousand men. Being discovered on their route and the intelligence soon spreading that an army from Kentucky was penetrating the country, the savages deserted their villages and fled, and the expedition was thus defeated in its purpose of chastising them. The towns, however, were burned, and in a skirmish with a party of Indians five of them were killed and seven made prisoners, with the loss of only one man.

The Indian forces which were to operate against North Western Virginia, for some time delayed their purpose, and did not set out on their march until a while before the return of those who had been sent into Kentucky. On their way a question arose among them—against what part of the country they should direct their movements—and their division on this subject, rising by degrees till it assumed a serious aspect, led many of the chiefs to determine on abandoning the expedition; but a runner arriving with intelligence of the great success which had crowned the exertions of the army in Kentucky, they changed their determination, and proceeded hastily towards Wheeling.

In the first of September, John Lynn (a celebrated spy, and the same who had been with Captain Foreman at the time of the fatal

ambuscade at Grave creek) being engaged in watching the warriors' paths, north-west of the Ohio, discovered the Indians marching with great expedition for Wheeling, and hastening to warn the inhabitants of the danger which was threatening them, swam the river and reached the village but a little while before the savage army made its appearance. The fort was at this time without any regular garrison, and depended for defence exclusively on the exertions of those who sought security within its walls. The brief space of time which elapsed between the alarm by Lynn and the arrival of the Indians, permitted only those who were immediately present to retire into it, and when the attack was commenced, there were not within its palisades twenty effective men to oppose the assault. The dwelling house of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, standing about forty yards from the fort, contained the military stores which had been furnished by the government of Virginia, and as it was admirably situated as an out-post from which to annoy the savages in their onsets, he resolved on maintaining possession of it, as well to aid in the defence of the fort as for the preservation of the ammunition. Andrew Scott, George Green, Mrs. Zane, Molly Scott and Miss McCullough, were all who remained with him. The kitchen (adjoining) was occupied by Sam (a negro belonging to Colonel Zane) and Kate, his wife.—Colonel Silas Zane commanded in the fort.

When the savage army approached, the British colors were waving over them; and before a shot was discharged at the fort, they demanded the surrender of the garrison. No answer was deigned to this demand but the firing of several shot (by order of Silas Zane) at the standard which they bore, and the savages rushed to the assault. A well directed and brisk fire, opened upon them from Col. Zane's house and the fort, soon drove them back. Again they rushed forward, and again were they repulsed. The number of arms in the house and fort, and the great exertions of the women in moulding bullets, loading guns and handing them to the men, enabled them to fire so briskly, yet so effectively, as to cause the savages to recoil from every charge. The darkness of night soon suspended their attacks and afforded a temporary repose to the besieged. Yet were the assailants not wholly inactive. Having suffered severely by the galling fire poured upon them from the house, they determined on reducing it to ashes. For this purpose, when all was quietness and silence, a savage, with a fire-brand in his hand, crawled to the kitchen, and raising himself from the ground, waving the torch to and fro to rekindle its flame, and about to apply it to the building, received a shot which forced him to let fall the instrument of destruction and hobble howling away. The vigilance of Sam had detected him in time to thwart his purpose.

On the return of light, the savages were seen yet environing the fort, and although for some time they delayed to renew their suspended assault, yet it was evident they had not given over its contemplated reduction. They were engaged in making such preparations as they were confident would ensure success to their exertions.

Soon after the firing of the preceding day had subsided, a small boat, proceeding from Fort Pitt to the Falls of Ohio, with cannon balls for the use of the troops there, put to shore at Wheeling, and the man who had charge of her, although discovered and slightly wounded by the savages, reached the postern and was admitted to the fort. The boat of course fell into the hands of the enemy, and they resolved on using the balls aboard, for the demolition of the fortress. To this end they procured a log with a cavity as nearly corresponding with the size of the ball as they could, and binding it closely with some chains taken from a shop near by, charged it heavily, and pointing it towards the fort, in imagination beheld its walls tumbling into ruin, and the garrison bleeding under the strokes and gashes of their tomahawks and scalping-knives. All things being ready, the match was applied. A dreadful explosion ensued. Their cannon burst—its fragments flew in every direction—and instead of being the cause of ruin to the fort, was the source of injury only to themselves. Several were killed, many wounded, and all dismayed by the event. Recovering from the shock, they presently returned with redoubled animation to the charge. Furious from disappointment, exasperated with the unforeseen yet fatal result, they pressed to the assault with the blindness of phrenzy. Still they were received with a fire so constant and deadly, that they were again forced to retire, and most opportunely for the garrison.

When Lynn gave the alarm that an Indian army was approaching, the fort having been for some time unoccupied by a garrison, and Colonel Zane's house being used as a magazine, those who retired into the fortress had to take with them a supply of ammunition for its defence. The supply of powder, deemed ample at the time, by reason of the long continuance of the savages and the repeated endeavors made by them to storm the fort, was now almost entirely exhausted, a few loads only remaining. In this emergency it became necessary to replenish their stock from the abundance of that article in Colonel Zane's house. During the continuance of the last assault, apprized of its security, and aware of the danger which would inevitably ensue, should the savages after being again driven back return to the assault before a fresh supply could be obtained, it was proposed that one of their fleetest men should endeavor to reach the house, obtain a keg and return with it to the fort. It was an enterprise full of danger, but many of the chivalric spirits then pent up within the fortress were willing to encounter them all.

Among those who volunteered to go on this service, was Elizabeth, the younger sister of Colonel Zane. She was then young, active and athletic—with courage to dare danger, and fortitude to sustain her in the midst of it. Disdaining to weigh the hazard of her own life against the risk of that of others, when told that a man would encounter less danger by reason of his greater fleetness, she replied "and should he fall, his loss will be more severely felt. You have not one man to spare—a woman will not be missed in the defence of the fort." Her services were accepted. Divesting herself of some

of her garments, as tending to impede her motions, she stood prepared for the hazardous adventure, and when the gate was opened she bounded forth with the buoyancy of hope and in the confidence of success. Wrapt in amazement, the Indians beheld her spring forward, and only exclaiming, "a squaw, a squaw," no attempt was made to interrupt her progress. Arrived at the door, she proclaimed her embassy. Colonel Zane fastened a table-cloth around her waist, and emptying into it a keg of powder, again she ventured forth.—The Indians were no longer passive. Ball after ball passed whizzing but harmless by. She reached the gate and entered the fort in safety.*

Another instance of heroic daring deserves to be recorded here.—When intelligence of the investure of Wheeling by the savages, reached Shepherd's fort, a party was immediately detached from it, to try and gain admission into the besieged fortress and aid in its defence. Upon arriving in view, it was found that the attempt would be unavailing, and the detachment consequently prepared to return. Francis Duke was unwilling to turn his back on a people straitened as he knew the besieged must be, and declared his intention of endeavoring to reach the fort that he might contribute to its defence.—It was useless to dissuade him from the attempt—he knew its danger, but he also knew their weakness, and putting spurs to his horse, rode briskly forward, calling aloud, "open the gate—open the gate." He was seen from the fort, and the gate was loosed for his admission; but he did not live to reach it; pierced by the bullets of the savages he fell, to the regret of all. Such noble daring deserved a better fate.

During that night and the next day, the Indians still maintained the siege and made frequent attempts to take the fort by storm, but they were invariably repulsed by the deadly fire of the garrison and the few brave men in Colonel Zane's house. On the third night, despairing of success, they resolved on raising the siege; and leaving one hundred chosen warriors to scour and lay waste the country, the remainder of their army retreated across the Ohio, and encamped at the Indian Spring—five miles from the river. Their loss in the various assaults upon the fort could not be ascertained, but was doubtless very considerable. Of the garrison, none were killed and only two wounded—the heroic Francis Duke was the only white who fell during the siege. The gallantry displayed by all, both men and women, in the defence of the fort, cannot be too highly commended, but to the caution and good conduct of those few brave individuals who occupied Colonel Zane's house, its preservation has been mainly attributed.

In the evening preceding the departure of the savages from before Wheeling, two white men, who had been among them for several years, and then held commands in the army, deserted from them, and on the next morning early were taken prisoners by Colonel

*This heroine had but recently returned from Philadelphia, where she had received her education, and was totally unused to such scenes as were daily exhibiting on the frontier. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. McGinnin, and he dying, she married a Mr. Clarke.

Swearingen, who with ninety-five men, was on his way to aid in the defence of Wheeling fort, and the chastisement of its assailants.— Learning from them the determination of the savages to withdraw from Wheeling and detach a portion of their force to operate in the country, he despatched runners in every direction to alarm the country and apprise the inhabitants of danger. The intelligence was received by Jacob Miller when some distance from home, but apprehensive that the meditated blow would be aimed at the fort where he resided, he hastened thither, and arrived in time to aid in preparing for its defence.

The place against which the savages directed their operations was situated on Buffalo creek, twelve or fifteen miles from its entrance into the Ohio, and was known as Rice's fort. Until Miller's return, there were in it only five men, the others having gone to Hagerstown to exchange their peltries for salt, iron and ammunition. They immediately set about making preparations to withstand an assault, and in a little while, seeing the savages approaching from every direction, forsook the cabins and repaired to the block-house. The Indians perceived that they were discovered, and thinking to take the station by storm, shouted forth the war-whoop and rushed to the assault.— They were answered by the fire of the six brave and skillful riflemen in the house, and forced to take refuge behind trees and fallen timber. Still they continued the firing, occasionally calling on the whites to "*Give up, give up.—Indian too many.—Indian too big.—Give up, Indian no kill.*" The men had more faith in the efficacy of their guns to purchase their safety than in the proffered mercy of the savages; and instead of complying with their demand, called on them, "as cowards skulking behind logs, to leave their coverts, and shew but their yellow hides, and they would make holes in them."

The firing was kept up by the savages from their protected situation until night, and whenever even a remote prospect of galling them was presented to the whites, they did not fail to avail themselves of it. The Indian shots in the evening were directed principally against the stock as it came up as usual to the station, and the field was strewn with its dead carcasses. About ten o'clock of the night they fired a large barn (thirty or forty yards from the blockhouse) filled with grain and hay, and the flames from which seemed for a while to endanger the fort; but being situated on higher ground, and the current of air flowing in a contrary direction, it escaped conflagration. Collecting on the side of the fort opposite to the fire, the Indians took advantage of the light it afforded them to renew the attack, and kept it up until about two o'clock, when they departed.— Their ascertained loss was four warriors—three of whom were killed by the first firing of the whites—the other about sundown. George Folebaum was the only white who suffered. Early in the attack he was shot in the forehead, through a port-hole, and instantly expired, leaving Jacob Miller, George Leffler, Jr., Peter Fullenwieder, Daniel Rice and Jacob Leffler, sole defenders of the fort, and bravely and effectually did they preserve it from the furious assaults of one hundred chosen savage warriors.

Soon after the Indians left Rice's fort, they moved across the hills in different directions and in detached parties. One of these observing four men proceeding towards the fort which they had lately left, waylaid the path and killed two of them on the first fire. The remaining two fled hastily, and one of them, swift of foot, soon made his escape. The other, closely pursued by one of the savages and in danger of being overtaken, wheeled to fire. His gun snapped, and he again took to flight. Yet more closely pressed by his pursuer, he once more attempted to shoot. Again his gun snapped, and the savage being now near enough, hurled a tomahawk at his head. It missed its object and both strained every nerve for the chase.—The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and reaching forth his arm, caught hold of his belt. It had been tied in a bow-knot, and came loose. Sensible that the race must soon terminate to his disadvantage unless he could kill his pursuer, the white man once more tried his gun. It fired, and the savage fell dead at his feet.

Some time in the summer of this year, a party of Wyandots, consisting of seven warriors, (among them one of the most distinguished chiefs of that nation and his four brothers) came into one of the intermediate settlements between Fort Pitt and Wheeling, killed an old man whom they found alone, robbed his cabin, and commenced retreating with the plunder. They were soon discovered by spies, and eight men, two of whom were Adam and Andrew Poe, (brothers, remarkable for uncommon size, great activity, and undaunted bravery,) went in pursuit of them. Coming on their trail not far from the Ohio, Adam Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left his companions to follow it, while he moved across to the river under cover of the high weeds and bushes, with the view to attack them in the rear should he find them situated as they expected. Presently he espied an Indian raft at the water's edge, but seeing nothing of the savages, moved cautiously down the bank, and when near the foot, discovered the large Wyandot chief and a small Indian standing near and looking intently towards the party of whites, then some distance lower down the bottom. Poe raised his gun, and aiming surely at the chief, pulled trigger. It missed fire, and the snap betrayed his presence. Too near to retreat, he sprang forward; and seizing the large Indian by the breast, and at the same instant encircling his arms around the neck of the smaller one, threw them both to the ground. Extricating himself from the grasp of Poe, the small savage raised his tomahawk; but as he aimed the blow, a vigorous and well directed kick staggered him back, and he let fall the hatchet. Recovering quickly, he aimed several blows in defiance and exultation—the vigilance of Poe distinguished the real from the feigned stroke, and suddenly throwing up his arm, averted it from his head, but received a wound in his wrist. By a violent effort he freed himself from the grip of the chief, and snatching up a gun, shot his companion through the breast, as he advanced the third time with the tomahawk.

In this time the large chief had regained his feet, and seizing Poe by the shoulder and leg threw him to the ground. Poe, however,

soon got up, and engaged with the savage in a close struggle, which terminated in the fall of both into the water. Now it became the object of each to drown his antagonist, and the efforts to accomplish this were continued for some time with alternate success—first one and then the other being under water. At length, catching hold of the long tuft of hair which had been suffered to grow on the head of the chief, Poe held him under water, until he supposed him dead; but relaxing his hold too soon, the gigantic savage was again on his feet and ready for another grapple. By this time both were carried beyond their depth, and had to swim for safety. Both sought the shore, and each strained every nerve to reach it first, that he might end the conflict with one of the guns lying on the beach. The Indian was the more expert swimmer, and Poe, outstripped by him, turned and swam farther into the river, in the hope of avoiding being shot, by diving. Fortunately his antagonist laid hold on the gun which had been discharged at the little Indian, and he was enabled to get some distance into the river.

At this juncture, two others of the whites came up, and one of them mistaking Poe for a wounded savage attempting to escape, shot and wounded him in the shoulder. He then turned to make for shore, and seeing his brother Andrew on the bank, called to him to "shoot the big Indian." Having done this, Andrew plunged into the river to assist Adam in getting out; and the wounded savage, to preserve his scalp, rolled himself into the water, and struggling onward, sunk and could not be found.

During the continuance of this contest, the whites had overtaken the other five Indians, and after a desperate conflict, succeeded in killing all but one; with the loss of three of their companions. A great loss, when the number engaged is taken into consideration.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, which terminated so gloriously the war of the Revolution, did not put a period to Indian hostilities. The aid which had been extended to the savages, and which enabled them so successfully to gratify their implacable resentment against the border country being withdrawn, they were less able to cope with the whites than they had been, and were less a hindrance to the population and improvement of those sections of country which had been the theatre of their many outrages. In North Western Virginia, indeed, although the war continued to be waged against its inhabitants, yet it assumed a different aspect. It became a war rather of plunder, than of blood; and although in the predatory incursions of the Indians, individuals sometimes fell a sacrifice to savage passion, yet this was of such rare occurrence, that the chronicles of those days are divested of much of the interest which attaches to a detail of Indian hostilities. For several years, scarce an incident occurred worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

In Kentucky it was far otherwise. The war continued to be prosecuted there, with the wonted vigor of the savages. The General

Assembly of Virginia having, at the close of the Revolution, passed an act for surveying the land set apart for her officers and soldiers, south of Green river, the surveyors descended to the Ohio, to explore the country and perform the duties assigned them. On their arrival they found it occupied by the savages, and acts of hostility immediately ensued. In December, 1783, the Legislature likewise passed an act appropriating the country between the Scioto and Miami rivers for the purpose of satisfying the claims of the officers and soldiers, if the land previously allotted in Kentucky should prove insufficient for that object. This led to a confederacy of the many tribes of Indians interested in those sections of country, and produced such feelings and gave rise to such acts of hostility on their part as induced Benjamin Harrison, the Governor of Virginia, in November, 1784, to recommend the postponement of the surveys; and in January, 1785, a proclamation was issued, by Patrick Henry, (successor of Gov. Harrison,) commanding the surveyors to desist and leave the country. A treaty was soon after concluded, by which the country on the Scioto, Miami, and Muskingum, was ceded to the United States. In this interval of time, North Western Virginia enjoyed almost uninterrupted repose. There was indeed an alarm of Indians on Simpson's creek in 1783, but it soon subsided and the circumstance which gave rise to it (the discharge of a gun at Major Power) was generally attributed to a white man.

In 1784, the settlement towards the head of West Fork, suffered somewhat from savage invasion. A party of Indians came to the house of Henry Flesher, (where the town of Weston now stands) and fired at the old gentleman, as he was returning from the labors of the field. The gun discharged at him had been loaded with two balls, and both taking effect, crippled his arm a good deal. Two savages immediately ran towards him, and he towards the door; and just as he was in the act of entering it, one of them had approached so closely as to strike at him with the butt end of his gun. The breech came first in contact with the facing of the door, and descending on his head, seemed to throw him forward into the house, and his wife closing the door, no attempt was made by the savages to force it open. Still, however, they did not feel secure; and as soon as they became assured that the savages were withdrawn, they left the house and sought security elsewhere. Most of the family lay in the woods during the night—one young woman succeeded in finding the way to Hacker's creek, from whence Thomas Hughes immediately departed to find the others. This was effected early next morning, and all were safely escorted to that settlement.

The foregoing event happened in September, and in a few days after, as Daniel Radcliff was proceeding to the Brushy Fork of Elk creek, on a hunting expedition, he was shot, (probably by the Indians who had been at Flesher's,) tomahawked and scalped in a shocking manner.

In 1785, six Indians came to Bingamon creek (a branch of the West Fork) and made their appearance upon a farm occupied by

Thomas and Edward Cunningham. At this time the two brothers were dwelling with their families in separate houses, but nearly adjoining, though not in a direct line with each other. Thomas was then on a trading visit east of the mountain, and his wife and four children were collected in their room for the purpose of eating dinner, as was Edward with his family, in their house. Suddenly a lusty savage entered where were Mrs. Thomas Cunningham and her children, but seeing that he would be exposed to a fire from the other house, and apprehending no danger from the woman and children, he closed the door and seemed for a time only intent on the means of escaping.

Edward Cunningham had seen the savage enter his brother's house, and fastened his own door, seized his gun, and stepping to a small aperture in the wall next the house in which was the Indian, and which served as well for a port-hole as for the admission of light, was ready to fire whenever the savage should make his appearance. But in the other house was a like aperture, and through it the Indian fired at Edward, and shouted the yell of victory. It was answered by Edward. He had seen the aim of the savage only in time to avoid it, the bark from the log close to his head, was knocked off by the ball and flew into his face. The Indian seeing that he had missed his object, and observing an adze in the room, deliberately commenced cutting an aperture in the back wall through which he might pass out without being exposed to a shot from the other building.

Another of the Indians came into the yard just after the firing of his companion, but observing Edward's gun pointing through the port-hole, he endeavored to retreat out of its range. He failed of his purpose. Just as he was about to spring over the fence, the gun was fired and he fell forward. The ball, however, only fractured his thigh bone, and he was yet able to hobble over the fence and take shelter behind a coverlet suspended on it, before Edward could again load his gun.

While the Indian was engaged in cutting a hole in the wall, Mrs. Cunningham made no attempt to get out. She was well aware that it would draw down upon her head the fury of the savage; and that if she escaped this she would most probably be killed by some of those who were watching around, before the other door could be opened for her admission. She knew, too, that it was impossible for her to take the children with her, and could not brook the idea of leaving them in the hands of the savage monster. She even trusted to the hope that he would withdraw, as soon as he could, without molesting any of them. A few minutes served to convince her of the fallacy of this expectation. When the opening had been made sufficiently large, he raised his tomahawk, sunk it deep into the brains of one of the children, and throwing the scarcely lifeless body into the back yard, ordered the mother to follow after. There was no alternative but death, and she obeyed his order, stepping over the dead body of one of her children, with an infant in her arms and two others screaming from horror at the sight, and clinging to her.—

When all were out he scalped the murdered boy, and setting fire to the house, retired to an eminence in the field, where two of the savages were, with their wounded companion, leaving the other two to watch the opening of Edward Cunningham's door, when the burning of the house should force the family from their shelter. They were disappointed in their expectation of that event by the exertions of Cunningham and his son. When the flame from the one house communicated to the roof of the other, they ascended to the loft, threw off the loose boards which covered it, and extinguished the fire; the savages shooting at them all the while, and their balls frequently striking close by.

Despairing of accomplishing farther havoc, and fearful of detection and pursuit, the Indians collected together and prepared to retreat.—Mrs. Cunningham's eldest son was first tomahawked and scalped; the fatal hatchet sunk into the head of her little daughter, whom they then took by the arms and legs, and slinging it repeatedly against a tree, ended its sufferings with its life. Mrs. Cunningham stood motionless with grief, and in momentary expectation of having the same dealt to her and her innocent infant. But no! She was doomed to captivity, and with her helpless babe in her arms was led off from this scene of horror and of woe. The wounded savage was carried on a rough litter, and they all departed, crossing the ridge to Binghammon creek, near which they found a cave that afforded them shelter and concealment. After night, they returned to Edward Cunningham's, and finding no one, plundered and fired the house.

When the savages withdrew in the evening, Cunningham went with his family into the woods, where they remained all night, there being no settlement nearer than eight or ten miles. In the morning, proceeding to the nearest house, they gave the alarm and a company of men was soon collected to go in pursuit of the Indians. When they came to Cunningham's, and found both houses heaps of ashes, they buried the bones which remained of the boy who was murdered in the house, with the bodies of his brother and little sister, who were killed in the field; but so cautiously had the savages conducted their retreat that no traces of them could be discovered, and the men returned to their homes.

Some days after, circumstances induced the belief that the Indians were yet in the neighborhood, and men were again assembled for the purpose of tracing them. They were now enabled to distinguish the trail, and pursued it near to the cave, where from the number of rocks on the ground and the care which had been taken by the Indians to leave no vestige, they could no longer discover it. They, however, examined for it in every direction until night forced them to desist.—In thinking over the incidents of the day, the cave occurred to the mind of Major Robinson, who was well acquainted with the woods, and he concluded that the savages must be concealed in it. It was examined early next morning, but they had left it the preceding night, and departed for their towns. After her return from captivity, Mrs. Cunningham stated, that in time of the search on the day before, the

Indians were in the cave, and that several times the whites approached so near that she could distinctly hear their voices, the savages standing with their guns ready to fire, in the event of their being discovered, and forcing her to keep the infant to her breast, lest its crying might point to the place of their concealment.

In consequence of their stay at this place, on account of their wounded companion, it was some time before they arrived in their own country, and Mrs. Cunningham's sufferings of body as well as mind were truly great. Fatigue and hunger oppressed her sorely—the infant in her arms, wanting the nourishment derived from the due sustenance of the mother, plied at the breast for milk, in vain—blood came in stead; and the Indians perceiving this, put a period to its sufferings, with the tomahawk, even while clinging to its mother's bosom. It was cast a little distance from the path, and left without a leaf or bush to hide it from beasts of prey.

The anguish of this woman during the journey to the towns can only be properly estimated by a parent; her bodily sufferings may be inferred from the fact, that for ten days her only sustenance consisted of the head of a wild turkey and three papaws, and that the skin and nails of her feet, scalded by frequent wading of the water, came with her stockings, when upon their arrival at a village of the Delawares, she was permitted to draw them off; yet was she forced to continue on with them the next day. One of the Indians belonging to the village where they were, by an application of some sanative herbs, very much relieved the pain which she endured.

When she came to the town of those by whom she had been made prisoner, although receiving no barbarous or cruel usage, yet everything indicated to her that she was reserved for some painful torture. The wounded Indian had been left behind, and she was delivered to his father. Her clothes were not changed, as is the case when a prisoner is adopted by them; but she was compelled to wear them, dirty as they were—a bad omen for a captive. She was, however, not long in apprehension of a wretched fate. A conference was soon to take place between the Indians and whites, preparatory to a treaty of peace; and witnessing an uncommon excitement in the village one evening, upon inquiring, learned that the great captain Simon Girty had arrived. She determined to prevail with him, if she could, to intercede for her liberation, and seeing him next day passing near on horseback, she laid hold on his stirrup, and implored his interference. For a while he made light of her petition—telling her that she would be as well there as in her own country, and that if he were disposed to do her a kindness, he could not, as his saddle-bags were too small to conceal her; but her importunity at length prevailed, and he whose heart had been so long steeled against every kindly feeling, every sympathetic impression, was at length induced to perform an act of generous, disinterested benevolence. He paid her ransom, had her conveyed to the commissioners for negotiating with the Indians, and by them she was taken to a station on the south side of the Ohio. Here she met with two gentlemen (Long and Denton)

who had been at the treaty to obtain intelligence of their children, taken captive some time before, but not being able to gain any information respecting them, they were then returning to the interior of Kentucky and kindly furnished her a horse.

In consequence of the great danger attending a journey through the wilderness which lay between the settlements in Kentucky and those on the Holstein, persons scarcely ever performed it but at particular periods of the year, and in caravans, the better to defend themselves against attacks of savages. Notice of the time and place of the assembling of one of these parties being given, Mrs. Cunningham prepared to accompany it; but before that time arrived, they were deterred from the undertaking by the report that a company of travellers, stronger than theirs would be, had been encountered by the Indians, and all either killed or made prisoners. Soon after, another party resolved on a visit to Virginia, and Mrs. Cunningham was furnished a horse belonging to a gentleman on Holstein, (which had escaped from him while on a buffalo hunt in Kentucky and was found after his return,) to carry her that far on her way home. Experiencing the many unpleasant circumstances incident to such a jaunt, she reached Holstein, and from thence, after a repose of a few days, keeping up the Valley of Virginia, she proceeded by the way of Shenandoah to the county of Harrison. Here she was sadly disappointed in not meeting with her husband. Having understood that she had been ransomed and taken to Kentucky, he had, some time before, gone on in quest of her. Anxiety for his fate, alone and on a journey which she well knew to be fraught with many dangers, she could not cheerily partake of the general joy excited by her return. In a few days, however, he came back. He had heard on Holstein of her having passed there and he retraced his steps. Arriving at his brother Edward's, he again enjoyed the satisfaction of being with all that was then dear to him on earth. It was a delightful satisfaction, but presently damped by the recollection of the fate of his children. Time assuaged the bitterness of the recollection and blessed him with other and more fortunate children.

In October, 1784, a party of Indians ascended Sandy river, and passing over to the head of Clynch, came to the settlement near where Tazewell court-house is now located. Going first to the house of a Mr. Davisson, they killed him and his wife, and setting fire to their dwelling, proceeded towards the residence of James Moore, Sr. On their way they met Moore salting his horses at a *lick trough* in the woods, and killed him. They then went to the house and captured Mrs. Moore and her seven children, and Sally Ivens, a young lady who was there on a visit. Fearing detection, they immediately departed for Ohio with the prisoners; and in order to expedite their retreat, killed John Moore, Jr., and the three younger children.

Upon their arrival at the Shawanee town on the Scioto (near the mouth of Paint creek,) a council was held, and it was resolved that two of the captives should be *burned alive*, to avenge the death of

some of their warriors who had been killed on the Kentucky river. This dreadful doom was allotted to Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane—an interesting girl about sixteen years of age. They were tied to a post and tortured to death with burning splinters of pine, in the presence of the remaining members of the family.

After the death of his mother and sister, James Moore was sent to the Maumee town in Michigan, where he remained until December, 1785—his sister Mary and Sally Ivens remaining with the Shawnees. In December, 1786, they were all brought to Augusta county, in conformity with the stipulations of the treaty of Miami, and ransomed by their friends.

In the fall of 1796, John Ice and James Snodgrass were killed by the Indians when looking for their horses which they had lost on a buffalo hunt on Fishing creek. Their remains were afterwards found—the flesh torn from the bones by the wolves—and buried.

In a few days after Ice and Snodgrass left home in quest of their horses, a party of Indians came to Buffalo creek, in Monongalia, and meeting with Mrs. Dragoo and her son in a corn field, gathering beans, took them prisoners, and supposing that their detention would induce others to look for them, they waylaid the path leading from the house. According to their expectation, uneasy at their continued absence, Jacob Strait and Nicholas Wood went to ascertain its cause. As they approached, the Indians fired from their covert, and Wood fell—Strait took to flight, but was soon overtaken. Mrs. Strait and and her daughter, hearing the firing and seeing the savages in pursuit of Mr. Strait, betook themselves also to flight, but were discovered by some of the Indians who immediately ran after them. The daughter concealed herself in a thicket of bushes and escaped observation. Her mother sought concealment under a large shelving rock, and was not afterwards discovered by the savages, although those in pursuit of her husband passed near and overtook him not far off. Indeed, she was at that time so close as to hear Mr. Strait say, when overtaken, "Don't kill me, and I will go with you;" and the savage replying, "Will you go with me?" she heard the fatal blow which deprived her husband of life.

Mrs. Dragoo, being infirm and unable to travel to their towns, was murdered on the way. Her son—a lad of seven years—remained with the Indians upwards of twenty years; he married a squaw, by whom he had four children—two of whom he brought home with him when he forsook the Indians.

In 1787, the Indians again visited the settlement on Buffaloe, and as Levi Morgan was engaged in skinning a wolf which he had just taken from his trap, he saw three of them—one riding a horse which he well knew, the other two walking near behind, coming towards him. On first looking in the direction they were coming, he recognised the horse and supposed the rider to be its owner—one of his near neighbors. A second glance discovered the mistake, and he seized his gun and sprang behind a large rock—the Indians at the same instant taking shelter by the side of a large tree. As soon as his body was ob-

scoured from their view, he turned, and seeing the Indians looking towards the farther end of the rocks as if expecting him to make his appearance there, he fired and one of them fell. Instantly he had recourse to his powder horn to reload, but while engaged in skinning the wolf the stopper had fallen out and his powder was wasted. He then fled, and one of the savages took after him. For some time he held to his gun; but finding his pursuer sensibly gaining on him, he dropped it under the hope that it would attract the attention of the Indian, and give him a better chance of escape. The savage passed heedlessly by it. Morgan then threw his shot-pouch and coat in the way, to tempt the Indian to a momentary delay. It was equally vain—his pursuer did not falter for an instant. He now had recourse to another expedient to save himself from captivity or death. Arriving at the summit of the hill up which he had directed his steps, he halted; and, as if some men were approaching from the other side, called aloud, "Come on, come on; here is one, make haste." The Indian, not doubting that he was really calling to some men at hand, turned and retreated as precipitately as he had advanced; and when he heard Morgan exclaim, "Shoot quick, or he will be out of reach," he seemed to redouble his exertion to gain that desirable distance.—Pleased with the success of the artifice, Morgan hastened home, leaving his coat and gun to reward the savage for the deception practised on him.*

In September, of this year, a party of Indians were discovered in the act of catching some horses on the West Fork, above Clarksburg; and a company of men led on by Col. Lowther, went immediately in pursuit of them. On the third night the Indians and whites, unknown to each other, encamped not far apart; and in the morning the fires of the former being discovered by Elias Hughes, the detachment which was accompanying him fired upon the camp, and one of the savages fell. The remainder taking to flight, one of them passed near to where Col. Lowther and the other men were, and the Colonel firing at him as he ran, the ball entering at his shoulder, perforated him, and he fell. The horses and plunder which had been taken by the savages were then collected by the whites; and they commenced their return home, in the confidence of false security. They had not proceeded far when two guns were unexpectedly fired at them, and John Bonnet fell, pierced through the body. He died before he reached home.

The Indians never thought the whites justifiable in flying to arms to punish them for acts merely of rapine. They felt authorised to levy contributions of this sort, whenever an occasion served, viewing property thus acquired as (to use their own expression) the "only rent which they received for their lands;" and if when detected in secretly exacting them, their blood paid the penalty, they were sure

* At the treaty of Au Glaize, Morgan met with the Indian who had given him this chase, and who still had his gun. After talking over the circumstance, rather more composedly than they had acted it, they agreed to test each other's speed in a friendly race. The Indian being beaten, rubbed his hams and said, "*Stiff, stiff; too old.*" "Well," said Morgan, "you got the gun by outrunning me then, and I should have it now for outrunning you;" and accordingly took it.

to retaliate, with tenfold fury, on the first favorable opportunity. The murder of these two Indians by Hughes and Lowther was soon followed by acts of retribution, which are believed to have been, at least mediately, produced by them.

On the 5th of December, a party of Indians and one white man (Leonard Schoolcraft) came into the settlement on Hacker's creek, and meeting with a daughter of Jesse Hughes, took her prisoner.—Passing on, they come upon E. West, Sr., carrying some fodder to the stable, and taking him likewise captive, carried him to where Hughes' daughter had been left in charge of some of their party.—Here the old gentleman fell upon his knees and expressed a fervent wish that they would not deal harshly by him. His petition was answered by a stroke of the tomahawk, and he fell dead.

They then went to the house of Edmund West, Jr., where were Mrs. West and her sister (a girl of eleven years old, daughter of John Hacker) and a lad of twelve, the brother of West. Forcing open the door, Schoolcraft and two of the savages entered, and one of them immediately tomahawked Mrs. West. The boy was taking some corn from under the bed—he was drawn out by the feet and the tomahawk sunk twice in his forehead, directly above each eye.—The girl was standing behind the door. One of the savages approached and aimed at her a blow. She tried to evade it, but it struck on the side of her neck, though not with sufficient force to knock her down. She fell, however, and lay as if killed. Thinking their work of death accomplished here, they took from a press some milk, butter and bread, placed it on the table, and deliberately sat down to eat—the little girl observing all that passed, in silence. When they had satisfied their hunger, they arose, scalped the woman and boy, plundered the house—even emptying the feathers to carry off the ticking—and departed, dragging the little girl by the hair, forty or fifty yards from the house. They then threw her over the fence and scalped her; but as she evinced symptoms of life, Schoolcraft observed, "*That is not enough,*" when immediately one of the savages thrust a knife into her side, and they left her. Fortunately the point of the knife came in contact with a rib and did not injure her much.

Old Mrs. West and her two daughters, who were alone when the old gentleman was taken, became uneasy that he did not return, and fearing that he had fallen into the hands of savages (as they could not otherwise account for his absence) they left the house and went to Alexander West's, who was then on a hunting expedition with his brother Edmund. They told of the absence of old Mr. West and their fears for his fate; and as there was no man here, they went over to Jesse Hughes who was himself uneasy that his daughter did not come home. Upon hearing that West too was missing, he did not doubt but that both had fallen into the hands of Indians; and knowing of the absence from home of Edmund West, Jr., he deemed it advisable to apprise his wife of danger, and remove her to his house. For this purpose, and accompanied by Mrs. West's two daughters,

he went on. On entering the door, the tale of destruction which had been done there was soon told in part. Mrs. West and the lad lay weltering in their blood, but not yet dead. The sight overpowered the girls, and Hughes had to carry them off. Seeing that the savages had but just left them, and aware of the danger that would attend any attempt to move out and give the alarm that night, Hughes guarded his own house until day, when he spread the sorrowful intelligence, and a company were collected to ascertain the extent of the mischief and try to find those who were known to be missing.

Young West was found—standing in the creek about half a mile from where he had been tomahawked; the brains were oozing from his head, yet he survived in extreme suffering for three days. Old Mr. West was found in the field where he had been tomahawked.—Mrs. West was in the house; she had probably lived but a few minutes after Hughes and her sisters-in-law had left there. The little girl (Hacker's daughter) was in bed at the house of old Mr. West.—She related the history of the transactions at Edmund Wests, Jr's., and said that she went to *sleep* when thrown over the fence and was awaked by the scalping. After she had been stabbed at the suggestion of Schoolcraft, and left, she tried to recross the fence to the house, but as she was climbing up she again went to sleep and fell back. She then walked into the woods, sheltered herself as well as she could in the top of a fullen tree, and remained there until the cocks crew in the morning.

Remembering that there was no person left alive at the house of her sister, awhile before day she proceeded to old Mr. West's. She found no person at home, the fire nearly out, but the hearth warm and she laid down on it. The heat produced a sickly feeling, which caused her to get up and go to the bed, in which she was found.—She recovered, grew up, was married, gave birth to ten children, and died, as was believed, of an affection of the head, occasioned by the wound she received that night. Hughes' daughter was ransomed by her father the next year, and is yet living in sight of the theatre of those savage enormities.

In March, 1789, two Indians came to the house of Mr. Glass, in the upper end of Ohio (now Brooke) county. They were discovered by a negro woman, who immediately exclaimed, "Here are Indians." Mrs. Glass rose up from her spinning wheel, ran to the door, and was met by an Indian with his gun presented. She laid hold on the muzzle and turning it aside, begged that he would not kill but take her prisoner. He walked into the house and when joined by another Indian with the negro woman and her boy, about four years old, they opened a chest, took out a small box and some articles of clothing, and without doing farther mischief, departed with the prisoners, Mrs. Glass and her child, two years of age, the negro woman and boy and her infant child. They had proceeded but a short distance when a consultation was held, and Mrs. Glass supposing from their gestures and frequent pointing towards the children they were the subject of deliberation, held forth her little boy to one of the

savages and begged that he might be spared—adding “He will make a fine little Indian after a while.” He signed to her to go on. The other savage then struck the negro boy with the pipe end of his tomahawk, and with the edge gave him a blow across the back of the neck, and scalped him.

In the evening they came to the Ohio river just above Wellsburg, and descended it in a canoe about five miles, to the mouth of Rush run. They drew the canoe some distance up the run and proceeding between one and two miles farther, encamped for the night. Next morning they resumed their march and about two o’clock halted on Indian Short creek, twenty miles farther.

When the savages came to the house of Mr. Glass, he was at work in a field some few hundred yards off, and was ignorant that anything extraordinary had occurred there, until in the afternoon.—Searching in vain for his wife, he became satisfied that she had been taken by the Indians, and proceeding to Wells’ fort, prevailed on ten men to accompany him in quest of them. Early next morning they discovered the place where the Indians embarked in the canoe, and as Mr. Glass readily distinguished the impression made by Mrs. Glass’ shoe on the sand, they crossed the river with great expectation of being able to overtake them. They then went down the river to the mouth of Rush run, where the canoe was found and identified by some of Mr. Glass’ papers, purposely left there by Mrs. Glass. From this place the trail of the Indians and their prisoners was plainly visible, and pursuing it, the party arrived in view of the smoke from their fire on Short creek, about an hour after the Indians had halted. Crawling slyly forward, when rather more than one hundred yards off, they beheld the two savages attentively inspecting a red jacket which one of them held, and Mrs. Glass and her little boy and the negro woman and her child a few paces from them.—Suddenly the Indians let fall the jacket, and looked towards the men. Supposing they were discovered, they discharged their guns and rushed towards the fire. One of the Indians fell and dropped his gun, but recovering, ran about a hundred yards, when a shot aimed at him by Major McGuire, brought him to his hands and knees.—Mrs. Glass informing them that there was another encampment of Indians close by, instead of following the wounded savage, they returned home with all speed.

In August, five Indians on their way to the settlements on the waters of the Monongahela, met with two men on Middle Island creek, and killed them. Taking their horses, they continued on their route until they came to the house of William Johnson on Ten Mile, and made prisoner of Mrs. Johnson and some children; plundered the house, killed part of the stock, and taking with them one of Johnson’s horses, returned towards the Ohio. When the Indians came to the house, Johnson had gone to a lick not far off, and on his return in the morning, seeing what had been done, and searching until he found the trail of the savages and their prisoners, ran to Clarksburg for assistance. A company of men repaired with him immediately

to where he had discovered the trail, and keeping it about a mile, found four of the children lying dead in the woods. The savages had tomahawked and scalped them, and placing their heads close together, turned their bodies and feet straight out so as to represent a cross. The dead were buried and farther pursuit given over.

Other Indians, about the same time, came to the house of John Mack, on a branch of Hacker's creek. He being from home, they killed all who were at the house. Two of the children, who had been sent into the woods to hunt the cattle, returning, saw a little sister lying in the yard scalped, directly fled and gave the alarm. In the morning some men assembled and went to ascertain the extent of the mischief. The house was no longer to be seen—a heap of ashes was all that remained of it. The little girl who had been scalped in the yard, was much burned, and those who had been murdered in the house were consumed with it. Mrs. Mack had been taken some distance from the house, tomahawked, scalped, and stripped naked. She was yet alive, and as the men approached, a sense of her situation induced her to exert her feeble strength in drawing leaves around her so as to conceal her nakedness. The men wrapped their hunting-shirts about her, and carried her to a neighboring house; she lived a few days, gave birth to a dead child, and died.

Some time after the murder of Mack's family, John Sims, living on a branch of Gnatty creek, seeing his horses come running up much affrighted, was led to believe that the Indians had been trying to catch them. In a few minutes, the dogs began to bark furiously in the corn-field adjoining, and he became satisfied the savages were approaching. Knowing that he could offer no effectual resistance, if they should attack his house, he contrived an artifice to deter them from approaching. Taking down his gun, he walked around the house backward and forward, and as if speaking to men in it, called out, "*Be watchful.* They will soon be here, and as soon as you see them, draw a fine bead;" Mrs. Sims, in a coarse tone of voice and with feigned resolution, answering as she had been advised, "Never fear! Let them once show their yellow hides, and we'll pepper them." He would then retire into the house, change his garments, the better to support the deception, and again go forth to watch and give directions to those within. He pursued this plan until night, when he withdrew with his family to a place of safety. The Indians had actually been in the cornfield, and near enough to have shot Sims—the place where they had been sitting being plainly discernible next morning. Sims' artifice no doubt drove them off, and as they were retreating they fired the house of Jethro Thompson on Lost creek.

In the spring of 1790, the neighborhood of Clarksburg was again visited by Indians in quest of plunder, and who stole and carried off several horses. They were discovered and pursued to the Ohio river, when the pursuers, being reinforced, determined to follow on over into the Indian country. Crossing the river and ascending the Hocking, near to the falls, they came upon the camp of the savages.

The whites opened an unexpected fire, which killing one and wounding another of the Indians, caused the remainder to fly, leaving their horses about the camp. These were caught, brought back and restored to their owners.

In April, as Samuel Hull was engaged in ploughing a field for Maj. Benjamin Robinson, he was discovered by some Indians, shot, tomahawked and scalped. The murder was first ascertained by Mrs. Robinson. Surprised that Hull did not come to the house as usual, to feed the horses and get his own dinner, she went to the field to see what detained him. She found the horses some distance from where they had been recently at work; and going on, presently saw Hull lying where he had been shot.

Upon the close of the war of the Revolution, many circumstances conspired to add considerably to the population of Kentucky; and her strength and ability to cope with the savages and repel invasion, were consequently much increased. Conscious of this, and sensible of their own condition, weakened by the withdrawal of their allies, the Indians did not venture upon expeditions against its inhabitants requiring to be conducted by the co-operation of many warriors. They preferred to wage war in small parties, against detached settlements and unprotected families; and guarding the Ohio river and the "*Wilderness Trace*," to cut off parties of emigrants removing to that country. In all of those they were eminently successful. In the interval of time, between the peace of 1783 and the defeat of Gen. Harmar, in 1790, it is inferred from evidence laid before Congress, that in Kentucky, not less than one thousand human beings were killed and taken prisoners. And although the whites were enabled to carry the war into the heart of the Indian country, and frequently with success, yet did not this put a stop to their enormities. When pressed by the presence of a conquering army, they would sue for peace, and enter into treaties, which they scarcely observed inviolate till those armies were withdrawn from among them.

In April, 1785, some Indians hovering about Bear Grass, met with Colonel Christian and killed him. His loss was severely felt throughout the whole country.

In October, of the same year, several families moving to the country were attacked and defeated on Skegg's creek. Six of the whites were killed, and a number of the others made prisoners, among whom were Mrs. M'Clure and her infant. When the attack was begun, she secreted herself with four children in some bushes, which, together with the darkness of the night, protected her from observation; and could she have overcome the feelings of a mother for her child, she might have ensured her own safety and that of her three other children by leaving her infant at some distance from them.—She was aware of the danger to which its cries would expose her, and sought to prevent them by giving it the breast. For awhile it had that effect, but its shrieks at length arose and drew the savages to the spot. Three of the children were slain by her side.

On hearing of this disastrous event, Captain Whitley collected twenty-one men from the nearer stations, and went in pursuit of the aggressors. He presently overtook them, killed two of their party, and retook the prisoners and the scalps of those whom they had slain—so signal was his success over them.

In ten days afterwards, another company of *movers*, led on by Mr. Moore, was attacked, and in the skirmish which ensued nine of their party were killed. Again Capt. Whitley went in pursuit of the savage perpetrators of this outrage, having thirty men to accompany him. On the sixth day of the pursuit, they overtook thirty mounted Indians, some of whom were clad in the clothes of those they had slain, and who dismounted and fled upon the first fire. Three of them, however, were killed, and eight scalps and all the plunder were recovered.

In consequence of the many repeated aggressions of the savages, an expedition was this fall concerted against their towns on the Wabash, to be carried into immediate execution. Through the exertions of the county lieutenants, an army of one thousand men, was soon assembled at Louisville and placed under the command of General Clarke, who marched directly for the theatre of contemplated operations—leaving the provisions and much of their munitions to be transported in boats. The army arrived near the towns, before the boats; the men became dissatisfied and mutinous, and Gen. Clarke was, in consequence, reluctantly forced to return without striking a blow.

When the army under Gen. Clarke marched from Louisville, Col. Logan knowing that the attention of the Indians would be drawn almost exclusively towards it, and other towns be left exposed and defenceless, raised a body of troops and proceeded against the villages on the Great Miami, and on the head waters of Mad river. In this campaign he burned eight large towns, killed twenty warriors, and took between seventy and eighty prisoners.

Among the troops led on by Col. Logan, was the late Gen. Lytle, (since of Cincinnati,) then a youth of sixteen. At the head of a party of volunteers, when the first towns on the Mad river were reduced, he charged on some of the savages whom he saw endeavoring to reach a close thicket of hazel and plum bushes. Being some distance in front of his companions, when within fifty yards of the retreating enemy, he dismounted and raising his gun to fire, saw the warrior at whom he was aiming hold out his hand in token of surrendering.—In this time the other men had come up and were making ready to fire, when young Lytle called to them, "They have surrendered, and remember the Colonel's order, to kill none who ask for quarters." The warrior advanced towards him with his hand extended, and ordering the others to follow him. As he approached, Lytle gave him his hand, but with difficulty restrained the men from tomahawking him. It was the head chief with his three wives and children, two or three of whom were fine looking lads, and one of them a youth of Lytle's age. Observing the conduct of Lytle in preventing the mur-

der of the chief, this youth drew close to him. When they returned to the town, a crowd of men rushed around to see the chief, and Lytle stepped out of the crowd to fasten his horse. The lad accompanied him. A young man who had been to the spring to drink, seeing Lytle with the Indian lad, came running towards him. The youth supposed that he was advancing to kill him, and in the twinkling of an eye let fly an arrow. It passed through Curner's dress, and grazed his side; and but for the timely twitch which Lytle gave the lad's arm, would have killed him. His other arrows were then taken away, and he sternly reprimanded.

Upon the return of Lytle to where the chief stood, he heard Col. Logan give orders that the prisoners must not be molested, but taken to a house and placed under guard for their security; and seeing Maj. M'Gary* riding up, and knowing his disposition, he called to him, saying, "Major M'Gary, you must not molest those prisoners," and rode off. M'Gary mutteringly replied, "I'll see to that;" and dismounting, entered the circle around the prisoners. He demanded of the chief, if he were at the battle of the Blue Licks. The chief probably not understanding the purport of the question, replied affirmatively. M'Gary instantly seized an axe from the Grenadier Squaw, standing by, and sunk it into his head. Lytle saw the descending stroke and interposed his arm to prevent it or break its force. The handle came in contact with his wrist and had well nigh broke it.—Indignant at the barbarous deed, with the impetuosity of youth he drew his knife to avenge it. His arm was arrested, or the steel would have been plunged in the heart of M'Gary. The bloody act of this man caused deep regret, humiliation and shame to pervade the greater part of the army, and none were more affected by it than the brave and generous Logan. When the prisoners were conducted to the house, it was with much difficulty the Indian lad could be prevailed upon to quit the side of Lytle.

The commencement of the year 1786 witnessed treaties of peace with all the neighboring tribes; but its progress was marked by acts of general hostility. Many individual massacres were committed; and in the fall, a company of *movers* were attacked, and twenty-one of them killed. This state of things continuing, in 1787 the Secretary of War ordered detachments of troops to be stationed at different points for the protection of the frontier. Still the Indians kept up such an incessant war against it as after the adoption of the Federal Constitution led the General Government to interpose more effectually for the security of its inhabitants, by sending a body of troops to operate against them in their own country.

While these things were doing, a portion of the country north-west of the river Ohio, began to be occupied by the whites. One million and a-half of acres of land in that country, having been appropriated as military land, a company composed of officers and soldiers in the

* This name is sometimes written Magary. It is the same individual who caused the disaster at the Blue Licks, in August, 1782.

War of the Revolution was formed in Boston in March, in 1786, under the title of the "Ohio Company," and Gen Rufus Putnam was appointed its agent. In the spring of 1788, he, with forty-seven other persons, from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, repaired to Marietta, erected a stockade fort for security against the attacks of Indians, and effected a permanent settlement there. In the autumn of the same year, twenty families, chiefly from Essex and Middlesex counties, in Massachusetts, likewise moved there, and the forests of lofty timber fell before their untiring and laborious exertions. Many of those who thus took up their abodes in that then *distant* country, had been actively engaged in the late war, and were used not only to face danger with firmness when it came upon them, but also to devise and practice means to avert it. Knowing the implacable resentment of the savages to the whites generally, they were at once careful not to provoke it into action, and to prepare to ward off its effects. In consequence of this course of conduct, and their assiduity and attention to the improvement of their lands, but few massacres were committed in their neighborhoods, although the savages were waging a general war against the frontier, and carrying destruction into settlements comparatively in the interior.

In the winter of 1786, Mr. Stites, of Redstone, visited New York with the view of purchasing (Congress being then in session there) for settlement, a tract of country between the two Miamies. The better to insure success to his project, he cultivated the acquaintance of many members of Congress and endeavored to impress upon their minds its propriety and utility. John Cleves Symmes, then a representative from New Jersey, and whose aid Stites solicited to enable him to effect the purchase, becoming impressed with the great pecuniary advantage which must result from the speculation, if the country were such as it was represented to be, determined to ascertain this fact by personal inspection. He did so; and on his return a purchase of one million of acres, lying on the Ohio and between the Great and Little Miami, was made in his name. Soon after, he sold to Matthias Denman and others that part of his purchase which forms the present site of the city of Cincinnati; and in the fall of 1789, some families from New York, New Jersey, and Redstone, descended the Ohio river to the mouth of the Little Miami. As the Indians were now more than ordinarily troublesome, forty soldiers under Lieut. Kersey, were ordered to join them for the defence of the settlement. They erected at first a single block-house, and soon after adding to it three others, a stockade fort was formed on a position now included within the town of Columbia.

In June, 1789, Major Doughty with one hundred and forty regulars, arrived opposite the mouth of Licking, and put up four block-houses on the purchase made by Denman of Symmes, and directly after, erected Fort Washington. Towards the close of the year. Gen. Harmar arrived with three hundred other regulars, and occupied the fort. Thus assured of safety, Israel Ludlow, (jointly interested with Denman and Patterson) with twenty other persons, moved

and commenced building some cabins along the river and near to the fort. During the winter Mr. Ludlow surveyed and laid out the town of Losantiville* ; but when Gen. St. Clair came there as governor of the North Western Territory, he changed its name to Cincinnati.

In 1790, a settlement was made at the Forks of Duck creek, twenty miles up the Muskingum at the site of the present town of Waterford ; another fifteen miles farther up the river at Big Bottom, and a third at Wolf creek, near the falls. Those settlements were made on a tract of one hundred thousand acres, laid off into "donation" lots of one hundred acres, and gratuitously assigned to *actual settlers* ; and at the close of the year they contained nearly five hundred men, of whom one hundred and seven had families.

Thus was the present flourishing State of Ohio begun to be occupied by the whites ; and the mind cannot but be struck with astonishment in contemplating the wonderful changes which have been wrought there, in such brief space of time, by industry and enterprise. Where then stood mighty and unbroken forests, through which the savage passed on his mission of blood, or stalked the majestic buffalo, gambled the sportive deer, or trotted the shaggy bear, are now to be seen productive farms, covered with lowing herds and bleating flocks, and teeming with all the comforts of life. And where then stood the town of Losantiville with its three or four little cabins and their twenty inmates, is now to be seen a flourishing city with its splendid edifices and a large population. Continuing thus progressively to improve, the mind of man, "pervading and far darting" as it is, can scarcely picture the state which may be there exhibited in the lapse of a few centuries.

The formation of those establishments north-west of the Ohio river, incited the savages to the commission of such and so frequent enormities, that measures were taken by the general government to reduce them to quiet and render peace truly desirable to them.—While preparations were making to carry those measures into operation, detachments from the regular troops at Fort Washington were stationed at Duck creek, the Big Bottom and Wolf creek, for the security of the *settlers* of those places ; and when every thing was prepared, General Harmar, at the head of three hundred and twenty regulars, moved from his head-quarters at Fort Washington, to the Little Miami, where the militia detailed for the expedition, were then assembled. The object was, to bring the Indians if possible, to a general engagement ; and if this could not be effected, to destroy their towns and crops on the Scioto and Miami.

On the last day of September, 1790, the army then consisting of fourteen hundred and forty-three men, (of which only three hundred and twenty were regulars) marched forward, and on the 17th of Oc-

*Perhaps there never was a more strange compound derivative term than this. Being situated opposite the mouth of Licking, the name was made expressive of its locality, by uniting the Latin word *os*, (the mouth) with the Greek *anti*, (opposite) and the French *vill*, (a town) and prefixing to this union from such different sources, the initial (*L*) of the river. The author of this word, must have been good at invention, and in these days of town making could find ample employment for his talent.

tober reached the Great Miami village. It was found to be entirely deserted and all the valuable buildings in flames—having been fired by the Indians. As it was apparent that the savages had but recently left there, Col. Hardin was detached with two hundred and ten men, sixty of whom were regulars, to overtake them. Having marched about six miles, he was suddenly attacked by a body of Indians who were concealed in thickets, on every side of an open plain. On the first onset, the militia made a most precipitate retreat, leaving the few but brave regulars to stand the charge. The conflict was short but bloody. The regular troops, overpowered by numbers, were literally cut to pieces; and only seven of them made their escape and rejoined the main army at the Great Miami town.

Among those who were so fortunate as to escape after the shameful flight of the militia, was Captain Armstrong of the regulars. He reached a pond of water about two hundred yards from the field of action, and plunging himself up to the neck in it, remained there all night, a spectator of the horrid scene of a savage war-dance, performed over the dead and wounded bodies of his brave soldiers. The escape of ensign Hartshorn was perhaps owing entirely to a lucky accident. As he was flying at his best speed, he faltered over a log which lay in his path, and by the side of which he concealed himself from the view of the savages.

Notwithstanding the disastrous termination of this engagement, the detachment succeeded in reducing the other towns to ashes, and in destroying their crops of corn and other provisions; and rejoining the main army under Gen. Harmar, commenced their return to Fort Washington. Anxious to wipe off in another action, the disgrace which he felt would attach to the defeat, when within eight miles of Chilicothe, General Harmar halted his men, and again detached Col. Hardin and Major Wylleys, with five hundred militia and sixty regulars, to find the enemy and bring them to an engagement.

Early next morning, a small body of the enemy was discovered, and being attacked, fled in different directions. The militia pursued them as they ran, in despite of orders, and when by this means the regulars were left alone, they were attacked by the whole force of the Indians, excepting the small parties whose flight had drawn off the militia. A severe engagement ensued. The savages fought with desperation, and when the troops which had gone in pursuit of those who fled upon the first onset, returned to take part in the engagement, they threw down their guns and rushed upon the regulars tomahawk in hand. Many of them fell, but being so very far superior in numbers, the regulars were at last overpowered. Their firmness and bravery could not avail much against so overwhelming a force; for though one of them might thrust his bayonet into the side of an Indian, two other savages were at hand to sink their tomahawks into his head. In his official account of this battle, Gen. Harmar claimed the victory; but the thinned ranks of his troops showed that he had been severely worsted. Fifty of the regulars and one hundred of the militia were killed in the contest, and many wounded. The loss

of the Indians were no doubt considerable, or they would not have suffered the army to retire to Fort Washington unmolested.

Instead of the security from savage hostilities, which it was expected would result from Harmar's campaign, the inhabitants of the frontier suffered from them more than they had been made to endure since the close of the war with Great Britain. Flushed with the success which had crowned their exertions to repel the invasion which had been made into their country, and infuriated at the destruction of their crops and the conflagration of their villages, they became more active and zealous in the prosecution of hostilities.

The settlements which had been recently made in Ohio up the Muskingum, had ever after their first establishment, continued apparently on the most friendly terms with the Indians, but on the part of the savages, friendship had only been feigned, to lull the whites into a ruinous security. When this end was attained, they too were made to feel the bitterness of savage enmity. On the 2d of January, 1791, a party of Indians came to the Big Bottom and commenced an indiscriminate murder of the inhabitants, fourteen of whom were killed and five taken prisoners. The settlement at Wolf's creek escaped a similar fate by being apprized of the destruction of Big Bottom by two men who got safely off in time of the massacre.—When the Indians arrived there the next morning, finding the place prepared to receive them, they withdrew without making any serious attempt to take it.

On the 24th of April, John Bush (living on Freeman's creek,) having very early sent two of his children to drive up the cattle, became alarmed by their screams, and taking down his gun, was proceeding to learn the cause of it, when he was met at the door by an Indian, who caught hold of the gun, forced it from his grasp, and shot him with it. Bush fell across the threshold, and the savage drew his knife to scalp him. Mrs. Bush ran to the assistance of her husband, and with an axe, aimed a blow at the Indian with such force that it fastened itself in his shoulder, and when he jumped back his exertion pulled the handle from her hand. She then drew her husband into the house and secured the door.

In this time other of the savages had come up, and after endeavoring in vain to force open the door, they commenced shooting through it. Fortunately Mrs. Bush remained unhurt, although eleven bullets passed through her frock, some of them just grazing the skin. One of the savages, observing an aperture between the logs, thrust the muzzle of his gun through it. With another axe Mrs. Bush struck on the barrel so as to make it ring, and the savage, on drawing it back, exclaimed "*Dern you.*" Still they were endeavoring to force an entrance into the house, until they heard what they believed to be a party of whites coming to its relief. It was Adam Bush, who, living close by and hearing the screams of the children and the firing of the gun, had set off to learn what had given rise to them, and taking with him his dogs, the noise made by them in crossing the creek alarmed the savages and caused them to retreat, taking the two

children as prisoners. A company of men were soon collected and went in pursuit of the Indians, but were unable to surprise them and regain the prisoners. They, however, came so nearly upon them, on the Little Kenhawa, that they were forced to fly precipitately, leaving the plunder and seven horses which they had taken from the settlement; these were re-taken and brought back.

In May, as John McIntire and his wife were returning from a visit, they passed through the yard of Uriah Ashcraft; and in a small space of time after, Mr. Ashcraft, startled by the sudden growling and springing up of one of his dogs, stepped quickly to the door to see what had aroused him. He had hardly reached the door, when he espied an Indian on the out side with his gun presented. Closing and making fast the door, he ascended the stairs that he might the better fire upon the unwelcome intruder; and after snapping three several times, and having discovered that there were other Indians in the yard, he raised a loud shout to apprise those who were within the sound of his voice, that he was surrounded by danger. Upon this the Indians moved off, and three brothers of McIntire coming to his relief, they all pursued the trail of the savages. About a mile from Ashcraft's, they found the body of John McIntire, tomahawked, scalped and stripped, and concluding that Mrs. McIntire was taken prisoner, they sent intelligence to Clarksburg of what had happened, and requested assistance to follow the Indians and recover the prisoner from captivity. The desired assistance was immediately afforded, and a company of men, led on by Col. John Haymond and Col. George Jackson, went in pursuit. On Middle Island creek, before they were aware of their proximity to the savages, they were fired upon by them and two of the party very narrowly escaped being shot. A ball passed through the handkerchief on the head of Col. Haymond, and another through the sleeve of Col. Jackson's shirt.—The fire was promptly returned, and the men rushed forward. The Indians, however, made good their retreat, though not without having experienced some injury, as was discovered by the blood, and the throwing down some of the plunder which they had taken. It was here first ascertained that Mrs. McIntire had been killed—her scalp being among the things left—and on the return of the party, her body was found some small distance from where that of her husband had been previously discovered.

Towards the last of June, another party of Indians invaded the settlement on Dunkard creek, in the county of Monongalia. Early in the morning, as Mr. Clegg, Mr. Handsucker, and two of Handsucker's sons were engaged at work in a cornfield near the house, they were shot at by some concealed savages, and Handsucker was wounded and soon overtaken. Clegg and Handsucker's sons ran towards the house, and the former entering it, defended it for a while; but confident that he would soon be driven out by fire, he surrendered on condition that they would spare his life and that of his little daughter with him. The boys passed the house, but were taken by some of the savages who were also concealed in the direction which

they ran, and who had just made captive Mrs. Handsucker and her infant. They then plundered and set fire to the house, caught the horses and made off with the prisoners, leaving one of their company, as usual, to watch after their retreat.

When the firing was first heard, Mrs. Clegg being some distance from the house, concealed herself in the creek, under some projecting bushes, until every thing became quiet. She then crept out, but perceiving the Indian who had remained near the burning house, she took to flight, and he having at the same time discovered her, ran in pursuit. She was so far in advance, and ran so well, that the savage, despairing of overtaking her, raised his gun and fired as she ran. The ball just grazed the top of her shoulder, but not impeding her flight, she got safely off. Mr. Handsucker, his wife and child, were murdered on the dividing ridge between Dunkard and Fish creeks. Mr. Clegg after some time got back, and upon the close of the Indian war, ransomed his two daughters.

In the month of September, Nicholas Carpenter set off to Marietta with a drove of cattle to sell to those who had established themselves there; and when within some miles from the Ohio river, encamped for the night. In the morning early, and while he and the drovers were yet dressing, they were alarmed by a discharge of guns, which killed one and wounded another of his party. The others endeavored to save themselves by flight; but Carpenter being a cripple (because of a wound received some years before) did not run far, when finding himself becoming faint, he entered a pond of water where he hoped he should escape observation. But no! both he and a son who had likewise sought security there, were discovered, tomahawked and scalped. George Legget, one of the drovers, was never after heard of; but Jesse Hughes succeeded in getting off though under disadvantageous circumstances. He wore long leggins, and when the firing commenced at the camp, they were fastened at top to his belt, but hanging loose below. Although an active runner, yet he found that the pursuers were gaining and must ultimately overtake him if he did not rid himself of this incumbrance. For this purpose he halted somewhat and stepping on the lower part of his leggins, broke the strings which tied them to his belt; but before he accomplished this, one of the savages approached and hurled a tomahawk at him. It merely grazed his head, and he then again took to flight and soon got off.

It was afterwards ascertained that the Indians by whom this mischief was effected, had crossed the Ohio river near the mouth of Little Kenhawa, where they took a negro belonging to Captain James Neal, and continued on towards the settlements on West Fork, until they came upon the trail made by Carpenter's cattle. Supposing that they belonged to families moving, they followed on until they came upon the drovers; and tying the negro to a saplin, made an attack on them. The negro availed himself of their employment elsewhere, and loosing the bands which fastened him, returned to his master.

After the defeat of General Harmar, the terrors and the annoyance proceeding from Indian hostilities, still continued to harass Kentucky, and to spread destruction over its unprotected portions. Seeing that the expeditions of the savages were yet conducted on a small scale, the better to effect their purposes, the inhabitants had recourse to other measures of defence; and established many posts on the frontier, garrisoned by a few men, to watch the motions of the enemy, and intercept them in their progress, or spread the alarm of their approach. It was productive of but little benefit, and all were convinced, that successful offensive war could alone give security from Indian aggression. Convinced of this, preparations were made by the General Government for another campaign to be carried on against them; the objects of which were the destruction of the Indian villages between the Miamies; the expulsion of their inhabitants from the country, and the establishment of a chain of forts to prevent their return, until a general peace should give promise of a cessation of hostilities on their part. Means, deemed adequate to the accomplishment of those objects, were placed by Congress at the disposal of the executive, and of the army destined to effect them, he directed General Arthur St. Clair to take the command.

It was some time before the troops detailed for this campaign could be assembled at Fort Washington; but as soon as they rendezvoused there, the line of march was taken up. Proceeding immediately for the principal establishments of the Indians on the Miami, General St. Clair had erected the Forts Hamilton and Jefferson, and placing sufficient garrisons in each, continued his march. The opening of a road for the passage of the troops and artillery, necessarily consumed much time; and while it was in progress, small parties of the enemy were often seen hovering near, and some unimportant skirmishes took place; and as the army approached the Indian villages, sixty of the militia deserted in a body. To prevent the evil influence of this example, General St. Clair despatched Maj. Hamtrack at the head of a regiment, to overtake and bring them back and the rest of the army moved forward.

On the night of the third of November, General St. Clair encamped near the Great Miami village, and notwithstanding the reduced state of the forces under his command, (by reason of the detachment of so large a body in pursuit of the deserters,) he proposed to march in the morning directly to its attack. Having understood that the Indians were collected in great force, and apprehensive of a night attack, his men were drawn up in a square, and kept under arms until the return of day, when they were dismissed from parade for the purpose of refreshment. Directly after, and about half an hour before sun rise, an attack was commenced by the Indians on the rear line, and the militia there immediately gave way, and retreated—rushing through a battalion of regulars, to the very centre of the camp. The confusion was great. Thrown into disorder by the tumultuous flight of the militia, the utmost exertion of the officers could not entirely compose the regulars, so as to render them as effective as they would otherwise have been.

After the first fire, the Indians rushed forward, tomahawk in hand, until they were checked by the well directed aim of the front line, which being almost simultaneously attacked by another body of the enemy, had to direct their attention to their own assailants, and the action became general. The weight of the enemy being brought to bear on the centre of each line where the artillery had been placed, the men were driven with great slaughter from the guns and these rendered useless by the killing of the matrosses. The enemy taking advantage of this state of things, pushed forward upon the lines, and confusion began to spread itself in every quarter. A charge was ordered, and Lieut. Colonel Drake succeeded in driving back the Indians three or four hundred yards at the point of the bayonet; but rallying, they returned to the attack, and the troops in turn gave way. At this moment the camp was entered by the left flank, and another charge was directed. This was made by Butler and Clark's battalions with great effect, and repeated several times with success; but in each of these charges, many being killed, and particularly the officers, it was impossible longer to sustain the conflict, and a retreat was directed.

To enable the troops to effect this they were again formed into line, as well as could be under such circumstances, and another charge was made, as if to turn the right flank of the enemy, but in reality to gain the road. This object was effected, and a precipitate flight commenced which continued until they reached Fort Jefferson, a distance of thirty miles, the men throwing down their guns and accoutrements as they ran.

Great was the havoc done by the Indians in the engagement. Of the twelve hundred men engaged under Gen. St. Clair, nearly six hundred were left dead on the field, and many were wounded.—Every officer of the second regiment was killed in the various charges made by it to retrieve the day, except three, and one of these was shot through the body. Major General Butler having been wounded and carried to a convenient place to have his wounds dressed, an Indian desperately adventurous, broke through the guard in attendance, rushed up, tomahawked and scalped him, before his own life paid the forfeit of his rashness. General St. Clair had many narrow escapes. Early in the action, a number of savages surrounded his tent and seemed resolved on entering it and sacrificing him.—They were with difficulty restrained by some regular soldiers, at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement eight balls passed through his clothes, and while the troops were retreating, having had his own horse killed, and being mounted on a sorry beast, "which could not be pricked out of a walk," he had to make his way to Fort Jefferson as he could, considerably in the rear of the men. During the action, Adjutant Bulgess received a severe wound, but yet continued to fight with distinguished gallantry. Presently a second shot took effect and he fell. A woman who was particularly attached to him had accompanied him in the campaign, raised him up, and while supporting him in her arms, received a ball in the breast which killed her instantly.

The Chicasaws were then in amity with the whites, and some of their warriors were to have co-operated with Gen. St. Clair, but did not arrive in time. There was, however, one of that nation in the engagement, and he killed and scalped eleven of the enemy with his own hands, and while engaged with the twelfth was himself killed, to the regret of those who witnessed his deeds of daring and of courage.

According to the statement of the Indians, they killed six hundred and twenty of the American troops, and took seven pieces of cannon, two hundred head of oxen, many horses, but no prisoners. They gave their own loss in killed at only sixty-five, but it was no doubt much greater. Their force consisted of four thousand warriors, and was led by a Missasago chief who had served with the British in the late war, and who planned and conducted the attack contrary to the opinion of a majority of the chiefs, who yet, having such confidence in his skill and judgment, yielded their individual plans and gave to him the entire control of their movements. He is reported to have caused the savages to forbear the pursuit of the retreating troops, telling them that they had killed enough, and it was time to enjoy the booty they had gained with the victory. He was then about forty-five years of age, six feet in height, and of a sour, morose countenance. His dress was Indian leggins and moccasins, a blue petticoat coming half way down his thighs, and European waistcoat and surtout. His head was bound with an Indian cap, reaching midway his back, and adorned with upwards of two hundred silver ornaments. In each ear he had two ear rings, the upper part of each of which was formed of three silver medals of the size of a dollar; the lower part consisted of quarters of dollars, and more than a foot in length; one from each ear hanging down his breast—the others over his back. In his nose he wore ornaments of silver curiously wrought and painted.

Two days after the action the warriors from the Chicasaw nation arrived at Fort Jefferson, under the command of Piomingo, or the "Mountain Leader." On their march they heard of the fatal battle and saw one of the enemy, who mistaking Piomingo's party for some of his own comrades, made up to them. He discovered the mistake when it was too late to rectify it; Piomingo accosted him in harsh tones, saying—"Rascal, you have been killing the whites," and immediately ordered two of his warriors to expand his arms, and a third to shoot him. The was done, and his scalp taken.

After the disastrous termination of this campaign, the inhabitants of Kentucky were as much as, or perhaps more than ever, exposed to savage enmity and those incursions which mark the bitterness of Indian resentment. Soon after the retreat of the army under Gen. St. Clair, a party of them came upon Salt river, where two men and some boys were fishing, and falling suddenly upon them killed the men and made prisoners of the boys. They then liberated one of the boys, and giving him a tomahawk, directed him to go home, shew it to his friends, inform them what had been the fate of his compan-

ions, and what they were to expect for their own. The threat was fearfully executed. Many families were entirely cut off and many individuals sacrificed to their fury. Companies of Indians were constantly traversing the country in secret, and committing depredations wherever they supposed it could be done with impunity. A remarkable instance of their failure and suffering in attempting to force an entrance into a house in which there was an almost unprotected family, deserves to be particularly mentioned.

On the 24th of December 1791, a party of savages attacked the house of John Merrill, in Nelson county. Mr. Merrill, alarmed by the barking of the dogs, hastened to the door to learn the cause.—On opening it, he was fired at by two Indians and his leg and arm were both broken. The savages then ran forward to enter the house, but before they could do this, the door was closed and secured by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter. After a fruitless attempt to force it open, they commenced hewing off a part of it with their tomahawks; and when a passage was thus opened, one of them attempted to enter through it. The heroic Mrs. Merrill, in the midst of her screaming and affrighted children, and her groaning, suffering husband, seized an axe, gave the ruffian a fatal blow, and instantly drew him into the house. Supposing that their end was now nearly attained, the others pressed forward to gain admittance through the same aperture. Four of them were in like manner despatched by Mrs. Merrill, before their comrades were aware that any opposition was making in the house. Discovering their mistake the survivors retired for a while, and returning, two of them endeavored to gain admittance by climbing to the top of the house, and descending through the chimney, while the third was to exert himself at the door. Satisfied from the noise on the top of the house, of the object of the Indians, Mr. Merrill directed his little son to rip open a bed and cast its contents on the fire. This produced the desired effect. The smoke and heat occasioned by the burning of the feathers brought the two Indians down, and Mr. Merrill somewhat recovered, exerted every faculty, and with a billet of wood soon despatched those half smothered devils. Mrs. Merrill was all this while busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining savage, whom she at length wounded so severely with the axe, that he was glad to get off alive.

A prisoner, who escaped from the Indians soon after the happening of this transaction, reported that the wounded savage was the only one, of a party of eight, who returned to their towns; that on being asked by some one, "what news,"—he replied, "bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother,—the squaws have taken the breech clout, and fight worse than the Long Knives."

The frequent commission of the most enormous outrages, led to an expedition against the Indians, carried on by the inhabitants of Kentucky alone. An army of one thousand mounted volunteers was raised, and the command of it being given to Gen. Scott, he marched immediately for their towns. When near them, he sent out two spies to learn the state of the enemy, who reported that they had

seen a large body of Indians, not far from the fatal spot where St. Clair's bloody battle had been fought, enjoying themselves with the plunder there taken, riding the oxen, and acting in every respect as if drunk. General Scott immediately gave orders to move forward briskly, and arranging his men into three divisions, soon came upon and attacked the savages. The contest was short but decisive.—Two hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, the cannon and such of the other stores as were in their possession retaken, and the savage forces completely routed. The loss of the Kentuckians was inconsiderable—only six killed and but few wounded.

General Scott, on his return, gave an affecting account of the appearance of the field, where General St. Clair had been encountered by the savages. "The plain," said he, "had a very melancholy appearance. In the space of three hundred and fifty yards, lay three hundred skull bones, which were buried by my men while on the ground; from thence for miles on, and the road was strewn with skeletons, muskets, &c." A striking picture of the desolation wrought there on the bloody fourth of November.

Neither the signal success of the expedition under General Scott, nor the preparations which were being made by the general government for the more rigorous prosecution of the war against them, caused the Indians to relax their exertions to harass the frontier inhabitants. The ease with which they had overcome the two armies sent against them under Harmer and St. Clair, inspired them with contempt for our troops, and induced a belief of their own invincibility, if practising the vigilance necessary to guard against a surprise. To the want of this vigilance, they ascribed the success of General Scott; and deeming it necessary only to exercise greater precaution to avoid similar results, they guarded more diligently the passes into their country, while discursive parties of their warriors would perpetrate their accustomed acts of aggression upon the persons and property of the whites.

About the middle of May, 1792, a party of savages came upon a branch of Hacker's creek, and approaching late in the evening a field recently cleared by John Waggoner, found him seated on a log, resting himself after the labors of the day. In this company of Indians was the since justly celebrated General Tecumseh, who leaving his companions to make sure of those in the house, placed his gun on the fence and fired deliberately at Waggoner. The leaden messenger of death failed of its errand, and passing through the sleeve of his shirt, left Waggoner uninjured, to try his speed with the Indian. Taking a direction opposite the house, to avoid coming in contact with the savages there, he outstripped his pursuer, and got safely off.

In the mean time, those who had been left to operate against those of the family who were at the house, finding a small boy in the yard, killed and scalped him; and proceeding on, made prisoners of Mrs. Waggoner and her six children, and departed immediately with them, lest the escape of her husband should lead to their instant pursuit,—

They were disappointed in this expectation. A company of men was soon collected, who repaired to the then desolate mansion, and from thence followed on the trail of the savages. About a mile from the house, one of the children was found where its brains had been beaten out with a club, and the scalp torn from its head. A small distance farther, lay Mrs. Waggoner and two others of her children, their lifeless bodies mangled in the most barbarous and shocking manner. Having thus freed themselves from the principal impediments to a rapid retreat, the savages hastened on, and the pursuit was unavailing. They reached their towns with the remaining prisoners—two girls and a boy—and avoided chastisement for the outrage.—The elder of the two girls did not long remain with them, but escaping to the neighborhood of Detroit with another female prisoner, continued there until after the treaty of 1795. Her sister abided with her captors till the close of the war, and the boy until during the war of 1812. He was then seen among some friendly Indians, and bearing a strong resemblance in features to his father, was recognized as Waggoner's captive son. He had married a squaw, by whom he had several children, was attached to his manner of life, and for a time resisted every importunity to withdraw himself from among them. When his father visited him, it was with difficulty he was induced to return to the haunts of his childhood, and the associates of his younger days, even on a temporary visit. When, however, he did return to them, the attention and kindly conduct of his friends prevailed with him to remain until he married and took up his permanent abode amid the habitations of civilized men. Still, with the feelings natural to a father, his heart yearned towards his children in the forest; and at times he seemed to lament that he ever forsook them.

In the summer of this year, a parcel of horses were taken from the West Fork, and the Indians who had stolen them, being discovered as they were retiring, they were pursued by Captain Coburn, who was stationed at the mouth of Little Kenhawa with a party of men as scouts. Following them across the Ohio river, he overtook them some distance in the Indian country, and retaking the horses, returned to his station. Hitherto, property recovered from the savages had been invariably restored to those from whom it had been stolen, but on the present occasion a different course was pursued.—Contending that they received compensation for services rendered by them in Virginia, and were not bound to treat without its limits in pursuit of the savages, or to retake the property of which they had divested its rightful owners, they claimed the horses as plunder taken from the Indians, sold them, and divided the proceeds of sale among themselves—much to the dissatisfaction of those from whom the savages had taken them.

In the course of the ensuing fall, Henry Neal, William Triplett and Daniel Rowell, from Neal's station, ascended the Little Kenhawa in canoes to the mouth of the Burning Spring run, from whence they proceeded on a Buffalo hunt in the adjoining woods. But they

had been seen as they plied their canoes up the river, by a party of Indians, who no sooner saw them placed in a situation favoring the bloody purposes of their hearts, than they fired upon them. Neal and Triplett were killed and fell into the river,—Rowell was missed and escaped by swimming the Kenhawa, the Indians shooting at him as he swam. In a few days after, the dead were found in a ripple and buried. The Indians had not been able to draw them from their watery grave, and obtain their scalps.

During this year unsuccessful attempts were made by the general government to terminate Indian hostilities by negotiation. They were too much elated with their recent success, to think of burying their resentments in a treaty of peace; and so little did they fear the operation of the governmental forces, and such was their confidence in their own strength, that they not only refused to negotiate at all, but put to death two of those who were sent to them as messengers of peace. Major Truman and Col. Hardin, severally sent upon this mission, were murdered by them; and when commissioners to treat with them were received by them, their only answer was, a positive refusal to enter into a treaty.

When this determination was made known to the President, every precaution which could be used, was taken by him to prevent the recurrence of those enormities which were daily committed on the frontier, and particularly in the new State of Kentucky. General St. Clair, after having asked that a court of enquiry should be held, to consider of his conduct in the campaign of 1791, and finding that his request could not be granted, resigned the command of the army, and was succeeded by General Anthony Wayne. That the operations of the army might not be defeated as heretofore, by too great a reliance on undisciplined militia, it was recommended to Congress to authorize the raising of three additional regiments of regular soldiers; and the bill for complying with this recommendation, notwithstanding it was strenuously opposed by a strong party hostile to the then administration, was finally passed.

The forts Hamilton and Jefferson, erected by Gen. St. Clair, continued to be well garrisoned; but there was some difficulty in supplying them with provisions—the Indians being always in readiness to intercept them on their way. As early as April, 1792, they taught us the necessity of having a strong guard to escort supplies with safety, by a successful attack on Major Adair, who with one hundred and twenty volunteers from Kentucky, had charge of a number of pack-horses laden with provisions. He was engaged by a body of savages, not much superior in number, and although he was under cover of Fort St. Clair, yet did they drive him into the fort, and carry off the provisions and pack-horses. The courage and bold daring of the Indians, was eminently conspicuous on this occasion. They fought with nearly equal numbers, against a body of troops, better tutored in the science of open warfare, well mounted and equipped, armed with every necessary weapon, and almost under the guns of the fort. And they fought successfully,—killing one captain and ten

privates, wounding several, and taking property estimated to be worth fifteen thousand dollars. Nothing seemed to abate their ardor for war. Neither the strong garrisons placed in the forts erected so far in advance of the settlements, nor the great preparations which were making for striking an effectual blow at them, caused them for an instant to slacken in hostilities, or check their movements against the frontier.

In the spring of 1793, a party of warriors, proceeding towards the head waters of the Monongahela river, discovered a marked way, leading a direction which they did not know to be inhabited by whites. It led to a settlement which had been recently made on Elk river, by Jeremiah and Benjamin Carpenter, and a few others from Bath county, and who had been particularly careful to make nor leave any path which might lead to a discovery of their situation, but Adam O'Brien, moving into the same section of country in the spring of 1792, and being rather an indifferent woodsman, incautiously blazed the trees in several directions so as to enable him readily to find his home, when business or pleasure should have drawn him from it. It was upon one of these marked trees that the Indians chanced to fall; and pursuing it, came to the deserted cabin of O'Brien, he having returned to the interior, because of his not raising a sufficiency of grain for the subsistence of his family. Proceeding from O'Brien's, they came to the house of Benjamin Carpenter, whom they found alone and killed. Mrs. Carpenter being discovered by them, before she was aware of their presence, was tomahawked and scalped a small distance from the yard.

The burning of Benjamin Carpenter's house, led to a discovery of these outrages; and the remaining inhabitants of that neighborhood, remote from any fort or populous settlement to which they could fly for security, retired to the mountains and remained for several days concealed in a cave. They then caught their horses and moved their families to the West Fork; and when they visited the places of their former residence for the purpose of collecting their stock and carrying it off with their former property, scarce a vestige of them was to be seen—the Indians had been there, after they left the cave, and burned the houses, pillaged their movable property, and destroyed the cattle and hogs.

Among the few interesting incidents which occurred in the upper country, during this year, was the captivity and remarkable escape of two brothers, John and Henry Johnson—the former thirteen, the latter eleven years of age. They lived at a station on the west side of the Ohio river, near above Indian Short creek, and being at some distance from the house, engaged in the sportive amusements of youth, became fatigued and seated themselves on an old log for the purpose of resting. They presently observed two men coming towards them, whom they believed to be white men from the station, until they approached so close as to leave no prospect of escape by flight, when to their great grief they saw that two Indians were beside them. They were made prisoners, and taken about four miles,

when, after partaking of some roasted meat and parched corn given them by their captors, they were arranged for the night, by being placed between the two Indians and each encircled in the arms of the one next him.

Henry, the younger of the brothers, had grieved much at the idea of being carried off by the Indians, and during his short but sorrowful journey across the hills, had wept immoderately. John had in vain endeavored to comfort him with the hope that they should be enabled to elude the vigilance of the savages, and return to the hearth of their parents and brethren. He refused to be comforted. The ugly red man, with his tomahawk and scalping knife, which had been often called in to quiet the cries of his infancy, was now actually before him; and every scene of torture and of torment which had been depicted, by narration, to his youthful eye, was now present to his terrified imagination, heightened by the thought that they were about to be re-enacted on himself. In anticipation of this horrid doom, for some time he wept in bitterness and affliction; but

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

When the fire was kindled at night, the supper prepared and offered to him, all idea of his future fate was merged in their present kindness; and Henry soon sunk to sleep, though enclosed in horrid hug, by savage arms.

It was different with John. He felt the reality of their situation, he was alive to the anguish which he knew would agitate the bosom of his mother, and he thought over the means of allaying it, so intensely that sleep was banished from his eyes. Finding the others all locked in deep repose, he disengaged himself from the embrace of the savage at his side, and walked to the fire. To test the soundness of their sleep, he rekindled the dying blaze, and moved freely about it. All remained still and motionless,—no suppressed breathing betrayed a feigned repose. He gently twitched the sleeping Henry, and whispering softly in his ear, bade him get up. Henry obeyed, and they both stood by the fire. "I think," said John, "we had better go home now." "Oh!" replied Henry, "they will follow and catch us again." "Never fear that," rejoined John, "we'll kill them before we go." The idea was for some opposed by Henry, but when he beheld the savages so soundly asleep, and listened to his brother's plan of executing his wish, he finally consented to act the part prescribed him.

The only gun which the Indians had was resting against a tree, at the foot of which lay their tomahawks. John placed it on a log, with the muzzle near to the head of one of the savages; cocked it, and leaving Henry with his finger to the trigger, ready to pull on the signal being given, he repaired to his own station. Holding in his hand one of their tomahawks, he stood astride of the other Indian, and as he raised his arm to deal death to the sleeping savage, Henry fired, and shooting off the lower part of the Indian's jaw, called to

his brother, "*Lay on, for I've done for this one,*" seized up the gun and ran off. The first blow of the tomahawk took effect on the back of the neck, and was not fatal. The Indian attempted to spring up, but John repeated his strokes with such force and so quickly, that he soon brought him again to the ground, and leaving him dead, proceeded on after his brother.

They presently came to a path which they recollected to have travelled the preceding evening, and keeping along it arrived at the station awhile before day. The inhabitants were, however, all up and in much uneasiness for the fate of the boys, and when they came near and heard a well known voice exclaim in accents of deep distress, "*Poor little fellows, they are killed or taken prisoners,*" John called aloud,—"No, mother, we are here again."

When the tale of their captivity, and the means by which their deliverance was effected, were told, they did not obtain full credence. Piqued at the doubts expressed by some, John observed, you had better go and see." "But, can you again find the spot," said one. "Yes," replied he, "I hung up my hat at the turning out place, and can soon show you the spot." Accompanied by several of the men, John returned to the theatre of his daring exploits, and the truth of his statement received ample confirmation. The savage who had been tomahawked was lying dead by the fire—the other had crawled some distance; but was tracked by his blood until found, when it was agreed to leave him, "*as he must die at any rate.*"

Companies of rangers had been for several seasons stationed on the Ohio river for the greater security of the persons and property of those who resided on and near the frontier. During this year a company which had been stationed at the mouth of Fishing creek, and had remained there until its term of service had expired, determined then on a scout into the Indian country; and crossing the river, marched on for some days before they saw anything which indicated their nearness to Indians. Pursuing a path which seemed to be much used, they came in view of an Indian camp, and observing another path, which likewise seemed to be much frequented, Ensign Levi Morgan was sent with a detachment of the men, to see if it would conduct them to where were others of the Indians, who soon returned with the information that he had seen another of their encampments close by. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the Lieut. was sent forward with a party of men to attack the second encampment, while the Captain with the residue of the company should proceed against that which had been first discovered, and commence an assault on it, when he should hear the firing of the Lieutenant's party at the camp which he was sent to assail.

When the second camp was approached and the men posted at intervals around it, awaiting the light of day to begin the assault, the Lieutenant discovered that there was a greater force of Indians with whom he would have to contend than was expected, and prudently resolved to withdraw his men without coming into collision with them. Orders for this movement were directly given, and the party

immediately retired. There was, however, one of the detachment, who had been posted some small distance in advance of the others with directions to fire as soon as the Indians should be seen stirring, and who, unapprized of the withdrawal of the others, maintained his station, until he observed a squaw issuing from a camp, when he fired at her and rushed up, expecting to be supported by his comrades. He fell into the hands of those whom he had thus assailed, but his fate was far different from what he had every reason to suppose it would be, under those circumstances. It was the hunting camp of Isaac Zane, and the female at whom he had shot, was the daughter of Zane; the ball had slightly wounded her in the wrist. Her father, though he had been with the Indians ever since his captivity when only nine years of age, had not yet acquired the ferocious and vindictive passions of those with whom he had associated; but practising the forbearance and forgiveness of christian and civilised man, generously conducted the wanton assailant so far upon his way that he was enabled, though alone, to reach the settlement in safety. His fate was different from that of those who had been taken prisoners by that part of the company which remained at the first camp with the Captain. When the Lieutenant with the detachment rejoined the others, disappointment at the failure of the expedition under him, led some of the men to fall upon the Indian prisoners and inhumanly murder them.

Notwithstanding that preparations for an active campaign against the savages was fast ripening to their perfection, and that the troops of the general government had penetrated as far as to the field on which had been fought the fatal battle of the 4th of November, 1791, and erected there Fort Recovery, yet did they not cease from their accustomed inroads upon the settlements, even after the winter of 1793. In March, 1794, a party of them crossed the Ohio river, and as they were advancing towards the settlements on the upper branches of the Monongahela, met with Joseph Cox, then on his way to the mouth of Leading creek on Little Kenhawa, for a load of furs and skins which he had left there, at the close of his hunt the preceding fall. Cox very unexpectedly met them in a narrow pass, and instantly wheeled his horse to ride off. Endeavoring to stimulate the horse to greater speed by the application of the whip, the animal became stubborn and refused to go at all, when Cox was forced to dismount and seek safety on foot. His pursuers gained rapidly upon him, and he saw that one of them would soon overtake him. He faced the savage who was near, and raised his gun to fire; but nothing daunted, the Indian rushed forward. Cox's gun missed fire, and he was instantly a prisoner. He was taken to their towns and detained in captivity for some time; but at length made his escape, and returned safely to the settlement.

On the 24th of July, six Indians visited the West Fork River, and at the mouth of Freeman's creek, met with, and made prisoner, a daughter of John Runyan. She was taken off by two of the party of savages, but did not go more than ten or twelve miles, before she

was put to death. The four Indians who remained, proceeded down the river and on the next day came to the house of William Carder, near below the mouth of Hacker's creek. Mr. Carder discovered them approaching, in time to fasten his door; but in the confusion of the minute, shut out two of his children, who however ran off unperceived by the savages and arrived in safety at the house of a neighbor. He then commenced firing and hallooing, so as to alarm those who were near, and intimidate the Indians. Both objects were accomplished. The Indians contented themselves with shooting at the cattle, and then retreated; and Mr. Joseph Chevrone, who lived hard by, hearing the report of the guns and the loud cries of Carder, sent his own family to a place of safety, and with nobleness of purpose, ran to the relief of his neighbor. He enabled Carder to remove his family to a place of greater security, although the enemy were yet near, and engaged in skinning one of the cattle that they might take with them a supply of meat. On the next day a company of men assembled, and went in pursuit; but they could not trail the savages far, because of the great caution with which they had retreated, and returned without accomplishing anything.

Two days afterward, when it was believed that the Indians had left the neighborhood, they came on Hacker's creek near to the farm of Jacob Cozard, and finding four of his sons bathing, took three of them prisoners, and killed the fourth, by repeatedly stabbing him with a bayonet attached to a staff. The boys, of whom they made prisoners, were immediately taken to the Indian towns and kept in captivity until the treaty of Greenville in 1795. Two of them were then delivered up to their father, who attended to enquire for them—the third was not heard of for some time after, but was at length found at Sandusky, by his elder brother and brought home.

After the victory obtained by General Wayne over the Indians, Jacob Cozard, Jr. was doomed to be burned to death, in revenge of the loss then sustained by the savages. Every preparation for carrying into execution this dreadful determination was quickly made.—The wood was piled, the intended victim was apprized of his approaching fate, and before the flaming torch was applied to the faggots, he was told to take leave of those who were assembled to witness the awful spectacle. The crowd was great, and the unhappy youth could with difficulty press his way through them. Amid the jeers and taunts of those whom he would address, he was proceeding to discharge the last sad act of his life, when a female, whose countenance beamed with benignity, beckoned him to follow her.—He did not hesitate. He approached as if to bid her farewell, and she succeeded in taking him off unobserved by the many eyes gazing around, and concealed him in a wigwam among some trunks and covered loosely with a blanket. He was presently missed, and a search immediately made for him. Many passed near in quest of the devoted victim, and he could hear their steps and note their disappointment. After awhile the uproar ceased, and he felt more confident of security. In a few minutes more he heard approaching

footsteps and felt that the blanket was removed from him. He turned to surrender himself to his pursuers, and meet a dreadful death. But no! they were two of his master's sons who had been directed where to find him, and they conducted him securely to the Old Delaware town, where he remained until carried to camp upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

In a short time after the happening of the events at Cozard's, a party of Indians made an irruption upon Tygart's Valley. For some time the inhabitants of that settlement had enjoyed a most fortunate exemption from savage molestation; and although they had somewhat relaxed in vigilance, they did not, however, omit to pursue a course calculated to ensure a continuance of their tranquility and repose. Instead of flying for security, as they had formerly, to the neighboring forts upon the return of spring, the increase of population and capacity of the community to repel aggression, caused them to neglect other acts of precaution, and only to assemble at particular houses, when danger was believed to be at hand. In consequence of the reports which reached them of the injuries lately committed by the savages upon the West Fork, several families collected at the house of Mr. Joseph Canaan for mutual security, and while thus assembled, were visited by a party of Indians, when perfectly unprepared for resistance. The savages entered the house awhile after dark, and approaching the bed on which Mr. Canaan wasolling, one of them addressed him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance and saying "how d'ye do, how d'ye do," presented his hand. Mr. Canaan was rising to reciprocate the greeting, when he was pierced by a ball discharged at him from another savage, and fell dead. The report of the gun at once told who were the visitors, and put them upon using immediate exertions to effect their safety by flight. A young man who was near when Canaan was shot, aimed at the murderer a blow with a drawing knife, which took effect on the head of the savage and brought him to the ground. Ralston then escaped through the door, and fled in safety, although fired at as he fled.

When the Indians entered the house, there was a Mrs. Ward sitting in the room. So soon as she observed that the intruders were savages, she passed into another apartment with two of the children, and going out with them through a window, got safely away. Mr. Lewis (brother to Mrs. Canaan) likewise escaped from a back room, in which he had been asleep at the firing of the gun. Three children were tomahawked and scalped—Mrs. Canaan made prisoner, and the savages withdrew. The severe wound inflicted on the head of the Indian by Ralston, made it necessary that they should delay their return to their towns, until his recovery; and they accordingly remained near the head of the middle fork of Buchannon, for several weeks. Their extreme caution in travelling rendered any attempt to discover them unavailing, and when their companion was restored they proceeded on, without interruption. On the close of the war, Mrs. Canaan was redeemed from captivity by a brother from Brunswick, in New Jersey, and restored to her surviving friends.

Thus far in the year 1794, the army of the United States had not been organized for efficient operations. Gen. Wayne had been actively employed in the discharge of every preparatory duty devolving on him; and those distinguished characteristics of uncommon daring and bravery, which had acquired for him the appellation of "*Mad Anthony*," and which so eminently fitted him for the command of an army warring against savages, gave promise of success to his arms.

Before the troops marched from Fort Washington, it was deemed advisable to have an abundant supply of provisions in the different forts in advance of this, as well for the supply of their respective garrisons, as for the subsistence of the general army, in the event of its being driven into them, by untoward circumstances. With this view, three hundred pack-horses, laden with flour, were sent on to Fort Recovery; and as it was known that considerable bodies of the enemy were constantly hovering about the forts, and awaiting opportunities of cutting off any detachments from the main army, Major McMahon, with eighty riflemen under Capt. Hartshorn, and fifty dragoons, under Capt. Taylor, was ordered on as an escort. This force was too great to justify the savages in making an attack, until they could unite the many war parties which were near; and before this could be effected, Major McMahon reached his destination.

On the 30th of July, as the escort was about leaving Fort Recovery, it was attacked by an army of one thousand Indians, in the immediate vicinity of the fort. Captain Hartshorn had advanced only three or four hundred yards, at the head of the riflemen, when he was unexpectedly beset on every side. With the most consummate bravery and good conduct, he maintained the unequal conflict, until Major McMahon, placing himself at the head of the cavalry, charged upon the enemy, and was repulsed with considerable loss.—Maj. McMahon, Capt. Taylor and Cornet Terry fell upon the first onset, and many of the privates were killed or wounded. The whole savage force being now brought to press on Capt. Hartshorn, that brave officer was forced to try and regain the Fort; but the enemy interposed its strength to prevent this movement. Lieut. Drake and Ensign Dodd, with twenty volunteers, marched from Fort Recovery and forcing a passage through a column of the enemy at the point of the bayonet, joined the rifle corps, at the instant that Captain Hartshorn received a shot which broke his thigh. Lieut. Craig being killed and Lieut. Marks taken prisoner, Lieut. Drake conducted the retreat; and while endeavoring for an instant to hold the enemy in check, so as to enable the soldiers to bring off their wounded Captain, received a shot himself in the groin, and the retreat was resumed, leaving Capt. Hartshorn on the field.

When the remnant of the troops came within the walls of the Fort, Lieut. Michael, who had been early detached by Capt. Hartshorn to the flank of the enemy, was found to be missing, and was given up as lost. But while his friends were deploring his unfortunate fate, he and Lieut. Marks, who had been early taken prisoner, were seen

rushing through the enemy, from opposite directions towards the Fort. They gained it safely, notwithstanding they were actively pursued, and many shots fired at them. Lieut. Marks had got off by knocking down the Indian who held him prisoner; and Lieutenant Michael had lost all of his party, but three men. The entire loss of the Americans was twenty-three killed, and forty wounded. The riflemen brought in ten scalps which were taken early in the action; beyond this the enemy's loss was never ascertained. Many of them were no doubt killed and wounded, as they advanced in solid columns up to the very muzzle of the guns, and were afterwards seen carrying off many of their warriors on pack horses.

At length Gen. Wayne put the army, over which he had been given the command, in motion; and upon its arrival at the confluence of the Au Glaize and the Miami of the Lakes, another effort was made for the attainment of peace, without the effusion of blood.—Commissioners were sent forward to the Indians to effect this desirable object; who exhorted them to listen to their propositions for terminating the war, and no longer to be deluded by the counsels of white emissaries, who had not the power to afford them protection; but only sought to involve the frontier of the United States in a war, from which much evil but no good could possibly result to either party. The savages, however, felt confident that success would again attend their arms, and deriving additional incentives to war from their proximity to the British fort, recently erected at the foot of the rapids, declined the overture for peace, and seemed ardently to desire the battle, which they knew must soon be fought.

The Indian army at this time, amounted to about two thousand warriors, and when reconnoitered on the 19th of August were found encamped in a thick bushy wood and near to the British Fort. The army of Gen. Wayne was equal in numbers to that of the enemy; and when on the morning of the 20th, it took up the line of march, the troops were so disposed as to avoid being surprised, and to come into action on the shortest notice, and under the most favorable circumstances. A select battalion of mounted volunteers, commanded by Major Price, moving in advance of the main army, had proceeded but a few miles, when a fire so severe, was aimed at it by the savages concealed, as usual, that it was forced to fall back. The enemy had chosen their ground with great judgment, taking a position behind the fallen timber which had been prostrated by a tornado, and in a woods so thick as to render it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect. They were formed into three regular lines, much extended in front, within supporting distance to each other, and reaching about two miles; and their first effort was to turn the left flank of the American army.

Gen. Wayne ordered the first line of his army to advance with trailed arms, to rouse the enemy from their covert at the point of the bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well directed fire, to be followed by a charge so brisk as not to allow them time to reload or form their lines. The second line was ordered to the support of the

first; and Capt. Campbell at the head of the cavalry, and General Scott at the head of the mounted volunteers were sent forward to turn the left and right wings of the enemy. All these complicated orders were promptly executed; but such was the impetuosity of the charge made by the first line of infantry, so completely and entirely was the enemy broken by it, and so rapid the pursuit, that only a small part of the second line and of the mounted volunteers were in time to participate in the action, notwithstanding the great exertions of their respective officers to co-operate in the engagement; and in less than one hour, the savages were driven more than two miles and within gunshot of the British Fort, by less than one half their numbers.

Gen. Wayne remained three days on the banks of the Miami, in front of the field of battle, left to the full and quiet possession of his army, by the flight and dispersion of the savages. In this time, all the houses and cornfields, both above and below the British Fort, and among the rest, the houses and stores of Col. McKee, an English trader of great influence among the Indians, and which had been invariably exerted to prolong the war, were consumed by fire or otherwise entirely destroyed. On the 27th, the American army returned to its head quarters, laying waste the cornfields and villages on each side of the river for about fifty miles; and this too in the most populous and best improved part of the Indian country.

The loss sustained by the American army, in obtaining this brilliant victory, over a savage enemy flushed with former success, amounted to thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded; that of the enemy was never ascertained. In his official account of the action, Gen. Wayne says, "The woods were strewed for a considerable distance, with the dead bodies of the Indians and their white auxiliaries;" and at a council held a few days after, when British agents endeavored to prevail on them to risk another engagement, they expressed a determination to "bury the bloody hatchet" saying, that they had just lost more than two hundred of their warriors.

Some events occurred during this engagement, which are deemed worthy of being recorded here, although not of general interest.—While Capt. Campbell was engaged in turning the left flank, of the enemy, three of them plunged into the river, and endeavored to escape the fury of the conflict, by swimming to the opposite shore.—They were seen by two negroes, who were on the bank to which the Indians were aiming, and who concealed themselves behind a log for the purpose of intercepting them. When withing shooting distance one of the negroes fired and killed one of the Indians. The other two took hold of him to drag him to shore, when one of them was killed, by the fire of the other negro. The remaining Indian, being now in shoal water, endeavored to draw both the dead to the bank; but before he could effect this, the negro who had first fired, had reloaded, and again discharging his gun, killed him also, and the three floated down the river.

Another circumstance is related, which shows the obstinacy with

which the contest was maintained by individuals in both armies. A soldier and an Indian came in collision, the one having an unloaded gun—the other a tomahawk. After the action was over, they were both found dead; the soldier with his bayonet in the body of the Indian, and the Indian with his tomahawk in the head of the soldier.

Notwithstanding the signal victory, obtained by General Wayne over the Indians, yet did their hostility to the whites lead them to acts of occasional violence, and kept them for some time from acceding to the proposals for peace. In consequence of this, their whole country was laid waste, and forts erected in the hearts of their settlements at once to starve and awe them into quiet. The desired effect was produced. Their crops being laid waste, their villages burned, fortresses erected in various parts of their country and kept well garrisoned, and a victorious army ready to bear down upon them at any instant, there was no alternative left them but to sue for peace. When the Shawanees made known their wish to bury the *bloody hatchet*, Gen. Wayne refused to treat singly with them, and declared that all the different tribes of the North Western Indians should be parties to any treaty which he should make. This required some time as they had been much dispersed after the defeat of the 20th of August, and the great devastation committed on their crops and provisions by the American army, had driven many to the woods, to procure a precarious subsistence by hunting. Still, however, to such abject want and wretchedness were they reduced, that exertions were immediately made to collect them in general council; and as this was the work of some time, it was not effected until midsummer of 1795.

At this interval of time, there was but a solitary interruption, caused by savage aggression, to the general repose and quiet of North Western Virginia; and that interruption occurred in a settlement which had been exempt from invasion since the year 1782. In the summer of 1795, the trail of a large party of Indians was discovered on Leading creek, and proceeding directly towards the settlements on the head of the West Fork, those on Buchannon river, or in 'Ty-garts Valley. In consequence of the uncertainty against which of them the savages would direct their operations, intelligence of the discovery which had been made, was sent by express to all; and measures, to guard against the happening of any unpleasant result, were taken by all, save the inhabitants on Buchannon. They had so long been exempt from the murderous incursions of the savages, while other settlements not remote from them, were yearly deluged with blood, that a false security was engendered, which proved fatal to the lives and happiness of some of them, by causing them to neglect the use of such precautionary means as would warn them of the near approach of danger and ward it when it came.

Pursuing their usual avocations in despite of the warning which had been given them, on the day after the express had sounded an alarm among them, as John Bozarth, Sr. and his sons George and John were busied in drawing grain from the field to the barn, the agonizing shrieks of those at the house rent the air around them;

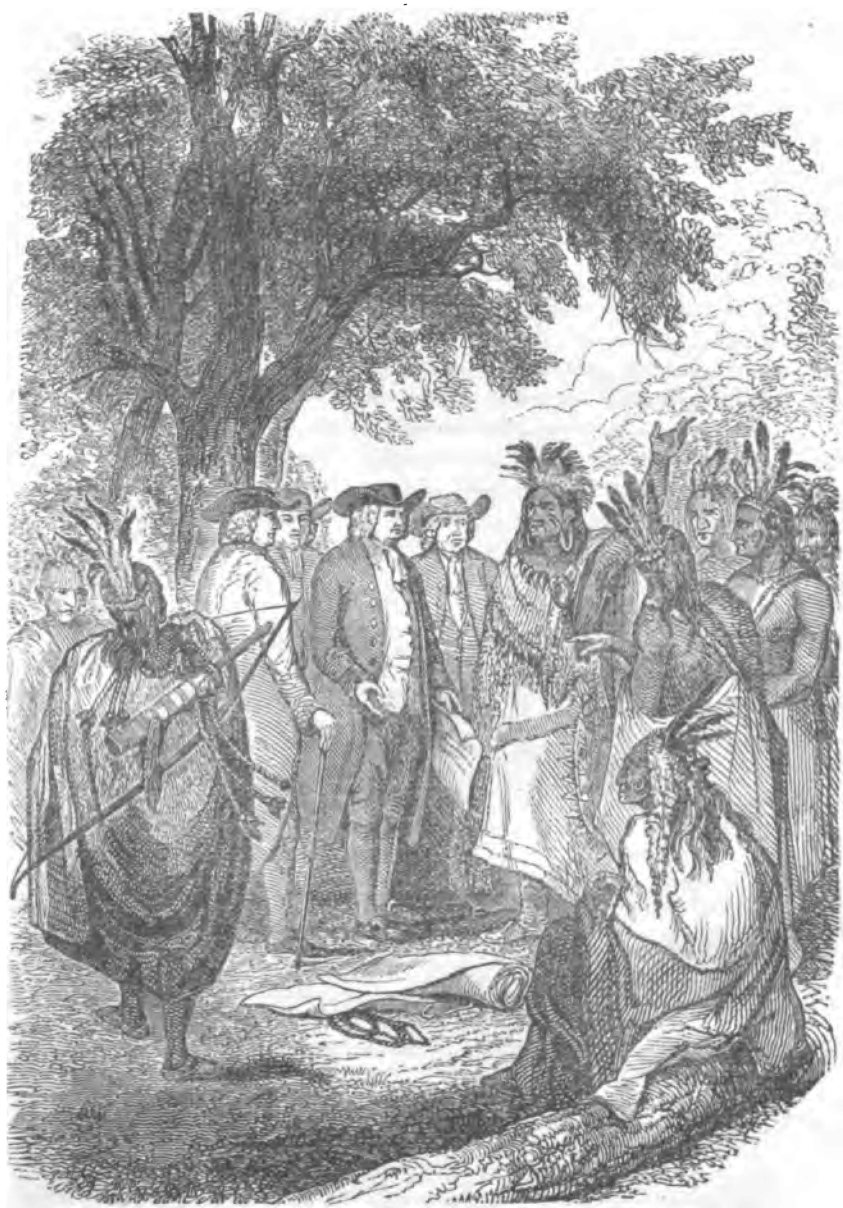
and they hastened to ascertain and if practicable avert the cause.—The elasticity of youth enabled George to approach the house some few paces in advance of his father, but the practised eye of the old gentleman, first discovered an Indian, only a small distance from his son, and with his gun raised to fire upon him. With parental solicitude he exclaimed, "See, George, an Indian is going to shoot you." George was then too near the savage to think of escaping by flight. He looked at him steadily, and when he supposed the fatal aim was taken and the finger just pressing on the trigger, he fell, and the ball whistled by him. Not doubting but that the youth had fallen in death, the savage passed by him and pressed in pursuit of the father.

Mr. Bozarth had not attained to that age when the sinews become too much relaxed for active exertions, but was yet springy and agile, and was enabled to keep ahead of his pursuer. Despairing of overtaking him, by reason of his great speed, the savage hurled a tomahawk at his head. It passed harmless by, and the old gentleman got safely off.

When George Bozarth fell as the Indian fired, he lay still as if dead, and supposing the scalping knife would be next applied to his head, determined on seizing the savage by the legs as he would stoop over him, and endeavor to bring him to the ground, when he hoped to be able to gain the mastery over him. Seeing him pass on in pursuit of his father, he arose and took to flight also. On his way he overtook a younger brother, who had become alarmed, and was hobbling slowly away on a sore foot. George gave him every aid in his power to facilitate his flight, until he discovered that another of the savages was pressing close upon them. Knowing that if he remained with his brother, both must inevitably perish, he was reluctantly forced to leave him to his fate. Proceeding on, he came up with his father, who not doubting but he was killed when the savage fired at him, broke forth with the exclamation, "*Why, George, I thought you were dead,*" and manifested, even in that sorrowful moment, a joyful feeling at his mistake.

The Indians who were at the house, wrought their work of blood upon such as would have been impediments to their retreat; and killing two or three smaller children, took Mrs. Bozarth and two boys prisoners. With these they made their way to their towns and arrived in time to surrender their captives to Gen. Wayne.

This was the last mischief done by the Indians in North Western Virginia. For twenty years, the inhabitants of that section of country, had suffered all the horrors of savage warfare, and all the woes which spring from the uncurbed indulgence of those barbarous and vindictive passions, which bear sway in savage breasts. The treaty of Greenville, concluded on the 3d of August, 1795, put a period to the war, and with it, to those acts of devastation and death which had so long spread dismay and gloom throughout the land.



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Having, as we hope, succeeded in furnishing the reader a satisfactory narration of events that mark the early history of our country, as developed in the regions of New England, Eastern and North-western Virginia, Kentucky, &c., we return to the territory of Pennsylvania, which was, during the same period of time embraced in the sketch of scenes in North-western Virginia, the theatre of similar acts of barbarous atrocity and general suffering amongst the inhabitants. The limits of our volume will not admit of more than a compressed statement of the most prominent events, for which we are chiefly indebted to Mr. I. D. Rupp's Historical Collections, where many interesting details may be found by the reader desirous of examining them.

BEFORE it was taken possession of by Europeans, the territory now called Pennsylvania was occupied by various tribes of Indians, of which the chief were the *Del-a-ware*s, *Six Nations*, and *Shaw-an-ees*.

In 1643, the first colony of whites was established by the *Swedes*, under Governor John Printz. They settled along the western bank of the Delaware, principally, near the mouth of the Schuylkill. They were the first purchasers of the land from the Indians, and called it New Sweden.

In 1655, the *Dutch* colony of New Netherlands (now New York) subdued the Swedish colony, but permitted all the Swedish settlers to remain.

In 1664, the English conquered the territory now called Pennsylvania, with all the other Dutch possessions in North America.

In 1681, King Charles the Second granted Pennsylvania to *William Penn*, and gave it the present name.

In 1682, Penn regularly founded the province.

In July, 1776, Pennsylvania became a *free and independent State* by the Declaration of Independence and the formation of a State Constitution. At that time it contained about 300,000 inhabitants.

The *Del-a-ware*s, so called by the whites from the river on whose banks they were first met, and where they chiefly resided, were the most numerous nation in the province. They called themselves *LEN-NI LEN-A-PE*, or the *original people*. They were also sometimes known by the name of *Al-gon-quins*.

They were divided into three chief tribes: The *U-na-mis*, or turtles, the *Un-a-lacht-gos*, or turkeys, and the *Mon-seys*, or wolves. The two first occupied the country south-east of the Kittatinny, and the last the region north of that mountain, on the upper waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna.

The various bands of Delawares received different names from the whites, according to their location, as the *Sus-que-han-nas*, the *Conestogas*, the *Nesh-a-min-ies*, the *Nan-ti-cokes*, &c.

The *SHAW-AN-EEs*, a portion of a different nation, were settled near Wy-o-ming, and some of them on the Ohio, below Pittsburg.

The celebrated FIVE NATIONS seem originally to have owned north-western Pennsylvania. The *On-on-da-gas*, *Ca-y-u-gas*, *On-ei-das* *Sen-e-cas*, and *Mo-hawks* first composed this remarkable and powerful confederacy. To these were subsequently added the *Tus-ca-ro-ras*, after which they were called the Six Nations.

By the Delawares they were called *Ming-os* and *Maquas*, by the French *Iroquois*, and by the English the *Five* or *Six Nations*.

Their chief residence or council-house was at *On-on-da-go*, in New York, the greater part of which State belonged to them.

Sometime previous to the landing of the Europeans, the Six Nations are said to have conquered the Delawares. It is at least certain that they exercised authority over them, and that this subjection often rendered the dealings of the colonists with the Delawares complicated and difficult.

In 1756, *Tee-dy-us-cund*, the noted Delaware chief, seems to have compelled the Six Nations to acknowledge the independence of his tribe; but the claim of superiority was often afterwards revived.

In 1638, the *Swedes* purchased from the Indians the land from Cape *Hen-lo-pen* to the Falls at Trenton, along the western shore of the Delaware.

In 1643, they commenced settling within the present bounds of Pennsylvania. Their Governor, John Printz, erected a fort, which he called New Gottemburg, and afterwards a church and a spacious house for himself on *Tin-i-cum* island, in the Delaware, below the Schuylkill.

Until 1655, the Swedish settlements regularly increased. In that year they were taken by *Peter Stuyvesant*, Governor of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands, now New York.

Nine years afterwards, or in 1664, all the Dutch possessions in America, including those on the Delaware, were conquered by the *English*.

Being thus possessed of the territory by conquest from those who had rightfully acquired the Indian title to at least a part of it, King Charles the Second, by charter, dated March 4. 1681, granted it to *William Penn*, a member of the Society of Friends, in discharge of certain large claims due by the crown to his father, Admiral Sir William Penn.

On the 24th of October, 1682, William Penn arrived at his new province in the ship *Welcome*. He first landed at New Castle, in

the present State of Delaware. At this time Delaware also belonged to Penn, by grant from the Duke of York, the king's brother, but did not long continue connected with Pennsylvania.

The same year he laid out *Phil-a-del-phia*, on land purchased from three Swedish settlers; divided the province into the three counties of Philadelphia, Chester, and Bucks; and convened the first legislature, which met on the 4th of December, at the town of Chester, and completed their session in *three* days.

Early in 1683, Penn entered into *treaties* with the Indians for the purchase of large tracts of land west and north of Philadelphia, it being his honest rule to acquire the Indian title, as well as that of the English king.

In 1684, Penn sailed for England.

In 1691, a dispute arose between the provinces of Pennsylvania and Delaware, which resulted in the formation of separate legislatures, and the final *separation* of the provinces.

In 1699, Penn *returned* to the province with his family, and found it much increased in population, prosperity and wealth.

In 1701, a *new charter*, or frame of government, more fully adapted to the wants of the people, was adopted, and Penn finally returned to England.

In 1718, he died at *Rushcomb*, in Buckinghamshire, aged seventy-four years. His last days were embittered by persecution and pecuniary distresses at home, and dissensions in his colonies.

On his death, Pennsylvania became the property of his sons, *John, Thomas, and Richard*, by whom, or their deputies, it was governed till the Revolution.

In 1744, the war between England and France put an *end to the peace* that had previously existed without any interruption between the colonists and Indians. Before that melancholy era, the prudent councils of the Friends had completely saved the province from those Indian ravages that afterwards devastated the frontiers.

In 1754, by the *treaty of Albany*, the Six Nations conveyed to the province a large tract of land, lying beyond the Susquehanna river and Kit-ta-tin-ny mountain, and south-west of the mouth of Penn's creek. Being without the consent of the Delawares and Shaw-anees, who occupied the territory, those tribes became justly incensed, and joined the French.

In 1768, all the remaining lands in the province, except those beyond the Al-le-ghen-y river, were purchased from the Indians at *Fort Stanwix*, now Rome, in Oneida county, New York.

In 1769, the civil war between the *Connecticut* settlers and the Pennsylvania claimants began in Wy-o-ming.

In 1778, the Tories and Indians destroyed the *Wyoming* settlements.

In 1782, the *controversy* with *Connecticut* about the Luzerne lands was decided in favor of Pennsylvania, by Commissioners of Congress at Trenton, after full argument and investigation.

In 1784, *all the remaining lands* owned by the Indians in the

State, were purchased from the Six Nations by treaty at Fort Stanwix.—*Burrowes' State Book of Pennsylvania.*

1754—Though we find only occasionally a murder committed upon the whites by the Indians, before Braddock's defeat, nevertheless the number of abductions was considerable before that time. Among others, inhabitants of Cumberland county, that were taken captive, were John Evans, Henry Devoy, Owen Nicholson, Alexander Magenty, Patrick Burns, and George Hutchinson, all of whom returned again to Cumberland—these were captured in 1752, '53, and '54; and some of them endured great hardships.

A number of French Indians headed by a Frenchman, took George Henry, John Evans, James Devoy and Owen Nicholson, prior to 1753.—They were carried to Quebec, and from thence sent to Rochelle, in France, where they were released by the English ambassador, and by him sent to London; from there they got a passage to Philadelphia; and on presenting a petition to the Assembly, May 22, 1753, and the House having considered the petitioner's unhappy case were granted them as much money as bore their expenses to Cumberland county, their place of residence. Sixteen pounds were allowed them.

While one Alexander Magenty was trading with the *Ottawa* Indians, who were in alliance with the crown of Great Britain, and on returning home, he was taken prisoner, January 26, 1753, by a party of French Indians of the *Cagnawaga* Nation, near the river *Kantucqui*, a western branch of the Ohio. The Indians beat and abused Magenty in the most barbarous and cruel manner; then sent him to Montreal. From that place the prisoner wrote a letter to the Mayor of Albany, requesting him to obtain his release, which was ultimately effected, by paying a considerable sum of money to the Indians who had taken him. Magenty returned to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1753, destitute of clothes and other necessities; the Assembly granted him six pounds to bear his expenses to Cumberland county, the place of his residence.

In November 1755, the Assembly granted ten pounds to Patrick Burns and George Hutchinson, who had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and made their escape, to furnish them necessities in their distressed circumstances, to return from Philadelphia to Cumberland county, their place of residence. *Votes of Assembly*, vol. iv.

A strict amity had existed between the Indians and the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, with occasional *personal* or individual disputes, for a space of about seventy years; but now, 1753 and '54 a different spirit manifested itself in the conduct of some of the Indians, in the north-western parts of the State, and along the frontier settlements of the province—they joined with the French against the English, and made havoc of their former friends, the English; many of whom, at the instigation of their new allies, the French, they murdered most cruelly, as will be apparent from the following detailed accounts of massacres. A dark cloud obscured the hitherto existing friendly relations, and consternation seized hold of those, who seemed to have nothing to fear from the aborigines. A panic spread through the frontier settlers.

The inhabitants of Cumberland now began to fear greatly that the enemy, who had recently made incursions into Virginia, would before

long, fall upon them too, and they petitioned Governor Hamilton to aid them in their critical condition. The inhabitants of the upper part of Lancaster (now Dauphin) county, sent a similar petition to the Governor and council—(given below.)

The address of the subscribers of the county of Cumberland, sheweth that we are now in most imminent danger by a powerful army of cruel, merciless and inhumane enemies, by whom our lives, liberties, estates, and all that tends to promote our welfare, are in the utmost danger of dreadful destruction, and this lamentable truth is most evident from the late defeat of the Virginia forces, and now as we are under your Honor's protection, we would beg your immediate notice, we living upon the Frontiers of the Province and our enemies so close upon us, nothing doubting but these considerations will affect your Honor, and as you have our welfare at heart, that you will defer nothing that may tend to hasten our relief. And we have hereby appointed our most trusty friends, James Burd and Philip Davies, our commissioners, to deliver this our petition to your Honor, and in hopes of your due attention and regard thereto, we are your Honor's devoted servants, and as in duty bound shall ever pray :

CUMBERLAND, 15th July, 1754.

Benjamin Chambers, Robert Chambers, James Carnahan, James McTeer, Charles Morrow, John Mitchell, Joseph Armstrong, John Miller, Alexander Culbertson, James Holiday, Nathaniel Wilson, Wm. McCord, James Jack, John Smith, Frank. West, James Sharp, John Irvin, Matthew Arthur, James McCormick, Charles Magill, George Finley, John Dotter, John Cesna, Joseph Culbertson, Samuel Culbertson, John Thompson, John Reynolds, George Hamilton, David Magaw, James Chambers, Hermanus Alrichs, Robert Meek, Archibald Machan, Benj. Blyth, Joseph McKinney, John Thompson, Francis Campbell, John Finly, Isaac Miller, John Maclean, John Miller, James Blair, James Moore, John Finly, William White, William Buchanan, John Montgomery, Andrew McFarlane, James Brandon, John Pattison, John Creighhead, Wm. McClure, Samuel Stevens, William Brown, Pat. McFarlan, Stephen Foulk, John Armstrong, Stephen Foulk, jr. William McCoskry, Charles Pattison, Wm. Miller, John Prentice, Arthur Forster, William Blyth, Gideon Griffith, Thomas Henderson, Andrew McIntyre, John McCur, Robert Guthrie, George Davidson, Robert Miller, Thomas Willson, Thomas Lockert, Tobias Hendricks. The petition was read in Council, August 6, 1754.

The humble petition of the inhabitants of the townships of Paxton, Derry and Hanover, Lancaster County, humbly sheweth that your petitioners being settled on and near the river Susquehannah, apprehend themselves in great danger from the French and French Indians, as it is in their power several times in the year to transport themselves with ammunition, artillery and every necessary, down the said river—and their conduct of late to the neighboring Provinces increases our dread of a speedy visit from them, as we are as near and convenient as the Provinces already attacked, and are less capable of defending ourselves, as we are unprovided with arms and ammunition and unable to purchase them. A great number are warm and active in these parts for the defence of themselves and country, were they enabled so to do, (although not such a number as would be able to withstand the enemy) we, your petitioners, therefore humbly pray that your Honor would take our distressed condition into consideration and make such provision for us as may prevent ourselves and families from being destroyed and ruined by such a cruel enemy; and your petitioners as in duty will ever pray.

Dated July 22, 1754.

Thos. Forster, Jas. Armstrong, John Harris, Thos. Simpson, Samuel Simson, John Carson, David Shields, William McMullen, John Cuoit, William Armstrong, James Armstrong, Wm. Bell, John Daugherty, Jas. Atkin, And. Cochran, James Reed, Thomas Rutherford T. McCarter, Wm. Steel, Samuel Hunter, Thos. Mays, Jas. Coler, Henry Benicks, Rich. McClure, Thos. Dagan, John Johnston, Peter Fleming, Thomas Sturgeon, Matthew Taylor, Jeremiah Sturgeon, Thomas King, Robert Smith, Adam Reed, John Crawford, Thomas Crawford, John McClure, Thomas Hume, Thos. Stean, John Hume, John Crane, Thos. McCleure, Wm. McCleure, John Rodgers, James Peterson, John Young, Ez. Sankey, John Florer, Mitchell Graham, James Toalen, Jas. Glibreath, James Campbell, Robert Boyd, Jas. Chambers, Robert Armstrong, John Campbell, Hugh Black, Thos. Black. This Petition read in council 6th Aug. 1754.

Fear, ever of a contagious nature, seized hold of those more remotely settled from the frontier. The inhabitants of Donegal township, Lancaster county, also felt that they, as well as their fellow-inhabitants, were in great danger of being murdered by the savages and their French allies, in view of the impending dangers, joined in petitioning the Governor to take their distressed condition into consideration.

The Governor, on maturely considering the condition of the frontier settlers, sent a message to the Assembly, then in session, urging in strong terms that immediate aid should be afforded the petitioners. In this message (August 1754) he says, "The people of Cumberland and the upper parts of Lancaster county, are so apprehensive of danger, at this critical juncture, from the nearness of French and savages under their influence, that the principal inhabitants have, in the most earnest manner, petitioned me to provide for their protection; representing withal, that a great number would be warm and active in defence of themselves and their country, were they enabled so to be, by being supplied with arms and ammunition, which many of them are unable to purchase at their own private expense. The substance of these several petitions, which I shall likewise order to be laid before you, appears to me, gentlemen, to be of the greatest importance, and well worthy of your most serious attention. You may be assured, that nothing which depends on me shall be wanting towards affording them the protection they desire; but you cannot at the same time but be sensible how little it is in my power to answer their expectations without the aid of your house. It becomes then my indispensable duty, and I cannot on any account whatever, excuse myself from pressing you to turn your thoughts on the defenceless state of the Province in general, as well as of our back inhabitants in particular; and to provide such means for the security of the whole, as shall be thought at once both reasonable and effectual to the ends proposed; in which, as in every other matter, consistent with my honor, and the trust reposed in me, I promise you my hearty concurrence.—*Votes of Assembly*, iv. 319, August, 1754.

These abductions were mere preludes of more sanguinary sequences. Many of the Indians heretofore known as "friendly Indians" became disaffected, and favored the French interests in the west—ready to aid the French in their schemes. The government of the Province of Pennsylvania and Virginia, were anxious to not only have the continued friendship of those who still professed to be friendly, but, if possible, to regain the friendship of the disaffected; for that purpose Conrad Weiser was sent, in the month of September, 1754, to Aughwick, where George Croghan, the Indian agent, had quite a number of different tribes under his care. Notwithstanding that Mr. Weiser, as the agent of the government, did all in his power, aided by liberal donations of money, to secure the continued friendly assistance of the Indians, murders were committed by some unknown Indian. For a few days after Mr. Weiser had left Croghan's, an Indian of the Six Nations, named Israel, penetrated

into the frontier settlements, and killed an Indian trader, Joseph Campble, at the house of Anthony Thompson, near Parnall's Knob, Cumberland county, (now Franklin,) as the following letter shows :

AUGHWICK, September the 27th, 1754.

May it please your Honor :

Since Mr. Weiser left this, an Indian of the Six Nations, named Israel, killed one Joseph Campble, an Indian Trader, at the house of one Anthony Thompson, at the foot of the Tuscarora Valley, near Parnall's Knob. As soon as I heard it, I went down to Thompson's and took several of the chiefs of the Indians with me, when I met William Maxwell, Esq. The Indian made his escape before I got there. I took the qualification of the persons who were present at the murder, and delivered them to Mr. Maxwell to be sent to your Honor, with the speech made by the chiefs of the Indians on that occasion, which, I suppose, your Honor has received.

I have heard many accounts from Ohio since Mr. Weiser left this, all of which agree that the French have received a re-inforcement of men and provision from Canada, to the fort. An Indian returned yesterday to this place, whom I had sent to the fort for intelligence ; he confirms the above accounts, and further says, there were about sixty French Indians had come while he staid there, and that they expected better than two hundred more every day ; he says that the French design to send those Indians with some French, in several parties, to annoy the back settlements, which the French say, will put a stop to any English forces marching out this fall to attack them. This Indian says that the French will do their endeavor to have the Half-King Scarrayooday, Capt. Montour and myself, killed this fall. This Indian, I think is to be believed, if there is to be any credit given to what an Indian says. He presses me strongly to leave this place, and not live in any of the back parts. The scheme of sending several parties to annoy the back settlements seems so much like French policy, that I can't help thinking it true.

I hear from Colonel Innes that there certainly have been some French Indians at the camp at Wills' creek, and fired on the sentry in the dead of the night. If the French prosecute this scheme, I don't know what will become of the back parts of Cumberland county, which is much exposed. The back parts of Virginia and Maryland are covered by the English Camp, so that most of the inhabitants are safe.

I would have written to your Honor before now on this head, I only waited the return of this Indian messenger, whose account I really think is to be depended on. The Indians here seem very uneasy at their long stay, as they have heard nothing from the Governor of Virginia, nor of your Honor since Mr. Weiser went away ; nor do they see the English making any preparations to attack the French, which seems to give them a great deal of concern. I believe several of the Indians will soon go to the Six Nation country ; and then I suppose the rest will be obliged to fall in with the French. If this happens, then all the back settlements will be left to the mercy of an outrageous enemy.

I beg your Honor's pardon for mentioning the consequences which most certainly attend the slow motion of the English government, as they are well known to your Honor, and that I am sensible your Honor had done all in your power for the security of those parts. I hope as soon as his Honor, Governor Morris, is arrived, I shall hear what is to be done with those Indians. I assure your Honor it will not be in my power to keep them together much longer.

I am your Honor's most obedient and most humble servant,

Aughwick, Old Town.

GEORGE CROGHAN

1755.—Clouds of portentous indication were fast gathering, and excited general alarm; for actual hostilities between the French, aided by their Indian allies, and the English in America, had commenced. Reinforcements, by both parties, to strike the decisive blow most fatally, were effected. The crisis was an eventful one. The inhabitants of the frontiers were all in a panic—the Indians, true to their character, when enemies, struck whenever an opportunity presented itself—neither sex nor age was spared. Sometime in the latter part of June, 1755, they killed thirteen men, women and children, about four miles from Wills' creek, on the borders of Pennsylvania; the fact being confirmed by letters from Edward Shippen and John Harris.

In 1755, to protect themselves against the incursions of the Indians and consequent destruction of the settlements, the inhabitants, encouraged by government, began to erect forts and blockhouses in various parts along the frontiers—now within the limits of Bedford, Franklin, Cumberland and Dauphin counties. Some time in July, 1755, preparations were made to erect a fort in Shippensburg, which was completed in the fall of the same year.

A chain of forts and block-houses had been previously erected at an expense of eighty-five thousand pounds, by the province of Pennsylvania, along the Kittanning hills, from the river Delaware to the Maryland line, commanding the principal passes of the mountains, garrisoned with from twenty to seventy-five provincials, as the situation and importance of places respectively required. On the east side of the Susquehanna, beginning at the Delaware, were Dupui's fort, Fort Lehigh, Fort Allen, Fort Everit, Fort Williams, Fort Henry, Fort Swatara, Fort Hunter, Fort Halifax, Fort Augusta; west of the Susquehanna, Fort Louther, at Carlisle; Fort Morris and Fort Franklin, at Shippensburg; Fort Granville; Fort Shirley, on Aughwick Branch, a creek that empties into the Juniata; Fort Littleton; Fort Loudon, on the Conococheague creek, Franklin county: these three last named forts, ranged in the north and south line. From Fort Shirley there was an Indian path to Fort Augusta, on the Susquehanna. Eight companies of soldiers were stationed on the west side of the Susquehanna, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John Armstrong, called the Second Battalion of Pennsylvania Regiment.

Shortly after General E. Braddock's defeat, July 9, 1755, the French and their Indian allies, encouraged by their success, pushed their incursions into the interior parts of the frontier settlements—into York, Cumberland, Lancaster, Berks and Northampton counties. These counties were scenes of murder, burning of houses, &c., for a period of about ten years. The apprehensions of those who feared the direful consequences of Braddock's defeat were sadly realized. The massacres which followed this defeat were horrible beyond description. *Shingas** and Captain *Jacobs* were supposed to have

*King *Shingas*, as he was called by the whites, but whose proper name was *Shingank*, which is, interpreted, *Bogmeadow*, was the greatest Delaware warrior at that time. Reckewelder, who knew him personally, says, Were his war exploits all on record, they would form

been the principal instigators of them, and a reward of seven hundred dollars was offered for their heads. It was at this period, that the dead bodies of some of the murdered and mangled were sent from the frontiers to Philadelphia, and hauled about the streets, to inflame the people against the Indians, and also against the Quakers, to whose mild forbearance was attributed a laxity in sending out troops. The mob surrounded the house of Assembly, having placed the dead bodies at its entrance, and demanded immediate succor.—At this time the above reward was offered.—*Drake's Indian History*, vol. 22.

The inhabitants, as they had done the previous years, again renewed their petitions to government, and also united to resist, if possible, the French and their savage allies, as will appear from the following:

The humble petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of Lurgan township, in Cumberland county, amicably unite as a company, under the care and command of Mr. Alexander Culbertson:—Showeth, that inasmuch as we dwell upon the frontiers, our case is lamentably dangerous, we being in such imminent peril of being inhumanly butchered by our savage neighbors, whose tender mercies are cruelty; and if they should come upon us now, we are naked and defenceless; being in a great measure destitute of arms and ammunition. What would be the event? And now it is the only kind Providence of God that restrains them. And in these sad and lamentable circumstances, we betake ourselves to your Honor's compassion, as to a kind and lamentable Father, of whose tender concern for us we are well assured.

May it therefore please your Honor, in your great wisdom and goodness, to commiserate our unhappy case, and strengthen our hands with such a quantity of arms and ammunition, and upon such terms as your Honor sees fit, and your dependant petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.—August 1, 1755.

Governor Robert Morris, in his message of July 24, 1755, to the Assembly, has the following language in relation to Braddock's defeat: "This unfortunate and unexpected change in our affairs deeply affect every one of his majesty's colonies, but none of them in so sensible a manner as this province, while having no militia, is thereby left exposed to the cruel incursion of the French and barbarous Indians, who delight in shedding human blood, and who make no distinction as to age or sex—as to those that are armed against them, or such as they can surprise in their peaceful habitations—all are alike the objects of their cruelty—slaughtering the tender infant, and frightened mother, with equal joy and fierceness. To such enemies, spurred by the native cruelty of their tempers, encouraged by their late success, and having now no army to fear, are the inhabitants of this province exposed; and by such must we now expect to be overrun, if we do not immediately prepare for our own defence; nor ought we to content ourselves with this, but resolve to drive to and

an interesting document, though a shocking one. Conococheague, Bigboor, Shearman's valley and other settlements along the frontier, felt his strong arm sufficiently, that he was a bloody warrior,—cruel his treatment, relentless his fury. His person was small, but in point of courage, activity, and savage prowess, he was said to have never been exceeded by any one.

confine the French to their own just limits."—*Votes of Assembly*, iv. 416.

Scarce three months after this disastrous defeat, we find the barbarous savages engaged in murdering the whites and setting fire to their houses, on the west side of the Susquehanna, in Cumberland county, now Union; for on the 15th of October, in 1755, a party of Indians fell upon the inhabitants on *Mahahany* (or Penn's) creek, that runs into the river Susquehanna, about five miles lower than the Great Fork made by the juncture of the two main branches of the Susquehanna, killed and carried off about twenty-five persons, and burnt and destroyed their buildings and improvements, and the whole settlement was deserted."—*Provincial Records*, N. 340.

On the 23d of October, 1755, forty-six of the inhabitants on Susquehanna, about Harris' Ferry, went to Shamokin, to enquire of the Indians there, who they were, that had so cruelly fallen upon and ruined the settlement on Mahahany creek; on their return from Shamokin, they were fired upon by some Indians who lay in ambush, and four were killed, four drowned, and the rest put to flight; on which all the settlements between Shamokin and Hunter's mill (formerly Chambers') for the space of fifty miles, were deserted.—*Provincial Records*, N. 340.

Mr. Heckewelder, in his Historical Account of the Indians, when speaking of the Indians' manner of surprising their enemies, relates a striking anecdote by way of exemplification of the Indians' sagacity, as well as veracity.

"In the beginning, says he, of the summer of the year 1755, a most atrocious and shocking murder was unexpectedly committed by a party of Indians, on fourteen white settlers within five or six miles of Shamokin.—The surviving whites, in their rage, determined to take their revenge by murdering a Delaware Indian who happened to be in those parts, and was far from thinking himself in danger. He was a great friend to the whites, was loved and esteemed by them, and in testimony of their regard, had received from them the name of *Luke Holland*, by which he was generally known. This Indian, satisfied that his nature was incapable of committing such a foul murder in a time of profound peace, told the enraged settlers that the Delawares were not in any manner concerned in it, and that it was the act of some wicked Mingoes or Iroquois, whose custom it was to involve other nations in wars with each other by clandestinely committing murders, so that they might be laid to the charge of others than themselves. But all his representations were vain; he could not convince exasperated men whose minds were fully bent upon revenge. At last, he offered that if they would give him a party to accompany him, he would go with them in quest of the murderers, and was sure he could discover them by the prints of their feet and other marks well known to him, by which he would convince them that the real perpetrators of the crime belonged to the Six Nations. His proposal was accepted, he marched at the head of a party of whites and led them into the tracks. They soon found themselves in the most rocky parts of the mountain, where not one of those who accompanied him was able to discover a single track, nor would they believe that ever a man had trodden on this ground, as they had to jump over a number of crevices between the rocks, and in some instances to crawl over them. Now they began to believe that the Indian had led them across those rugged mountains in order to give the enemy time to escape, and

threatened him with instant death the moment they should be fully convinced of the fraud. The Indian, true to his promise, would take pains to make them perceive that an enemy had passed along the places through which he was leading them; here he would show them that the moss on the rock had been trodden down by the weight of a human foot, then that it had been torn and dragged forward from its place; further, he would point out to them that pebbles or small stones on the rocks had been removed from their beds by the foot hitting against them, that dry sticks by being trodden upon were broken, and even that in a particular place, an Indian's blanket had dragged over the rocks and removed or loosened the leaves lying there, so that they lay no more flat, as in other places; all which the Indian could perceive as he walked along, without ever stopping. At last arriving at the foot of the mountain, on soft ground where the tracks were deep, he found out the enemy were eight in number, and from the freshness of the foot-prints, he concluded that they must be encamped at no great distance. This proved to be the exact truth, for, after gaining the eminence on the other side of the valley, the Indians were seen encamped, some having lain down to sleep, while others were drawing off their *leggings* for the same purpose, and the scalps they had taken were hung up to dry. "See!" said Luke Holland, to his astonished companions, "there is the enemy! not of my nation, but Mingoes, as I truly tell you. They are in our power: in less than half an hour they will all be fast asleep. We need not fire a gun, but go up and tomahawk them. We are nearly two to one and need apprehend no danger. Come on, and you will now have your full revenge!" But the whites, overcome with fear, did not choose to follow the Indian's advice, and urged him to take them back by the nearest and best way, which he did, and when they arrived at home late at night, they reported the number of the Iroquois to have been so great that they durst not venture to attack them.

"This account, says Heckewelder, is faithfully given as I received it from Luke Holland himself, and took it down in writing at the time."

The near approach of the enemy threw all, in the outer settlements, into consternation. Their only safety was to flee and leave all to the enemy. They had in vain looked, for some time, for effectual relief from Government. Houses that had been occupied; barns that had been filled with the fruits of a rich and plenteous harvest; and newly sowed fields, and standing corn; and some cattle, were all abandoned, by the hardy and industrious frontier settlers, expecting as they did, daily the enemy upon them. They were constantly in fear of being cut off. Even John Harris and his family were threatened with death, as stated by Mr. Harris himself in the following letter:

PAXTON, October 29, 1755.

EDWARD SHIPPEN, Esq.

Sir:—We expect the enemy upon us every day, and the inhabitants are abandoning their plantations, being greatly discouraged at the approach of such a number of cruel savages, and no present sign of assistance. I had a certain account of fifteen hundred French and Indians being on their march against us and Virginia, and now close upon our borders; their scouts scalping our families on our frontiers daily. Andrew Montour and others at Shamokin, desired me to take care, that there was a party of forty Indians out many days, and intended to burn my house and destroy myself and family. I have this day cut loop holes in my house, and am determined to hold out to the last extremity if I can get some men to stand by me.—

But few can be had at present, as every one is in fear of his own family being cut off every hour. Great part of the Susquehanna Indians are no doubt actually in the French interest, and I am informed that a French officer is expected at Shamokin this week with a party of Delawares and Shawanees, no doubt to take possession of our river. We should raise men immediately to build a fort up the river, to take possession, and to induce some Indians to join us. We ought also to insist on the Indians to declare for or against us, and as soon as we are prepared for them, we should *bid up the scalps*, and keep our woods full of our people upon the scout, else they will ruin our province, for they are a dreadful enemy. I have sent out two Indian spies to Shamokin; they are Mohawks.

Sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN HARRIS.

In the latter part of October, 1755, the enemy again appeared in the neighborhood of Shamokin, and in November they committed several murders upon the whites under circumstances of cruelty and barbarity. Not only those on the immediate frontier settlements, but those residing towards the interior, were kept in constant alarm.

While some of the savage barbarians were murdering the whites on the Susquehanna, others fell upon the settlers in the Great or Big Cove, in the western part of Cumberland, (now Bedford) county, slew many of them, fired their houses and barns—and those they did not slaughter, they carried away captive, whose subsequent sufferings were very great.

The suffering of these unfortunate persons may be learned from the following—Governor Morris' message to the Assembly.

"GENTLEMEN:—This minute I received intelligence, that the settlements called the Great Cove, in the county of Cumberland (Bedford,) are destroyed, the houses burned, and such inhabitants as would not make their escape, either slaughtered or made prisoners. This, and the other cruelties committed upon our frontiers, has so alarmed the remaining inhabitants, that they are quitting their habitations, and crowding into the more settled parts of the Province, which in their turn will become the frontier if some stop is not speedily put to the cruel ravages of their bloody invaders. In this melancholy situation of our affairs, any delay may be attended with the most fatal consequences; I must therefore again most earnestly press you upon this further intelligence, to strengthen my hands, and enable me speedily to draw forth the forces of this province against His Majesty's enemies, and to afford the necessary and timely assistance to the back inhabitants.—*Phila. Nov. 5, 1755, Votes iv. 495.*

The following letters written by distinguished gentlemen at the time, give all the particulars of the murders committed in the Big Cove, &c.

FALLING SPRINGS, Sabbath morning, Nov. 2, 1775.

To the inhabitants of the lower part of the County of Cumberland GENTLEMEN—If you intend to go to the assistance of your neighbors, you need wait no longer for the certainty of the news. The Great Cove is destroyed. James Campbell left his company last night and went to the fort at Mr. Steel's meeting house, and there saw some of the inhabitants of the Great Cove who gave this account, that as they came over the Hill they saw their houses in flames. The messenger says that there are but one hundred, and that they are divided into two parts: the one part to go against the Cove and the other against the Canalloways, and that there are two French among them. They are Delawares and Shawanees. The part that came

against the Cove are under the command of Shingas, the Delaware King. The people of the Cove that came off saw several men lying dead; they heard the murder shout and the firing of guns, and saw the Indians going into their houses that they had come out of before they left sight of the Cove. I have sent express to Marsh creek at the same time I send this; so I expect there will be a good company there this day, and as there are but one hundred of the enemy, I think it is in our power, if God permit, to put them to flight, if you turn out well from your parts. I understand that the West settlement is designed to go if they can get any assistance to repel them.

All in haste, from Your humble servant,
BENJAMIN CHAMBERS.

CONOCOCHEAQUE, November 2, 1755.

MR. PETERS:

Sir:—This comes to bring you the melancholy news of the ruin of the Great Cove, which is reduced to ashes, and numbers of the inhabitants murdered and taken captives. On Saturday last about three of the clock in the afternoon, I received intelligence in conjunction with Adam Hoops, and sent immediately and appointed our neighbors to meet at McDowell's. On Sunday morning I was not there six minutes till we observed about a mile and a half distant one Matthew Patton's house and barn in flames; on which we sat off with about forty men, though there was at least one hundred and sixty there; our old officers hid themselves, for aught I knew, to save their scalps, until afternoon when danger was over. We went to Patton's with a seeming resolution and courage, but found no Indians there, on which we advanced to a rising ground, where we immediately discovered another house and barn on fire belonging to Mesach James, about one mile upon the creek from Thomas Bars. We set off directly for that place; but they had gone up the creek to another plantation, left by one widow Jordon the day before; but she had unhappily gone back that morning with a young woman, daughter to one William Clark, for some milk for her children, and were both taken captives; but neither house nor barn hurt. I have heard of no more burnt in that valley, which makes me believe they have gone off for some time; but I much fear they will return before we are prepared for them; for it was three o'clock in the afternoon before a recruit came of about sixty men; then we held council whether to pursue up the valley all night or return to McDowell's; the former of which I and Mr. Hoops, and some others plead for, but could not obtain it without putting it to vote, which done, we were out-voted by a considerable number; upon which I and company was left by them, (that night I came home) for I will not guard a man that will not fight when called in so imminent manner; for there were not six of these men that would consent to go in pursuit of the Indians. I am much afraid that Juniata, Tuscarora, and Sherman's valley hath suffered; there are two-thirds of the inhabitants of this valley who have already fled, leaving their plantations; and without speedy succour be granted, I am of opinion this county will be laid desolate and be without inhabitants. Last night I had a family of upwards of an hundred women and children, who fled for succour. You can form no just idea of the distress and distracted condition of our inhabitants, unless you saw and heard their cries. I am of opinion that it is not in the power of our representatives to meet in Assembly at this time. If our Assembly will give us any additional supply of arms and ammunition, the latter of which is most wanted. I would wish it were put into the hands of such persons as would go out upon scouts after the Indians, rather than for the supply of forts.

I am sir your most obedient, very humble servant,
JOHN POTTER, Sheriff of Cumberland county.

CARLISLE, November 2, 1775.

GOVERNOR MORRIS:

Honored Sir:—At four, this afternoon, by express from Conococheague, we are informed that yesterday about one hundred Indians were seen in the Great Cove, among whom was Shingas, the Delaware King; that immediately after discovery, as many as had notice fled, and looking back upon a high hill beheld their houses on fire; heard several guns fired, and the last shrieks of their dying neighbors. It is said the enemy divided and one part moved toward the Canalloways. Mr. Hamilton was here with sixty men from York county, when the express came, and is to march early to-morrow to the upper part of the country. We have sent our expresses every where, and intend to collect the forces of this lower part; expecting the enemy at Sheerman's valley, if not nearer at hand.

I am of the opinion that no other means than a chain of block-houses along or near the south side of the Kittatinny mountain, from Susquehanna to the temporary line, can secure the lives and properties even of the old inhabitants of this county; the new settlements being all fled, except those of Sheerman's valley whom, if God do not preserve, we fear, will suffer very soon.

I am your honor's disconsolate humble servant,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

SHIPPENSBURG, November 2, 1775.

To HON. EDWARD SHIPPEN, Esq., at Lancaster:

Dear and Honored Sir:—We are in great confusion here at present—We have received express last night that the Indians and French are in a large body in the Cove, a little way from William Maxwell, Esq.; and that they immediately intend to fall down upon this county. We, for these two days past, have been working at our Fort here, and believe shall work this day (Sunday). This town is full of people, they being all moving in with their families—five or six families in a house. We are in great want of arms and ammunition; but with what we have we are determined to give the enemy as warm a reception as we can. Some of our people had been taken prisoners by this party, and have made their escape from them, and came in to us this morning.

As our Fort goes on here with great vigor, and expect it to be finished in fifteen days, in which we intend to place all the women and children, it would be greatly encouraging, could we have reason to expect assistance from Philadelphia by private donation of swivels, a few great guns, small arms and ammunition, we would send our own wagons for them; and we do not doubt but that upon proper application something of this kind will be done for us from Philadelphia.

We have one hundred men working at Fort Morris with heart and hand every day.

Dear sir, yours &c.,

JAMES BURD.

CONOCOCHEAQUE, November 3, 1775.

To the Hon. R. H. MORRIS, Esq., Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania—Sir:—I am sorry I have to trouble you with this melancholy and disagreeable news; for on Saturday an express came from Peters' township that the inhabitants of the Great Cove were all murdered or taken captive, and their houses and barns all in flames—some few fled, upon notice brought them by a certain Patrick Burns, a captive, who had made his escape that very morning before this sad tragedy was done. Upon information, as aforesaid, John Potter and myself sent expresses through our neighborhood, which induced many of them to meet with us, at John McDowell's mill, where I, with many others, had the unhappy prospect to see the smoke of two houses which had been set on fire by the Indians;

viz: Matthew Patton's and Mesech James' houses, where their cattle were shot down, and horses standing bleeding, *with Indian arrows in them*; but the Indians had fled.

The Rev. Mr. Steel, Esq., and several others with us, to the number of about one hundred, went in quest of the Indians, with all the expedition imaginable, but without success. These Indians have likewise taken two women captives, belonging to said township. I very much fear Path Valley has undergone the same fate.

George Croghan was at Aughwick, where he had a small fort and about thirty-five men; but whether he has been molested or not, we cannot as yet say. We, to be sure, are in as bad circumstances as ever any poor christians were in. For the cries of widowers, widows, fatherless and motherless children, with many others for their relations, are enough to pierce the hardest of hearts. It is likewise a very sorrowful spectacle to see those that escaped with their lives, have not a mouthful to eat or bed to lie on, or clothes to cover their nakedness, or keep them warm, but all they had, consumed into ashes. These deplorable circumstances cry aloud for your Honor's most wise consideration; and that your Honor would take cognizance of and grant what shall seem most meet. How shocking it is for the husband to see the wife of his bosom have her head cut off, and the children's blood drunk like water by these bloody and cruel savages; as we are informed it has been the fate of many.

While writing, I have received intelligence by some that fled from the Cove, that chiefly those in the upper part of it were killed, and taken.—One Galloway's son escaped after he saw his grand-mother shot down, and other relations taken prisoners.

From some news I have had, I am apprehensive that George Croghan is in distress, though just now Mr. Burd, with about forty men, left my house, and we intend to join him to-morrow at Mr. McDowell's mill, with all the force we can raise, in order to see what damages have been done, and for his relief.

As we have no magazines at present to supply the guards or scouts, the whole weight of their maintenance lies chiefly upon a few persons. I pray your Honor to excuse what blunders there are by reason of haste.

I am with due regard, your Honor's

Most obedient and humble servant, ADAM HOOPS.

CONOCOCHAGUE, NOV. 6, 1755.

May it please your Honor:—I have sent enclosed two qualifications, one of which is Patrick Burns', the bearer, and a tomahawk which was found sticking in the breast of one David McClellan.

The people of Path Valley are all gathered in a small fort, and according to the last account, were safe. The Great Cove and Canalloways are all burned to ashes, and about fifty persons killed or taken. Numbers of the inhabitants of this county have moved their families, some to York county, some to Maryland.

Hance Hamilton, Esq., is now at John McDowell's mill, with upwards of two hundred men from York county and two hundred from this county; in all about four hundred. To-morrow we intend to go to the Cove and Path Valley, in order to bring what cattle and horses the Indians let live.—We are informed by a Delaware Indian who lives amongst us, that on the same day the murder was committed, he saw four hundred Indians in the Cove, and we have some reason to believe they are about there yet.

The people of Sheerman's creek and Juniata have all come away and left their houses, and there are now about thirty miles of this county laid waste. I am afraid there will soon be more.

I am your Honor's most humble servant,

ADAM HOOPS.

P. S. I have just received the account of one George McSwane, who was taken about fourteen days ago, and has made his escape, and brought two scalps and a tomahawk with him.

Shortly after the Indians had made hostile incursions into the Great Cove and commenced their devastation, Sheriff Potter was in Philadelphia, as appears from the following extract, under date of Nov. 14, 1755.—*Prov. Rec.* N. 289.

Mr. Potter, the Sheriff of Cumberland being in town was sent for, and desired to give an account of the upper part of that county in which the Indians had committed their late ravages; and he said that twenty-seven plantations were burnt and a great quantity of cattle killed; that a woman ninety-three years of age was found lying killed, with her breast torn off and a stake run through her body. That of ninety-three families which were settled in the two Coves and the Canalloways, forty-seven were either killed or taken, and the rest deserted.

The names of those murdered and abducted, besides those already mentioned, are given in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of Nov. 13, 1755, and are as follows:

Elizabeth Galloway, Henry Gilson, Robert Peer, William Berryhill and David McClelland were murdered. The missing are John Martin's wife and five children; William Galloway's wife and two children, and a young woman; Charles Stewart's wife and two children; David McClelland's wife and two children. William Fleming and wife were taken prisoners. Fleming's son, and one Hicks, were killed and scalped.

Towards the close of December, 1755, the Indians committed some murders in Sheerman's valley. The following is an extract from the narrative of Robert Robison, as contained in Loudon's Narratives, pages 171-72.

"The next I remember was in 1755, the Woolcomber's family on Sheerman's creek; the whole of the inhabitants of the valley was gathered at Robison's, but the Woolcomber would not leave home, he said it was the Irish who were killing one another, these peaceable people, the Indians, would not hurt any person. Being at home and at dinner, the Indians came in, and the Quaker asked them to come and eat dinner; an Indian announced that he did not come to eat, but for scalps; the son, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, when he heard the Indian say so, repaired to a back door, and as he went out he looked back, and saw the Indian strike the tomahawk into his father's head. The boy then ran over the creek, which was near to the house, and heard the screams of his mother, sisters and brother. The boy came to our fort and gave us the alarm; about forty went to where the murder was done and buried the dead."

In the year 1755, says Loudon, Peter Shaver, John Savage and two other men were killed at the mouth of Shaver's creek, or Juniata, by the Indians.

Regardless of the inclemencies of the winter, the Indians still continued committing the most shocking murders imaginable, all along an unprotected frontier, from the Delaware river to the Potomac. Towards the close of January, 1756, they perpetrated murders on the Juniata river, within a few miles of Fort Patterson, at the mouth of Tuscarora valley, opposite Mexico.

On the 28th of January, the Indians murdered a number of persons at the Canalloways, in Cumberland county (now Bedford). According to the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of February 12, 1756, "they killed and scalped James Leaton; Catharine Stillwell, and one of her children were killed and scalped, and two others carried off; one about eight, the other three years old. Her husband, Richard Stillwell, was at a neighbor's house when *his* wife was attacked, and from thence got into Coom's fort. Elias Stillwell had seven horses and a mare carried off, one cow killed and one burnt. John McKenney's house was burnt, with all his household goods and clothing, and what remained of three beeves and seven fat hogs; he had likewise three cows killed; and three calves burnt in Samuel Eaton's barn. Samuel Hicks had eleven cattle and a valuable mare killed.—Richard Malone's house and barn were burnt, and two of his cattle killed. And a house was burnt that belonged to one Hicks, who had been murdered some time ago. The tracks of seven Indians and of a child, supposed to be Mr. Stilwell's, with those of the horses they carried off, were seen in a corn field, and they seemed to be going towards Aughwick."

A few days after the murder had been committed and damages done in the Canalloways, the Indians burnt the house of Widow Coxe, near McDowell's mill, in Cumberland county (Franklin), and carried off her two sons and another person. John Coxe, son of widow Coxe, stated in presence of the Provincial Council, September 6th, 1756, that himself, his brother Richard, and John Craig, were taken, by nine Delaware Indians, in February 1756, from a plantation two miles from McDowell's mill, and carried to Kittanning town on the Ohio (Allegheny) river, that on his way thither, he met *Shingas* with a party of thirty men, and afterwards with Captain Jacobs and fifteen, who were going on a design to destroy the settlements in Conegochege, that when he arrived at Kittanning, he saw there about one hundred fighting men of the Delaware tribe with their families and about fifty English prisoners consisting of men, women and children; that during his stay there *Shingas*' and Jacobs' parties returned, the one with nine scalps and ten prisoners; the other with several scalps and five prisoners; and that another company of eighteen came from *Diahoga* with seventeen scalps fixed on a pole and carried them to Fort Du Quesne to obtain their reward—That the warriors held a council, which, with their war dances, continued a week, after which, Captain Jacobs went with a party of forty-eight men intending (as he was told) to fall upon the inhabitants of Paxton; that the Indians frequently said they resolved to kill all the white folks except a few, with whom they would afterwards make a peace; that they made an example of one Paul Broadly, whom they, agreeable to their usual cruelty, beat for half an hour with clubs and tomahawks, and afterwards fastening him to a post, cropt his ears close to his head; and chopped his fingers—that they called together all the prisoners to witness the scene of their inhuman barbarity.

He further said, that about the beginning of March, he was taken by three Indians to *Diahoga*, where he found about fifty warriors

belonging to the Delaware, Mohiccon and Munsey tribes, and about twenty German prisoners; that while he was there, the Indians frequently went in parties of twelve, to destroy the inhabitants, and as often returned with their scalps, but no prisoners; that their whole conversation was continually filled with expressions of vengeance against the English, and resolutions to kill them, and lay waste their country. That in May all the Indians moved from Diahoga about twenty miles higher up the river to plant corn, where most of them have since lived.

That they, with the prisoners, during the whole summer have been in a starving condition, having very little venison and corn, and reduced to the necessity of living upon dog flesh and the few roots and berries they could collect in the woods; that several of the prisoners had died for the want of food.

That on the 9th of August he left Diahoga and came down the river in a canoe with Makomsey to Gnahay, to get some corn that was left under ground, and that in the morning after he arrived there, the Indians having gone out to hunt, he made his escape on the 14th of August (last) and came to Fort Augusta at six o'clock in the evening.

It is stated in the Provincial Records, "the poor boy was extremely reduced, had dangerous swellings on his body, and was in a sickly condition; the Governor therefore ordered him lodging and the attendance of a doctor."

On the 20th Feb. 1756, says Gordon, Captain Patterson with a scouting party, fell in with some Indians at Middle creek in Cumberland county (now Union), *one of whom they scalped* and put the others to flight, having one of his own men wounded. He reported the woods, from the Juniata to Shamokin, to be filled with Indians, seeking plunder and scalps, and burning all the houses, and destroying the grain in that vicinity.

"February 1756, a party of Indians from Shamokin came to Juniata. They first came to Hugh Mitcheltrees, being on the river, who had gone to Carlisle, and got a young man, named Edward Nicholas to stay with his wife until he would return—the Indians killed them both. The same party of Indians went up the river where the Luken's now live—William Wilcox lived on the opposite side of the river, whose wife and eldest son had come over the river on some business—the Indians came while they were there and killed old Edward Nicholas and his wife, and took Joseph, Thomas and Catharine Nicholas, John Wilcox, James Armstrong's wife and two children prisoners.

"An Indian named Cotties, who wished to be Captain of *this* party, when they did choose him, he would not go with them. He and a boy went to Sheerman's creek, and killed William Sheridan and his family, thirteen in number. They then went down the creek to where three old persons lived, two men and a woman, called French, whom they killed; of which they often boasted afterwards, that he and the boy took more scalps than the whole party.

"On Sunday, February 29, 1756, two boys, at a small distance from David David's, in the Little Cove, Cumberland county, were fired upon by some Indians. One of them escaped and alarmed the fort. The Indians to the number of twenty immediately came up and took possession of the barn, and fired repeatedly on the fort, in which there were eight or ten men. The fire was briskly and effectively returned. Failing in this attempt, the enemy divided their force into two parties, and proceeded to the commission of the usual ravages. But the inhabitants of Peters township collected in small parties between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, marched to the fort, and on the next morning set out in pursuit of the savages.— They came in sight of six on horseback, who, being closely pursued, abandoned their horses and fled into the woods, leaving behind them a woman they had taken the day before, near the Potomac.

"Another party under Mr. Potter, discovered the trail of two companions of the enemy, whom they followed, until baffled in the pursuit by the falling snow. These companions belonged to Shingas and Jacobs. In this affray they killed four whites, and made prisoners of a like number.

"In the evening of the same day, a party of Indians was discovered by one Alexander, near the house of Thomas Barr, in Peters township. Alexander was pursued, but escaped, and alarmed the fort at McDowell's mill; and notice of the presence of the enemy was speedily given to the township. Early on Monday morning, a party composed of fourteen men of Capt. Croghan's company, who were at the mill, and about twelve other young men set off to watch the motions of the enemy. Within a quarter of a mile of Barr's they fell in with fifty, and sent back for a reinforcement from the fort. The young lads proceeded by a circuit to take the enemy in the rear, whilst the soldiers should attack them in front. But the impetuosity of the soldiers defeated their plan. For, getting within gun shot, they immediately engaged the Indians, who were standing around the fire, and slew several of them at the first discharge. The Indians briskly returned the fire, killing one of the soldiers, and compelled the rest to retreat. The party of young men, hearing the report of fire arms, hastened up, and finding the Indians on the ground which the soldiers had occupied, delivered their fire with effect, but, concluding that the soldiers had fled, or were slain, they also retreated. One of their number, Barr's son, was wounded, and would have fallen by the tomahawk of an Indian, had not the savage been killed by a shot from one Armstrong, who saw him running upon the lad. Soon after, the soldiers and young men being joined by a re-inforcement from the mill, again sought the enemy, who, eluding their pursuit, crossed the creek near William Clark's, and attempted to surprise the fort; but their design was discovered by two Dutch lads, coming from foddering their master's cattle. One of the lads was slain, but the other reached the fort, which was immediately surrounded by the Indians, who, from a thicket, fired many shots at the men in the garrison, who appeared above the wall, and returned the

fire as often as they obtained sight of the enemy. At this time, two men crossing to the mill fell into the middle of the assailants, but made their escape into the fort, though fired at three times. The party at Barr's now came up, and drove the Indians through the thicket; in their retreat they met five men from Mr. Hoops', riding to the mill; they killed one of these, and wounded another severely. The sergeant at the fort, having lost two of his men, declined to follow the enemy, until his commander, Mr. Crawford, who was at Hoops' should return, and, the snow falling thick, they had time to burn Barr's house, and in it they consumed their dead. In the morning of the second of March, Mr. Crawford, with fifty men, went in quest of the enemy, but was unsuccessful in his search.—*Gordon's Hist. Pa.*

Every where along the frontier did the Indians commit the most horrid murders. Their implacable cruelty was stimulated by the promise of reward for scalps on the part of the French; beside the promise of restoring them their lands.

In a letter dated March 8, 1756, Hanover township, Lancaster (now Dauphin) county, it is said that the morning before, namely, the 7th of March, Andrew Lycan, who lived over the mountain, had been attacked by the Indians.

He had with him a son, John Lycan, a negro man, and a boy and two of his neighbors, John Revolt and Ludwig Shut. That Andrew Lycan and John Revolt went out early that morning to fodder their creatures, when two guns were fired at them, but did not hurt them: upon which they ran into the house and prepared themselves for an engagement. That then the Indians got under cover of a hog-house near the dwelling house, John Lycan, Revolt, and Shut, crept out of the house, in order to get a shot at them, but were fired at by the Indians, and all wounded, and Shut in the abdomen. That Andrew Lycan saw one of the Indians over the hog-house, and got a little distance from it; and also saw two white men run out of the hog-house and get a little distance from it. That upon this, our people endeavored to escape, but were pursued by the Indians to the number of sixteen or upwards, and John Lycan and Revolt being badly wounded, were able to do nothing, and so went off with the negro, and left Andrew Lycan, Shut and the boy, engaged with the Indians. That the enemy pursued so closely, that one of them came up to the boy and was going to strike his tomahawk into him, when Shut turned and shot him dead, and Lycan shot another, and he is positive that he killed him—saw a third fall, and thinks they wounded some more of them. That they being now both badly wounded, and almost spent, they sat down on a log to rest themselves, and the Indians stood a little way off looking at them.

That one of the said Indians killed was Bill Davis, and two others they knew to be Tom Hickman and Tom Hays, all Delawares, and well known in these parts. That all our men got into Hanover township, and under the care of a doctor, and are likely to do well, but have lost all they are worth. And that the people of that township were raising a number of men to go after the enemy. The

above people lived twenty-five miles below Shamokin, at or near Wiskinisco creek.

There were many singular and dangerous encounters between the English and Indians, which seem to startle the reader. But among the many achievements, says Loudon, against the Indians in our wars with them, few exceed that performed by Samuel Bell, formerly owner of the noted farm on the Stony Ridge, five miles below Carlisle, which was as follows :

Some time after General Braddock's defeat, he and his brother, James Bell, agreed to go into Sherman's valley to hunt for deer, and were to meet at Croghan's, now Sterret's Gap, on the Blue Mountain ; by some means or other they did not meet, and Samuel slept all night in a cabin belonging to Mr. Patton on Shearman's creek : in the morning he had not travelled far before he spied three Indians, who at the same time saw him ; they all fired at each other ; he wounded one of the Indians, but received no damage, except through his clothes by the balls ; several shots were fired on both sides, for each took a tree ; he took out his tomahawk and stuck it into the tree behind which he stood, so that should they approach he might be prepared ; the tree was grazed with the Indian's balls, and he had thoughts of making his escape by flight, but on reflection had doubts of his being able to out run them. After some time the two Indians took the wounded one and put him over a fence, and one took one course and the other another, taking a compass so that Bell could no longer secure himself by the tree, but by trying to ensnare him they had to expose themselves, by which means he had the good fortune to shoot one of them dead, the other ran and took the dead Indian on his back, one leg over each shoulder : by this time Bell's gun was again loaded ; he then ran after the Indian until he came within about four yards from him, fired, and shot through the dead Indian, and lodged his ball in the other, who dropped the dead man and ran off ; on his return, coming past the fence where the wounded Indian was, he despatched him, but did not know he had killed the third Indian until his bones were found afterwards.

About the 4th April, 1756, McCord's fort in Conococheague, was burned by the Indians, and twenty-seven persons were killed or captured ; the Indians escaped the pursuit of two parties of inhabitants of the vicinity, who had divided themselves into three parties to seek them. Several other forts along the frontier line were watched by outlying parties of savages, and every straggler was made a prisoner or shot down. The third party came up with the enemy at Sidling Hill, with whom they had a smart engagement for two hours, during which they fired twenty-four rounds, but were overpowered by numbers, the Indians having been reinforced by a force under Shingas.—Each side sustained a loss of about twenty killed and as many wounded.

In a letter dated, at Shippensburg, April 12, 1756, a list of the killed and wounded, in the above named engagement with the Indians, is given.

KILLED of the company under the command of Capt. Culbertson : Alex. Culbertson, Captain ; John Reynolds, ensign of Capt. Chambers' company ; William Kerr, James Blair, John Layson, William Denny, Francis Scott, William Boyd, Jacob Paynter, Jacob Jones, Robert Kerr and Wm. Chambers.

WOUNDED, Abraham Jones, Francis Campbell, William Reynolds, John Barnet, Benjamin Blyth, John McDonald and Isaac Miller.

KILLED of Captain Hamilton's men under the command of Ensign Jamieson, Daniel McCoy, James Robinson, James Peace, John Blair, Henry Jones, John McCarty and John Kelly.

WOUNDED, Ensign Jamieson, James Robinson, William Hunter, Matthias Ganshorn, Wm. Swailes, and James Lowder (since dead.)

[*Letter from Hance Hamilton to Captain Potter.*]

FORT LITTLETON, April 4, 1756, 8 o'clock, P. M.

SIR :—These come to inform you of the melancholy news of what occurred between the Indians that have taken many captives from McCord's Fort, and a party of men under the command of Capt. Alexander Culbertson, and nineteen of our men, the whole amounting to about fifty with the captives, and had a sore engagement, many of both parties killed and many wounded ; the number unknown ; those wounded want a surgeon, and those killed require your assistance as soon as possible to bury them. We have sent an express to Fort Shirley for Doctor Mercer, supposing Doctor Jamieson is killed, or mortally wounded in the expedition, he being not returned ; therefore desire you will send an express immediately for Dr. Prentice to Carlisle, we imagining Dr. Mercer cannot leave the Fort under the circumstances the Fort is under. Our Indian Isaac has brought in Capt. Jacob's scalp (!) [Not quite certain.]

Sir, please to exert yourself in this affair,

I am sir, &c. HANCE HAMILTON.

PETER'S TOWNSHIP, in Cumberland Co., April 11th, 1756.

May it please your Honor. (Gov. Morris.)

Upon my return to Cumberland county, I applied immediately to Capt. Burd and Captain Patterson, for the draughts out of their companies, according to your Honor's instructions ; but the time for which most of their men was enlisted, is expired, they could not fulfill your Honor's orders.—Most of the Forts had not received their full complement of guns. But we are in a great measure supplied by the arms the young men had brought with them. Capt. Patterson had received but thirty three fire arms ; Capt. Mercer has not so many, but is supplied by Mr. Croghan's arms ; and Capt. Hamilton has lost a considerable number of his at the late skirmish beyond Sideling Hill.

As I can neither have the men, arms, nor blankets, I am obliged to apply to your honor for them ; the necessity of our circumstances has obliged me to muster before two magistrates the one-half of my company whom I enlisted, and am obliged to borrow yours. I pray that with all possible expedition, fifty-four fire arms, and as many blankets, and a quantity of flints may be sent me ; for since McCord's Fort has been taken, and the men defeated that pursued, our country is in the utmost confusion.

Great numbers have left the county, and many are preparing to follow. May it please your Honor to allow me an Ensign, for I find that a sergeant's pay will not prevail with men to enlist in whom much confidence is to be reposed. I beg leave to recommend Archibald Erwin to your honor for this purpose. As Mr. Hoops can give your honor a particular account of the late incursions of the enemy, I need not trouble your honor with any account of mine.

I am your Honor's most obliged, humble servant, JOHN STEEL.

In the year 1756, Captain Jacobs, an Indian chief and forty warriors, came upon the Coves, in Cumberland county, burned and destroyed that little settlement, killed many and took a number of prisoners. One Hugh McSwine was abroad at the time; when he came home he followed after and overtook them at Tussey's Narrows; Jacobs took him for a spy and made him prisoner; there was with this party of Indians, one Jackson, a white man, who had joined the Indians, and was more industrious and revengeful than the native Indians; next morning Capt. Jacobs sent McSwine and another prisoner, under the care of Jackson and one warrior, by whom he also sent his horse and a silver mounted gun, while they went in quest of some more of the poor unhappy inhabitants; the Indian and Jackson, with the two prisoners, travelled until night came on, when they took up their lodging in a waste cabin, and sent McSwine to cut rails to make a fire, but when he got the axe, he began to think how he could manage to kill both Indian and white man, and immediately put his plan into execution; he went in with his axe, split down the Indian, but before he had time to strike another blow, Jackson was on his feet, and they instantly got in gripes with each other; they were both very strong men, and after a long time, McSwine began to fail, and was still calling on the other man to assist him, but he stood trembling, and could do nothing; at length McSwine had the good fortune to get one of the guns in his hand, knocked down his antagonist, and so put an end to him; he scalped both the Indian and Jackson; and next evening arrived at Fort Cumberland,* with Captain Jacob's horse and gun; Colonel Washington sent him to Winchester, (Virginia,) where he got paid for the scalps, horse and gun, and received a lieutenant's commission.

"About this time there was a party of Cherokees, seventy in number, who came to the assistance of the people of Pennsylvania; they went in pursuit of a party of Indians as far as the west side of Sideling Hill, when they despaired of coming up with them and returned. There were some white men along with these Cherokees, among whom was Hugh McSwine; this party on their return fell in with another party of Indians coming into the settlements to murder, and a skirmish ensued, but by some means McSwine was parted from his company, and pursued by these Indians, his gun being loaded, he turned round and shot the one nearest to him, and then ran on, and charging again, shot another, upon which the third gave a yell and turned back; the Cherokees shortly after brought in four scalps and two prisoners of the enemy, one of which was a squaw, who had been twelve times at war. About this time some Cherokees and white men went to reconnoitre Fort Duquesne, and in returning home the white men were not able to keep up with the Indians, and so were left behind in the wilderness, and some of them got home in a very

*We have been informed that the reason of McSwine's going so quickly to Fort Cumberland was, Capt. Jacobs with his party intended to attack the fort the day after McSwine arrived there, but by his giving information to Col. Washington, he was prepared for them, and they were disappointed in their plans. The fort was not taken.—Loudon.

drestraining condition. Hugh McSwine, after many dangerous enterprises, and much toil and fatigue, many battles and skirmishes with the Indians, fell by them in a battle near Ligonier.

"William Mitchel, an inhabitant of Conococheague, had collected a number of reapers to cut down his grain; having gone out to the field, the reapers all laid down their guns at the fence, and set in to reap; the Indians suffered them to reap for some time till they got out into the open field; they then secured their guns, killed and captured them every man.

"At another time there came a party of Indians into Conococheague and took a number of scalps and prisoners, for at that time the inhabitants were never secure; no sooner had one party finished their work of destruction and retreated, than another commenced their depredations; however a large company of men was quickly collected and pursued those Indians, overtook them at Sideling Hill and surprised them in their camp; upon which the Indians ran off with the greatest precipitation and left their guns behind, but the white men neglected to secure them, the Indians taking a circuitous course, procured their guns, came upon them and defeated them; but whether the prisoners were released or not, we do not remember of hearing."—*Loudon's Narrative*.

The Indians persevered in their depredations and works of destruction. On Wednesday, the 26th May, 1756, they came to the plantation of John Wasson, in Peters township, Cumberland county, (now Franklin) whom they killed and mangled in so horrid and cruel a manner, that a regard to decency forbids describing it; they afterwards burnt his house and carried off his wife. A party of Peters' and Steel's men went out after the enemy, but to no purpose.

Some time in June, Fort Bigham, in Tuscarora valley, about twelve miles from Mifflin, was destroyed by the Indians. A number were carried off and some killed. George Woods, Nathaniel Bigham, Robert Taylor, his wife and one child, and John McDoanell were missing. Some of these, it was supposed were burnt, as a number of bones were found. Susan Giles was found dead and scalped; Alexander McAllister and his wife, James Adams, Jane Cochran, and two children, were missed. McAllister's house had been burnt, and a number of cattle and horses had been driven off. The enemy was supposed to be numerous, as they did eat and carry off a great deal of the beef they had killed.—*Penna. Gazette*.

July 26th, 1756, they killed Joseph Martin, and took captive John McCullough and James McCullough, in the Conococheague settlement.* August 27th, there was a great slaughter or massacre, wherein the Indians killed thirty-nine persons. This happened on the Salisbury plain, near the mouth of Conococheague creek, as a number of men, women and children were attending a funeral: they were fired on by the Indians, who killed and scalped fifteen persons, and wounded many of the others. The same day six men went

*See McCullough's Narrative.

from Isaac Baker's upon the scout; one returned wounded; four were killed, and the other was captured: and six others, going to one Erwin's, to haul grain, were attacked; one wounded in the hand, who, together with a companion, escaped; the rest were killed.—Four more, who went from Shirley's fort, were also massacred or made prisoners. On the same day, two families on Salisbury plain, consisting of nine persons, were most inhumanly butchered and mangled.

Upon the following day, as Captain Emmet and a scouting party were crossing the South mountain, they were fired on, and three of their number killed and two wounded. A few days after this, one William Morrison went to his place in Conococheague settlement, where he was discovered by five Indians, and finding he could not escape by running, he put himself in an active position, beckoning and making signs, first to one side, then to the other, as if a party of his friends were at hand, trying to surround the Indians, which they perceiving, retreated into the woods, and he got off safe.—*Gordon.*

About the middle of August of this year, Col. Armstrong made preparations for an expedition against Kittanning, from which, up the Kiskiminetas and down the Juniata, the Indians made their incursions. At this place, ammunition and supplies for the Indians, was sent by the French to carry havoc into the settlements. At this place the noted Captain Jacobs, a Delaware, lived, and the famous Shingas also occasionally resided. To break up this Indian rendezvous, and to strike a blow which would be felt by the savages, and relieve the frontier settlements from the horrors of Indian warfare, the expedition of Col. Armstrong was planned, and gallantly carried into execution. His force consisted of three hundred and seven men.

The following is the official report of Col. Armstrong, and is an excellent history of the transaction:

FORT LITTLETON, (Bedford Co. Pa.,) Sept. 14, 1756.

May it please your Honor:—Agreeable to mine of the 29th ult., we marched from Fort Shirley the day following, and on Wednesday, the 3d instant, joined our advanced party at the Beaver Dams, a few miles from Frankstown, on the north branch of Juniata. We were there informed that some of our men having been out upon a scout, had discovered the tracks of two Indians on this side of the Allegheny mountain, and but a few miles from the camp. From the freshness of the tracks, the killing of a cub bear, and the marks of their fires, it seemed evident that they were not twenty-four hours before us, which might be looked upon as a particular Providence in our favor that we were not discovered. Next morning we decamped, and in two days came within fifty miles of the Kittanning. It was then adjudged necessary to send some persons to reconnoitre the town, and to get the best intelligence they could concerning the situation and position of the enemy. Whereupon an officer, with one of the pilots and two soldiers, were sent off for that purpose.

The day following, we met them on their return, and they informed us that the roads were entirely clear of the enemy, and that they had the greatest reason to believe they were not discovered; but from the rest of the intelligence they gave, it appeared they had not been nigh enough the

town, either to perceive the true situation of it, the number of the enemy, or what way it might be most advantageously attacked.

We continued our march, intending to get as near the town as possible that night, so as to be able to attack it next morning about daylight; but to our great dissatisfaction, about nine or ten o'clock at night, one of our guides came and told us that he perceived a fire by the roadside, at which he saw two or three Indians, a few perches distant from our front. Whereupon, with all possible silence, I ordered the rear to retreat about one hundred perches, in order to make way for the front, that we might consult how we could best proceed without being discovered by the enemy.

Some time after the pilot returned a second time, and assured us from the best observations he could make, there were not above three or four Indians at the fire. On which it was proposed that we should immediately surround, and cut them off; but this was thought too hazardous; for, if but one of the enemy had escaped, it would have been the means of discovering the whole design, and the light of the moon, on which depended our advantageously posting our men, and attacking the town, would not admit of our staying until the Indians fell asleep. On which it was agreed to have Lieut. Hogg go with twelve men and the person who first discovered the fire, with orders to watch the enemy, but not to attack them till break of day, and then, if possible, to cut them off. It was also agreed (we believing ourselves to be but about six miles from the town,) to leave the horses, many of them being tired, with what blankets and other baggage we then had, and take a circuit off of the road, which was very rough and incommodious, on account of the stones and fallen timber, in order to prevent our being heard by the enemy at the fire place.

This interruption much retarded our march; but a still greater loss arose from the ignorance of our pilots, who neither knew the true situation of the town, nor the best paths that led thereto; by which means after crossing a number of hills and valleys, our front reached the river Allegheny, about one hundred perches below the main body of the town, a little before the setting of the moon; to which place, rather than by pilots, we were guided by the beating of the drum and the whooping of the warriors, at their dances.

It then became us to make the best use of the remaining moonlight; but ere we were aware, an Indian whistled in a very singular manner, about thirty perches from our front, in the foot of a corn-field;—upon which we immediately sat down, and after passing silence to the rear, I asked one Baker, a soldier, who was our best assistant, whether that was not a signal to the warriors, of our approach. He answered, No; and said it was the manner of a young fellow's calling a squaw, after he had done his dance, who, accordingly kindled a fire, cleaned his gun and shot it off, before he went to sleep.

All this time we were obliged to lay quiet and hush, till the moon was faintly set. Immediately after, a number of fires appeared in different parts of the corn-field, by which, Baker said, the Indians lay, the night being warm, and that these fires would immediately be out, as they were only designed to disperse the gnats.

By this time it was break of day, and the men having marched thirty miles, were mostly asleep; the line being long, the three companies of the rear were not yet brought over the last precipice. For these, some proper hands were immediately dispatched, and the weary soldiers being roused to their feet, a proper number under sundry officers were ordered to take the end of the hill, at which we then lay, and march along the top of the said hill, at least one hundred perches, and so much farther, it being then daylight, as would carry them opposite the upper part, or at least the body of

the town, for the lower part thereof, and the corn-field; presuming the warriors were there, I kept rather the larger number of the men, promising to postpone the attack in that part for eighteen or twenty minutes, until the detachment along the hill should have time to advance to the place assigned them. In doing of which, they were a little unfortunate.

The time being elapsed, the attack was begun in the cornfield, and the men with all expedition possible, dispatched through the several parts thereof. A party being also dispatched to the houses which were then discovered by the light of the day. Captain Jacobs immediately then gave the war-whoop, and with sundry other Indians, as the English prisoners afterwards told us, cried, "The white men were at last come, they would then have scalps enough;" but at the same time ordered their squaws and children to flee to the woods.

Our men, with great earnestness, passed through and fired in the cornfield, where they had several returns from the enemy, as they also had from the opposite side of the river. Presently after, a brisk fire began among the houses, which from the house of Captain Jacobs, was returned with a great deal of resolution; to which place I immediately repaired, and found that from the advantages from the house and port holes, sundry of our people were wounded, and some killed; and finding that returning the fire upon the house was ineffectual, ordered the contiguous houses to be set on fire, which was performed with a great deal of activity—the Indians always firing whenever an object presented itself, and seldom missed of wounding or killing some of our people; from which house, in moving about and giving the necessary directions, I received a wound with a large musket ball, in the shoulder. Sundry persons during the action, were ordered to tell the Indians to surrender themselves prisoners, but one of the Indians in particular answered and said, "He was a man, and would not be a prisoner." Upon which he was told in Indian, he would be burnt.—To this he answered, he did not care, for he would kill four or five before he died; and had we not desisted from exposing ourselves, they would have killed a great many more—they having a number of loaded guns there. As the fire began to approach, and the smoke grow thick, one of the Indian fellows, to show his manhood, began to sing. A squaw in the same house, and at the same time, was heard to cry and make a noise, but for so doing, was severely rebuked by the men; but by and by, the fire being too hot for them, two Indian fellows and a squaw sprung out and made for the corn-field, who were immediately shot down by our people; then surrounding the houses, it was thought Captain Jacobs tumbled himself out at the garret or cock-loft window, at which he was shot—our prisoners offering to be qualified to the powder-horn and pouch there taken off him, which they say he had lately got from a French officer in exchange for Lieutenant Armstrong's boots, which he carried from Fort Granville, where the Lieutenant was killed. The same prisoners say they are perfectly assured of his scalp, as no other Indians there wore their hair in the same manner. They also say they know his squaw's scalp by a particular bob; and also know the scalp of a young Indian called the *King's son*. Before this time, Captain Hugh Mercer, who early in the action was wounded in the arm, had been taken to the top of the hill above the town, to where a number of the men and some of the officers were gathered, from whence they had discovered some Indians cross the river and take the hill, with an intention, they thought, to surround us and cut us and our retreat off, from whom I had sundry pressing messages to leave the house and retreat to the hill, or we should all be cut off; but to this, I could by no means consent, until all the houses were set on fire; though our spreading upon the hill appeared very necessary, yet did it prevent our searches of the cornfield

and river side, by which means sundry scalps were left behind, and doubtless some squaws, children, and English prisoners, that otherwise might have been got.

During the burning of the houses, which were nearly thirty in number, we were agreeably entertained with a quick succession of charged guns gradually firing off, as they were reached by the fire; but more so with the vast explosion of sundry bags and large kegs of gunpowder, wherewith almost every house abounded. The prisoners afterwards informed us that the Indians had frequently said they had a sufficient stock of ammunition for ten years to war with the English. With the roof of Captain Jacob's house, where the powder blew up, was thrown the leg and thigh of an Indian, with a child of three or four years old, such a height that they appeared as nothing, and fell into the adjacent corn-field.

There was also a great quantity of goods burnt, which the Indians had received but ten days before from the French.

By this time I had proceeded to the hill, to have my wound tied up, and the blood stopped, where the prisoners, who in the morning had come to our people, informed me that that very day two batteaux of Frenchmen, with a large party of Delawares and French Indians were to join Capt. Jacobs, at Kittanning, and to set out early next morning to take Fort Shirley, or as they called it, *George Croghan's Fort*, and that twenty-four warriors, who had lately come to town, were sent out before them the evening before, for what purpose they did not know, whether to prepare meat, to spy the fort, or to make an attack upon some of our back inhabitants.

Soon after, upon a little reflection, we were convinced these warriors were all at the fire we had discovered but the night before, and began to doubt the fate of Lieut. Hogg and his party. From this intelligence of the prisoners, our provisions being scaffolded some thirty miles back, except what were in the men's haversacks which were left with the horses and blankets with Lieut. Hogg and his party, and a number of wounded people then on hand, by the advice of the officers it was thought imprudent then to wait for the cutting down of the corn-field, (which was before designed,) but immediately to collect our wounded and force our march back, in the best manner we could, which we did by collecting a few Indian horses to carry off our wounded.

From the apprehension of being way-laid and surrounded, (especially by some of the woodsmen,) it was difficult to keep the men together; our march for sundry miles not exceeding two miles an hour—which apprehensions were heightened by the attempt of a few Indians, who, for some time after the march, fired upon each wing, and immediately ran off, from whom we received no other damage but one of our men being wounded through both legs. Capt. Mercer being wounded, was induced, as we have reason to believe, by some of his men, to leave the main body with his Ensign, John Scott, and ten or twelve men, they being heard tell him that we were in great danger, and that they could take him into the road a nigh way, is probably lost, there being yet no account of him, and most of the men have come in. A detachment was sent back to bring him in, but could not find him; and upon the return of the detachment, it was generally reported he was seen with the above number of men, take a different road.

Upon our return to the place where the Indian fire had been discovered the night before, we met with a Sergeant of Capt. Mercer's company, and two or three others of his men, who had deserted us that morning immediately after the action at the Kittanning. These men, on running away, had met Lieutenant Hogg, who lay wounded in two different parts of his body, by the road-side. He there told them of the fatal mistake of the pilot, who had assured us there were but three Indians at most at the fire

place, but when he came to attack them that morning, according to orders, he found a number considerably superior to his, and believes they killed or mortally wounded three of them at the first fire. After which a warm engagement began, and continued for about an hour, when three of his best men were killed, and himself twice wounded, the residue fleeing off—he was obliged to squat in a thicket, where he might have lain securely until the main body had come up, if this cowardly sergeant and others that fled with him, had not taken him away.

They had marched but a short space when four Indians appeared, on which these deserters began to flee. The Lieutenant then, notwithstanding his wounds, as a brave soldier, urged and commanded them to stand and fight, which they all refused. The Indians pursued, killing one man, and wounding the Lieutenant a third time in the belly, of which he died in a few hours; but he having some time before been put on horseback, rode some miles from the place of action; but this last attack of the Indians upon Lieut. Hogg and the deserters, was by the before mentioned sergeant represented to us quite in a different light: he telling us that there were a far larger number of the Indians there than appeared to them, and that he and the men had fought five rounds. That he had there seen the Lieut. and sundry others killed and scalped, and had also discovered a number of Indians throwing themselves before us, and insinuated a great deal of such stuff as threw us into much confusion, so that the officers had a great deal to do to keep the men together, but could not prevail with them to collect what horses and other baggage the Indians had left, after their conquest of Lieutenant Hogg and the party under his command in the morning, except a few of the horses, which some of the bravest of the men were prevailed on to collect. So that from the mistake of the pilot who spied the Indians at the fire, and the cowardice of the said sergeant, and other deserters, we have sustained a considerable loss of our horses and baggage.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of the enemy killed in the action, as some were destroyed by fire, and others in different parts of the cornfield; but upon a moderate-computation, it is believed that there cannot be less than thirty or forty killed and mortally wounded, as much blood was found in sundry parts of the corn-field, and Indians seen in several places crawl into the woods on hands and feet, whom the soldiers, in pursuit of others, then overlooked, expecting to find and scalp them afterwards, and also several killed and wounded in crossing the river.

On beginning our march back, we had about a dozen of scalps, and eleven English prisoners, but now find that four or five of the scalps are missing; part of which were lost on the road and part in possession of the men with Capt. Mercer, separated from the main body, with whom also went four prisoners; the other seven being now at this place, where we arrived on Sunday night, not being attacked through our whole march by the enemy, though we expected it every day. Upon the whole, had our pilots understood the situation of the town, and the paths leading to it, so as to have posted us at a convenient place, where the disposition of the men and the duty assigned them could have been performed with greater advantage, we had, by Divine assistance, destroyed a much greater number of the enemy, recovered more prisoners and sustained less damage, than what we at present have. But the advantage gained over these, our common enemies, is far from being satisfactory to us, yet must we not despise the smallest degree of success that God is pleased to give, especially at a time when the attempts of our enemies have been so prevalent and successful. I am sure there was the greatest inclination to do more, had it been in our power, as the officers and most of the soldiers, throughout the whole action, exerted themselves with as much activity and resolution as could possibly be expected.

Our prisoners inform us the Indians have for some time past talked of fortifying at the Kittanning and other towns. That the number of French at Fort Du Quesne is about four hundred. That the principal part of their provisions came up the river, from the Mississippi; and that in the three other forts, which the French have on the Ohio, there are not more men, taken together, than what there are at Fort Du Quesne.

I hope as soon as possible to receive your Honor's instructions with regard to the distribution or stationing of the sundry companies in this battalion; and as a number of men are now wanting in each of the companies, whether or no they should be immediately recruited, and if the sundry officers are to recruit, that money be speedily sent for that purpose.

I beg the favor of your Honor, as soon as possible to furnish Governor Morris with a copy of this letter, and the gentlemen commissioners for the Province another, as my present indisposition neither admits me to write, or dictate any more at this time.

In case a quantity of ammunition is not already sent to Carlisle, it should be sent as soon as possible; and also, if the companies are to be recruited and completed, there must be an immediate supply of about three hundred blankets, as there have been a great many lost in the present expedition. Enclosed is a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the several companies. I expect to get to Carlisle in about four days.

Yours, &c.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

To Hon. W. DENNY.

A list of the names of persons killed, wounded and missing, out of the several companies employed in the late expedition against Kittanning:—Of Lieut. Col. John Armstrong's company—Thomas Power and John McCormick, killed; Lieut. Col. Armstrong, James Carruthers, James Strickland, and Thomas Foster, wounded. Of Capt. Hamilton's company—John Kelly, killed. Of Capt. Mercer's company—John Baker, John McCartney, Patrick Mullen, Cornelius McGinnis, Theophilus Thompson, Dennis Kilpatrick and Bryan Carrigan, killed; Richard Fitzgibbons, wounded; Capt. Hugh Mercer, Ensign John Scott, Emanuel Minshew, John Taylor, John —, Francis Phillips, Robert Morrow, Thomas Burk, and Philip Pendergrass, missing. Of Capt. Armstrong's company—Lieut. James Hogg, James Anderson, Holdcraft Sturiger, Edward O'Brians, James Higgins, John Lawson, killed; William Findley, Robert Robinson, John Ferral, Thomas Camplin, Charles O'Neal, wounded; John Lewis, William Hunter, William Baker, George Appleby, Anthony Griesey, Thomas Ewan, missing. Of Capt. Ward's company—William Welsh, killed; Ephraim Bratton, wounded; Patrick Myers, Lawrence Donnahow and Samuel Chambers, missing. Of Capt. Potter's company—Ensign James Potter, and Andrew Douglass wounded. Of the Rev. Capt. Steel's company—Terence Canuaberry, missing. Total: killed, seventeen; wounded, thirteen; missing, nineteen.

A list of the English prisoners retaken from the Indians at Kittanning. Ann McCord, wife of John McCord, taken at McCord's Fort in Conococheague; Martha Thorn, about seven years old, taken at the same place; Bathara Hicks, taken at Conollaways; Catharine Smith a German child, taken near Shamokin; Margaret Hood, taken near the mouth of Conococheague, in Maryland; Thomas Girty, taken at Fort Grenville; Sarah Kelly, taken near Winchester, in Virginia; besides one woman and a boy, and two little girls, who, with Captain Mercer and Ensign Scott, separated from the main body, as we began our march from Kittanning, are not yet come in.

For the signal success of Colonel John Armstrong, in reducing Kittanning, the Corporation of the City of Philadelphia, voted him

* During the French and Indian wars, the times were such, in Pennsylvania, especially along the frontier settlements, that the services of all who could shoulder a gun, or handle a defensive weapon, were demanded. Clergymen of several denominations had accepted of commissions, while others, from their pulpits animated the people to manfully resist the hostile foe. The Rev. Steel, of Cumberland, the Rev. Elder, of Lancaster, (now Dauphin), the Rev. John Conrad Bucher, grandfather of Judge Bucher, of Harrisburg;—the first named was a Captain, and two last Colonels; during this war, Rev. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Barton, of York county, Episcopal Clergymen, were alike active in the service of their country.

The Rev. Peters, writing from Philadelphia, May 3d, 1758, to Mr. Stevenson, of York, says: "The Ministers should be desired, in different and proper parts of the country, and at proper distances, as their congregations may be seated, to appoint meetings, and animate the people to raise levies with all possible dispatch." Stevenson, in answer to Mr. Peters, writes, York, May 31st: "The Rev. Craddock gave me the pleasure of a visit, and preached an excellent war sermon from Lishy's pulpit, on Friday last, in the hearing of the Rev. Barton, Bay and Lishy; he went with Mr. Barton yesterday; and is to deliver another sermon to the same purpose to day, from Mr. Barton's pulpit."

and his gallant officers their thanks, and conferred upon them other favors.

Some time in the month of July, 1756, the Indians appeared again in Sherman's valley, and abducted Hugh Robinson.

"I was," says Robinson, "taken captive by the Indians, from Robin's fort in Sherman's valley, in July, 1756, at which time my mother was killed; I was taken back to their towns, where I suffered much from hunger and abuse; many times they beat me most severely, and once they sent me to gather wood to burn myself, but I cannot tell whether they intended to do it or to frighten me; however, I did not remain long before I was adopted into an Indian family, and then I lived as they did, though the living was very poor. I was then about fourteen years of age: my Indian father's name was Busqueetam; he was lame in consequence of a wound received by his knife in skinning a deer, and being unable to walk, he ordered me to drive forks into the ground and cover it with bark to make a lodge for him to lie in, but the forks not being secure they gave way, and the bark fell down upon him and hurt him very much, which put him in a great rage, and calling for his knife, ordered us to carry him upon a blanket into the hut, and I must be one that helps to carry him in; while we were carrying him I saw him hunting for the knife, but my Indian mother had taken care to convey it away, and when we had got him again fixed in his bed, my mother ordered me to conceal myself, which I did; I afterwards heard him reproving her for putting away the knife; for by this time I had learned to understand a little of their language. However his passion wore off and we did very well for the future.

"Some time after this all the prisoners in the neighborhood were collected to be spectators of the cruel death of a poor, unhappy woman, a prisoner, amongst which number I was. The particulars are as follows: When Col. Armstrong destroyed the Kittanning, this woman fled to the white men, but by some means lost them and fell into the hands of the Indians, who, stripping her naked, bound her to a post, and applying hot irons to her whilst the skin stuck to the iron at every touch, she screaming in the most pitiful manner, and crying for mercy, but these ruthless barbarians were deaf to her agonizing shrieks and prayers, and continued their cruelty till death released her from the torture of those hellish fiends. Of this shocking scene, at which human nature shudders, the prisoners were all brought to be spectators.

"I shall omit giving any particular account of our encamping and decamping, and our moving from place to place, as every one knows this is the constant employment of Indians. I had now become pretty well acquainted with their manners and customs, had learned their language, and was become a tolerable good hunter—was admitted to their dances, to their sacrifices, and religious ceremonies.—Some of them have a tolerable good idea of the Supreme Being; and I have heard some of them very devoutly thanking their Maker, that

they had seen another spring, and had seen the flowers upon the earth. I observed that their prayers and praises was for temporal things. They have one bad custom amongst them; that if one man kill another, the friends of the deceased, if they cannot get the murderer, may kill the nearest akin. I once saw an instance of this; two of them quarrelled, and the one killed the other, upon which the friends of the deceased rose in pursuit of the murderer, but he having made his escape, his friends were all hiding themselves; but the pursuers happened to find a brother of the murderers, a boy, concealed under a log, they immediately pulled him out from his concealment, he plead strongly that it was not him that killed the man; this had no weight with the avengers of blood, they instantly sunk their tomahawks into his body and despatched him. But they have some rules and regulations among them that are good; their ordinary way of living is miserable and poor, often without food. They are exceedingly dirty in their cookery, sometimes they catch a number of frogs, and hang them up to dry; when a deer is killed they will split up the guts and give them a plunge or two in the water, and then dry them, and when they run out of provisions, they will take some of the dried frogs, and some of the deer's guts and boil them, till the flesh of the frogs is dissolved, then they sup the broth.

"Having now been with them a considerable time, a favorable opportunity offered for me to regain my liberty. My old father Busquetam, lost a horse and he sent me to hunt for him; after searching some time I came home and told him that I had discovered his tracks at some considerable distance, and that I thought I could find him; that I would take my gun and provision, and would hunt for three or four days and if I could kill a bear or deer I would pack home the meat on the horse; accordingly I packed up some provision, and started towards the white settlements, not fearing pursuit for some days, and by that time I would be out of the reach of the pursuers.— But before I was aware, I was almost at a large camp of Indians, by a creek side; this was in the evening and I had to conceal myself in a thicket till it was dark, and then passed the camp, and crossed the creek in one of their canoes; I was much afraid that their dogs would give the alarm, but happily got safe past. I travelled on for several days, and on my way I spied a bear, shot at and wounded him, so that he could not run; but being too hasty ran up to him with my tomahawk; before I could give a blow, he gave me a severe stroke on the leg, which pained me very much, and retarded my journey much longer than it otherwise would have been; however I travelled on as well as I could till I got to the Alleghany river, where I collected some poles, with which I made a raft, and bound it together with elm bark and grape-vines, by which means I got over the river, but in crossing which I lost my gun. I arrived at fort Pitt in fourteen days from the time of my start, after a captivity of five years and four months."—*Loudon.*

In July the savages murdered some persons in Sherman's valley. The Indians, says Robert Robison, way-laid the fort in harvest time

and kept quiet until the reapers were gone ; James Wilson remaining some time behind the rest, and I not being gone to my business, which was hunting deer, for the use of the company, Wilson standing at the fort gate, I desired liberty to shoot his gun at a mark, upon which he gave me the gun, and I shot ; the Indian on the upper side of the fort, thinking they were discovered, rushed on a daughter of Robert Miller, and instantly killed her, and shot at John Simmeson ; they then made the best of it that they could, and killed the wife of James Wilson,* and the widow Gibson, and took Hugh Gibson and Betsey Henry prisoners ; the reapers being forty in number returned to the fort and the Indians made off.

Some time after Braddock's defeat, Fort Granville was erected at a place called *Old Town*, on the bank of the Juniata, some distance from the present site of Lewistown, then Cumberland, now Mifflin county, where a company of enlisted soldiers were kept, under the command of Lieutenant Armstrong. The position of the fort was not the most favorable. The Indians who had been lurking about there for some time and knowing that Armstrong's men were few in number, sixty of them appeared, July 22, before the fort, and challenged the garrison to combat ; but this was declined by the commander, in consequence of the weakness of his force. The Indians fired at and wounded one man belonging to the fort, who had been a short way from it—yet, he got in safe ; after which they divided themselves into small parties, one of which attacked the plantation of one Baskins, near Juniata, whom they murdered, burnt his house and carried off his wife and children ; and another made Hugh Carrell and his family prisoners.

On the 30th of July, Captain Ward left the fort with all his men, except twenty-four, under the command of Lieut. Armstrong, to guard some reapers in Sherman's valley. Soon after the Captain's departure, the fort was attacked by about one hundred Indians and French, who having assailed it in vain during the afternoon and night of that day, took to the Juniata creek, and, protected by its bank, attained a deep ravine, by which they were enabled to approach, without fear of injury, to within ten or twelve yards of the fort, which they succeeded in setting on fire. Through a hole thus made they killed the Lieutenant and private, and wounded three others while endeavoring to extinguish the fire. The enemy then offering quarters to the besieged, if they would surrender, one Turner immediately opened the gate to them. They took prisoners, twenty-two soldiers, three women, and seven children, whom they loaded with burdens and drove them off. The fort was burnt by Capt. Jacobs, pursuant to the order of the French commander. When the Indians reached Kittaning, they put Turner to death with the most horrid tortures. They tied him to a post, danced around him, made a great fire, and having heated gun-barrels red hot, ran them through his body. Having tormented him for three hours, they scalped him

* While the Indian was scalping Mrs. Wilson, the relator shot at and wounded him, but he made his escape.—*Lewistown*.

alive, and at last held up a boy with a hatchet in his hand to give him the finishing stroke.—*Gordon's Hist. Pa.*

The Indians, at one of their inroads murdered a family of seven persons on Sherman's creek, from whence they passed over the mountain at Croghan's now Sterret's gap, and wounded a man, killed a horse, and captured Mrs. Boyde, her two sons and a daughter, upon Conodoguinet creek.

Another time they came down upon the frontiers of Lancaster, now Dauphin county; the first assault was upon a wagon belonging to a German in which he was endeavoring to move off, but being killed a small distance behind the wagon, those with the wagon fled to a fort not far distant: the men in the fort being alarmed at the report of the Indian guns, came to see the occasion of it, and met a woman running towards them crying; they proceeded to where the wagon stood, and at some distance behind the man lay, tomahawked and scalped, and the brains issuing from the wounds, although he was still breathing. The wagon being left standing in the same place, it was pillaged and destroyed in the night.

The next day twelve men were sent to acquaint the men at the next fort about eight miles distant of what had happened, who were fired upon from an ambuscade, and were killed and wounded, all but two, who were pursued, but escaped.

Mrs. Boggs, of the same neighborhood, while riding to a neighbor's house, was fired upon by the Indians, her horse killed, and she with a young child taken prisoner, whom they treated in the most barbarous and cruel manner, not suffering the child to suck, sometimes throwing it in the road, and kicking it before them; after three days' marching in this manner, they carried the child into the woods, where they murdered and scalped it.

The savages still continued their "work of blood and butchery," during and after harvest, in Cumberland county, and in the upper part of Lancaster, so that the inhabitants were obliged, in order to gather their harvest, to be under the protection of armed men, and even then many were surprised and massacred by the enemy.

The distress of the frontier settlers had nearly reached its acme. An attempt to depict their sufferings, alarms, and fears, would prove a failure. In the fall of 1755, the country west of the Susquehanna possessed *three thousand men* fit to bear arms; and in August 1756, exclusive of the Provincial forces, there were not one hundred; fear having driven the greater part from their homes into the interior of the province.—*Gordon.*

Governor Morris, in his message to the Assembly, August 16, 1756, says, "The people to the west of the Susquehanna, distressed by the frequent incursions of the enemy, and weakened by their great losses, are moving into the interior parts of the Province, and I am fearful that the whole country will be evacuated, if timely and vigorous measures are not taken to prevent it."

The few who had not fled petitioned the Governor, Council and Assembly, for aid to protect them against the ravages of a relentless, barbarous and merciless enemy.

In the early part of November, some Indians were in the upper part of Cumberland (Franklin) county, only a few miles from McDowell's mill, where they barbarously murdered and mangled a number of inhabitants. They killed, and also carried off the following named soldiers; James McDonald, William McDonald, Bartholomew McCafferty, and Anthony McQuoid; soldiers missing, James Corken and William Cornwall. The following inhabitants were killed; John Culbertson, Samuel Perry, Hugh Kerrell, John Woods, with his wife and mother-in-law, and Elizabeth Archer; inhabitants missing, four children belonging to John Archer, Samuel Neely, a boy, and James McQuoid, a child.

Not only was the country west of the Susquehanna left nearly desolate and deserted, but also on the east side of the river, numerous murders were committed, and plantations abandoned. When imagination fails to conceive the peril and distress of the settlers of Paxton, Hanover, Derry and other townships, then in Lancaster (now Dauphin and Lebanon counties) vain would it be to attempt to portray the scenes of horror. Some idea, however, may be formed of their condition from the subjoined letter:

DERRY TOWNSHIP, 9th August, 1756.

DEAR SIR:—There is nothing but bad news every day. Last week there were two soldiers killed and one wounded about two miles from Manady fort; and two of the guards that escorted the batteaux were killed; and we may expect nothing else daily, if no stop be put to these savages. We shall all be broken in upon in these parts—the people are going off daily, leaving almost their all behind them; and as for my part, I think a little time will lay the country waste by flight, so that the enemy will have nothing to do but take what we have worked for.

Sir, your most humble servant,

Ed. Shippen, Esq.

JAMES GALBREATH.

Some time in the latter part of October, the Indians again returned into Hanover township, where they murdered, under circumstances of much cruelty, several families, among whom was one Andrew Berryhill. On the 22d October, they killed John Craig and his wife, scalped them both, burnt several houses, and carried off a lad, about thirteen years old. The next day they scalped a German, whose name has not been given.

Stimulated, and abetted by the French, both Shawanese and Delaware Indians kept up their hostilities till 1757, when negotiations for peace commenced with *Teedyuscund*, the chief of the Delaware and Shawanese tribes, on the Susquehanna, when their fury abated somewhat. But the French and Western Indians still roamed in small parties over the country, committing many sanguinary murders, and taking captives all whom they could surprise. The frontier settlers were kept in continual alarm.

“March 29, 1757, the Indians made a breach at Rocky Springs, where one woman was killed and eleven taken prisoners.

“April 2, William McKinley and his son were killed. McKinley had sought shelter with his family at Chambers' fort—ventured out

one day in company with his son to visit his dwelling and plantation, where the Hollywell paper mill is, on the creek below Chambersburg. They were discovered, however, by the Indians, and both killed and scalped, and their dead bodies brought to the fort and buried."

We hear, says the Pa. Gazette, April 7, 1757, from Conococheague, Cumberland county, (Franklin) that on last week three families were cut off there by the Indians; the people most barbarously used. The names of two of the families, are Campbell and Patterson.

April 17, 1757, Jeremiah Jack, near Potomac, was taken captive, and two of his sons killed, and one man and one woman drowned in Potomac endeavoring to make their escape.

April 23, 1757, John Martin and William Blair were killed, and Patrick McClelland wounded in the shoulder, who afterwards died of his wound, near Maxwell fort, Conococheague.

May 12, 1757, John Martin and Andrew Paul, both old men, taken from Conococheague.

May 13, 1757, William Walker and another man were killed near McCormick's fort, at Conodoguinet.

May 14, 1757, Major Campbell and one Tussey, were killed or taken captive with fourteen others, near Potomac.

May 16, 1757, eleven persons killed at Paxton by the Indians.

June 6, two men killed and five taken near Shippensburg.

June 9, James Holiday and fourteen men killed and taken; James Long's son and another man killed in a quarry at fort Frederick; nineteen men killed in a mill at Quetapahely, and four men killed in Sherman's valley, all in one week.

June 17, one man killed at Culbertson's fort; four men shot at the Indian while scalping the man.

June 24, 1757, Alexander Miller killed and two of his daughters taken from Conococheague; John Kennedy badly wounded, and Gerhart Pendergras's daughter killed at Fort Littleton.

July 2, one woman and four children taken from Trent's gap; same day one Springson killed near Logan's mill, Conococheague.

July 8, 1757, two boys taken from Cross's fort, Conococheague.

July 18, six men killed or taken from near Shippensburg. These were reaping in Mr. John Cisney's field. Those killed were John Kirkpatrick, Dennis Oneidon; missing, John Cisney and three little boys, two of them his grandsons, the other John Kirkpatrick's,

July 19, some men killed and taken, reaping near Shippensburg. These were reaping in Mr. Joseph Steenson's field. Those killed were Joseph Mitchell, James Mitchell, William Mitchell, John Finlay, Robert Steenson, Andrew Enslow, John Wiley, Allen Henderson and William Gibson. Those missing or carried off, were Jane McCommon, Mary Minor, Janet Harper, and a son of John Finlay. Only one Indian was killed.

July, 1757, four men killed near Baker's, driving wagon to fort Frederick.

July 10, 1757, ten soldiers killed at Clapham's fort.

July 27, 1757, one McKisson wounded, and his son taken from the South mountain.

August 15, 1757, William Manson and his son killed near Cross's fort, Conococheague.

August 17, 1757, William Waugh's barn was burnt in the Tract, York county, by Indians.

August 19, 1757, fourteen people killed and taken from Mr. Cinky's congregation; and one man killed near Harris' ferry.

Sept. 1, 1757, James Watson and James Mullen went out on their farms, and on Saturday following Watson was found scalped; the other supposed to be carried off.

Sept. 2, 1757, one man killed near Bigger's gap, and one Indian killed.

Sept. 8. Two men went out to hunt horses near Tobias Hendricks, (Bowman's, Pennsboro' township, Cumberland county) and are supposed to be killed or carried off, as they have not been heard of since.

Sept. 9, 1757, one boy and a girl taken from Donegal.

Sept. 26, 1757, Robert Rush and John McCracken, with five others, killed and taken captive near Chambersburg.

November 9, 1757, John Woods, his wife and mother-in-law, and John Archer's wife were killed, four children taken, and nine men killed near McDowell's fort.

Extract from a letter, dated Hanover, Lancaster county, Aug. 11, 1757.

Last Thursday, John Andrew's wife, going to a neighbor's house, was surprised by six Indians, had her horse shot under her, and she and her child were carried off. On Saturday, in Bethel township, as John Winkleblech's two sons, and Joseph Fischbach, (a soldier in the pay of the Province,) went out about sunrise, to bring in the cows, they were fired upon by about fifteen Indians; the two lads were killed; one of them was scalped: the other got into the house before he died, and the soldier was wounded in the hand.

The same morning, about seven o'clock, two miles below Manaday Gap, as Thomas McQuire's son was bringing in some cows out of a field, a little way from the house, he was pursued by two Indians, and narrowly escaped. The same day, in the middle of this township, four miles from the mountain, as Leonard Long's son was ploughing, he was killed and scalped; on the other side of the fence, Leonard Miller's son was ploughing, he was made prisoner.

John Graham, who lives near the gap of the Indian town creek, had a steer killed, about sunrise, or before, and John Brown had two cows killed; all except the first mischief done in one day; so that last Saturday there must have been, at least, four parties of Indians in this township.

Having notice of this on Sunday morning, I set out with four men, and we ranged till after midnight. Monday morning I set out again, with forty men intending to go over the mountain. We ranged the first day in the forest, and had intended to lie out on the mountain all night, but a heavy rain falling, we took to a house. On Tuesday morning we set out over the mountain to find tracks, if possible; but we found not the least appearance of any, or Indians, over the mountain, or in any of the waste houses; so we returned on Tuesday night.

Monday, 8th. Many tracks were seen among the inhabitants, and in the waste houses, where the Indians lodged. In one of the houses they left a scalping knife, and had killed and scalped a man. Wednesday, we intended to rest, but at 12 o'clock had another alarm.

Near Benjamin Clarke's house, four miles from the mill, two Indians surprised Isaac William's wife, and the widow Williams, alias Smelley, killed and scalped the former, in sight of the house, she having run a little way, after three balls had been shot through her body; the latter they carried away captive.

About the same time, as George Maurer was cutting oats in George Scheffer's field, he was killed and scalped, two miles from the hill, so that it was not all done by one party.

There is now such a severe sickness in these parts—the like has not been known—that many families can neither fight nor run away, which occasions great distress on the frontiers. Had it not been for forty men, which the province has in pay, in this township, little of the harvest could have been saved, and as the time for which they have been engaged is nearly elapsed, the inhabitants hope the government will continue them in the service, else the consequences must be dreadful.*

We hear from a gentleman that six persons were taken away by the Indians from Lancaster county, 17th August.†

Since our last, we learn from Lancaster, that there was nothing but murdering and capturing among them by the Indians. That on the 17th Aug., one Beatty was killed in Paxton—that the next day, James Mackey was murdered in Hanover, and William and Joseph Barnet, wounded. That on the same day were taken prisoners, a son of James Mackey, a son of Joseph Barnet, Elizabeth Dickey and her child, and the wife of Samuel Young and her child; and that ninety-four men, women, and children, were seen flying from their places, in one body, and a great many more in smaller parties, so that it was feared the settlements would be entirely forsaken.

We hear from Berks county, that several Indians have lately been seen near fort Lebanon; and that on Sunday, the 21st August, the house and barn of Peter Semelcke were burnt, and three of his children carried off; himself, wife and one child, being from home at the time. This was done within two miles of the fort.‡

Our accounts, in general, from the frontiers, are most dismal; all agreeing that some of the inhabitants are killed or carried off; houses burnt and cattle destroyed daily—and that at the same time they are afflicted with severe sickness and die fast, so that in many places, they are neither able to defend themselves, when attacked, nor to run away.§

We hear from Lebanon township, Lancaster (now Lebanon) county, that on last Friday, four children were carried off by the Indians. From Reading, Berks county, that on Thursday and Friday last, some people were murdered in Bern township, by the Indians, and others carried off.

A letter from Hanover township, Lancaster county, dated October 1st 1757, says that the children mentioned of having been carried off from Lebanon township, belonging to Peter Wampler, that they were going to the meadow for a load of hay; and that the Indians took from the house what they thought most valuable, and destroyed what they could not take away, to a considerable value.

In the same letter it is said, that the frontiers are almost without inhabitants, and on that day, and on the day before, several creatures were killed

* Pennsylvania Gazette, Aug. 1757. † Ibid, Aug. 11. ‡ Pennsylvania Gazette, Sept. 1, 1757. § Ibid, September 8.

by the enemy in Hanover township, and that on Thursday before, four persons were killed in Berks county, and four made prisoners, near the Northkill, by a party of Indians, supposed to be about fifty.*

On the 25th of November, Thomas Robinson, and a son of Thomas Bell, were killed and scalped by the Indians, in Hanover township; but that the Indians immediately went off after committing the murder.†

We have advices, says Pa. Gazette, Oct. 27, 1757, from Paxton, that on the 17th inst. as four of the inhabitants, near Hunter's Fort were pulling their Indian corn, when two of them, Alexander Watt and John McKennet were killed and scalped, their heads cut off; the other two scalped. That Captain Work of the Augusta regiment, coming down with some men from Fort Halifax, met the savages on Peters' mountain, about twenty of them; when they fired upon him, at about forty yards distance, upon which his party returned the fire, and put the enemy to flight, leaving behind them five horses, with what plunder they had got; and that one of the Indians was supposed to be wounded, by the blood that was seen in their tracks.—None of Capt. Works' men were hurt.

During the years 1758 and 1759, the murders committed within the limits of the counties of which a history is attempted, were not as frequent, though not less atrocious, as in the three or four preceding years. The Indians, however, still surprised the inhabitants on the frontier, and occasionally in the interior of the Province. In 1758 they made incursions in York (now Adams) county, killed some and abducted others. Among the number of those carried off was Richard Bard, of whom, see an affecting narrative, in another part of this volume. Besides abducting Bard, the Indians continued their depredations and killed:

May 21, 1758, one woman and five children taken from Yellow Breeches.

May 23 1758, Joseph Gallady killed; his wife and one child taken from Conococheague.

May 29, 1759, one Dunwiddie and Crawford shot two Indians in Carrol's tract, York county.

July 20, a boy ploughing at Sweetara was shot at by two Indians, one horse killed and the other wounded.

1763-'78.—After the treaty of 1758 with the Indians, at Easton, peace and friendship had been established between the English and Indians; all fear of Indian barbarities vanished, and the minds of the people had been at rest for some time; but the French war still continued, and cruel murders were occasionally committed upon the frontier settlers by the Indians, till near the close of the war between the English and French, in 1762—for there had been a secret confederacy formed among the Shawanese, the tribes on the Ohio and its tributary waters, and about Detroit, to attack simultaneously, all the English posts and settlements on the frontiers. Their plan was deliberately and skilfully projected. The border settlements were to be invaded during harvest; the men, corn and cattle to be destroyed,

* Pennsylvania Gazette, October 6 and 13. † Ibid, September 8, 1757.

and the outposts to be reduced by famine, by cutting off their supplies. Pursuant to this plan, the Indians fell suddenly upon the traders whom they had invited among them; murdered many and plundered the effects of a great number to an immense value. The frontiers of Pennsylvania, &c., were overrun by scalping parties, marking in their hostile incursions, the way with blood and devastation.

The upper part of Cumberland was overrun by the savages, in 1763, who set fire to houses, barns, corn, hay and every thing that was combustible; the inhabitants were surprised and murdered with the utmost cruelty and barbarity. Those who could, escaped—some to Bedford, where Captain Ourry commanded a garrison at the same time; some went to Shippensburg, others to Carlisle, where houses and stables were crowded. Many of them sought shelter in Lancaster county, some in York, in the woods, with their families and their cattle. Some staid with their relatives, and never returned to the place from which they had fled.

A gentlemen in writing from Carlisle, July 5, 1763, to Secretary Peters, says:

“On the morning of yesterday, horsemen were seen rapidly passing through Carlisle. One man, rather fatigued, who stopped to get some water, hastily replied to the questions, What news? “Bad enough: Presque Isle, Le Bœuf and Venango had been captured, their garrisons massacred, with the exception of one officer and seven men, who fortunately made their escape from Le Bœuf. Fort Pitt was briskly attacked on the 22d of June, but succeeded in repelling the assailants;” thus saying, put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight. From others I have accounts that the Bedford militia have succeeded in saving Fort Ligonier. Nothing could exceed the terror which prevailed from house to house, from town to town. The road was nearly covered with women and children, flying to Lancaster and Philadelphia.

The Rev. Thomson, Pastor of the Episcopal church, went, at the head of his congregation, to protect and encourage them on the way. A few retired to the Breastworks for safety. The alarm once given could not be appeased. We have done all that men can do to prevent disorder. All our hopes are turned upon Bouquet.

Though, as the letter writer says, all their hopes were turned upon Bouquet, the affrighted inhabitants were so panic struck, that they had not prepared a convoy of provisions, when the Col. arrived at Carlisle, to enable him to march westward. At the time a great number of the plantations and mills were destroyed, and notwithstanding the province had endeavored to save the harvest by raising seven hundred men to guard the frontiers, in many places the full ripe wheat and rye crops stood waving in the field, soliciting the hand of the reaper. The greatest part of the county of Cumberland, through what Bouquet had to pass with his army, was deserted, and the roads were covered with families, destitute of the necessaries of life, flying from their homes. The supplies of provisions, horses and carriages, had become precarious, whilst the commander was re-

quired by humanity to apportion his own stock to relieve the sufferers. But after eight days' active exertion on the part of himself and agents, provisions and carriages were procured, with assistance from the interior part of the country.

The Colonel then proceeded with about five hundred men; his first object was to relieve Fort Ligonier—and then proceed further westward.

The following extracts of letters, written at the time, and published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, in the month of July, 1763, give detailed accounts of the incursions and depredations of the savage enemy:

CARLISLE, July 12, 1763.

I embrace this first leisure, since yesterday morning, to transmit you a brief account of our present state of affairs here, which indeed is very distressing; every day almost affording some fresh object to awaken the compassion, alarm the fears, or kindle into resentment and vengeance every sensible breast, while flying families, obliged to abandon house and possession, to save their lives by a hasty escape; mourning widows, bewailing their husbands surprised and massacred by savage rage; tender parents, lamenting the fruit of their own bodies, cropt in the very bloom of life by a barbarous hand; with relations and acquaintance pouring out sorrow for murdered neighbors and friends, present a varied scene of mingled distress.

When, for some time after striking at Bedford, the Indians appeared quiet, nor struck any other part of our frontiers, it became the prevailing opinion, that our forts and communication were so peculiarly the objects of their attention, that, till at least after harvest, there was little prospect of danger to our inhabitants over the hills: and to dissent from this generally received sentiment was political heresy, and attributed to timidity rather than judgment, till too early conviction has decided the point in the following manner:

"On Sunday morning, the 10th inst., about nine or ten o'clock, at the house of one William White, on Juniata, between thirty or forty miles hence, there being in said house four men, and a lad, the Indians came rushing upon them, and shot White at the door, just stepping out to see what the noise meant. Our people then pulled in White, and shut the door; but observing through a window the Indians setting fire to the house, they attempted to force their way out at the door; but the first that stept out being shot down, they drew him in, and again shut the door; after which one attempting an escape out of a window on the loft, was shot through the head, and the lad wounded in the arm. The only one now remaining, William Riddle, broke a hole through the roof of the house, and an Indian, who saw him looking out, supposing he was about to fire on him, withdrew, which afforded Riddle an opportunity to escape. The house with the other four in it was burned down, as one McMachen informs, who was coming to it, not suspecting Indians, and was by them fired at and shot through the shoulder, but made his escape.

The same day about dinner time, at about a mile and a half from said White's, at the house of Robert Campbell, six men being in the house, as they were dining, three Indians rushed in at the door, and after firing among them, and wounding some, they tomahawked, in an instant, one of the men; whereupon one George Dodds, one of the company, sprang back into the room, took down a rifle, and shot an Indian through the body, who was just presenting his piece to shoot him. The Indian being mortally wounded, staggered, and letting his gun fall, was carried off by three more.

Dodds, with one or two more, getting upon the loft, broke the roof, in order to escape, and looking out, saw one of the company, Stephen Jeffries, running, but very slowly, by reason of a wound in the breast, and an Indian pursuing; and it is thought he could not escape, nor have we heard of him since, so that it is past dispute, he also is murdered. The first that attempted getting out of the loft was fired at and drew back; another attempting was shot dead; and of the six, Dodds, the only one, made his escape.—The same day about dusk, six or seven miles up Tuscarora, and about twenty eight or thirty miles hence, they murdered one William Anderson, together with a boy and girl, all in one house. At White's were seen at least five, some say eight or ten Indians, and at Campbell's about the same number. On Monday, the 11th, a party of about twenty-four went over from the upper part of Sherman's valley, to see how matters were. Another party of twelve or thirteen went over from the upper part of said valley; and Colonel John Armstrong, with Thomas Wilson, Esq., and a party of between thirty and forty from this town, to reconnoitre and assist in bringing the dead.

Of the first and third parties we have heard nothing yet; but of the party of twelve, six are come in, and inform that they passed through the several places in Tuscarora, and saw the houses in flames, or burnt entirely down. That the grain that had been reaped the Indians burnt in shocks, and had set the fences on fire where the grain was unreaped; that the hogs had fallen upon and mangled several of the dead bodies; that the said company of twelve, suspecting danger, durst not stay to bury the dead; that after they had returned over the Tuscarora mountain, about one or two miles on this side of it, and about eighteen or twenty from hence, they were fired on by a large party of Indians, supposed about thirty, and were obliged to fly; that two, viz: William Robinson and John Graham, are certainly killed, and four more are missing, who, it is thought, have fallen into the hands of the enemy, as they appeared slow in flight, most probably wounded, and the savages pursued with violence. What farther mischief has been done, we have not heard, but expect every day and hour, some more messages of melancholy news."

On hearing of the above defeat, we sent out another party of thirty or upwards, commanded by our high Sheriff, Mr. Dunning, and Mr. William Lyon, to go in quest of the enemy, or fall in with and reinforce our other parties. There are also a number gone out from about three miles below this, so that we now have over the hills upwards of eighty or ninety volunteers scouring the woods. The inhabitants of Sherman's valley, Tuscarora, &c., are all come over, and the people of this valley, near the mountain, are beginning to move in, so that in a few days there will be scarcely a house inhabited north of Carlisle. Many of our people are greatly distressed, through want of arms and ammunition; and numbers of those beat off their places have hardly money enough to purchase a pound of powder!

Our women and children, I suppose, must move downwards, if the enemy proceed. To-day a *British vengeance* begins to rise in the breasts of our men. One of them, that fell from among the twelve, as he was just expiring, said to one of his fellows, "*Here, take my gun, and kill the first Indian you see, and all shall be well.*"

It appears that this well matured onslaught by the Indians was equally cruel and extensive in the autumn of 1763, and drove the whites to acts of desperation, which only finds extenuation from the circumstance that there were no limits to the atrocities of the savages. Wherever they went, murder and cruelty marked their path—and

even the professed friendly Indians had fallen under strong suspicions, as being to some extent concerned in these foul murders.

In a letter from Jonas Seely, Esq., dated at Reading, Sept. 11, 1763, it is said—We are all in a state of alarm. Indians have destroyed dwellings, and murdered with savage barbarity their helpless inmates; even in the neighborhood of Reading. Where these Indians came from and were going, we know not. These are dangerous times. Send us an armed force to aid our Rangers of Lancaster and Berks.

In another, from the same gentleman, to George Hamilton, dated Reading, Sept. 1763, he says—It is a matter of wonder, that Indians living among us for numbers of years, should suddenly become grum friends or most deadly enemies! Yet there is too much reason for suspicion. The Rangers sent in word, that these savages must consist of fifty, who travel in companies of from five to twenty, visiting Wyalusing, Wichetunk, Nain, Big Island, and Conestogue, under the mark of friendly Indians. Our people have become almost infuriated to madness. These Indians were not even suspected of treachery, such had been the general confidence in their fidelity.—The murders recently committed are of the most aggravating description. Would it not be proper to institute an inquiry into the cause of our present distress? We are in want of force and money: we require aid.

In the early part of September, in the afternoon, eight well-armed Indians came to the house of John Fincher, a Quaker, residing north of the Blue mountain, in Berks county, about twenty-four miles from Reading, and within three-quarters of a mile of a party of six men of Captain Kern's company of Rangers, commanded by ensign Scheffer. At the approach of the Indians, John Fincher, his wife, two sons and daughter, immediately went to the door and asked them to enter in and eat; expressed their hopes that they came as friends, and entreated them to spare their lives. The Indians were deaf to the entreaties of Fincher. Both parents and two sons were deliberately murdered; their bodies were found on the spot. The daughter was missing after the departure of the Indians, and it was supposed from the cries that were heard by the neighbors that she was also slain.

A young lad, who lived with Fincher, made his escape, and notified ensign Scheffer, who instantly went in pursuit of these heartless, cold-blooded assassins. He pursued them to the house of one Millar, where he found four children murdered, the Indians having carried two others with them. Millar and his wife being at work in the field, saved their lives by flight. Mr. Millar himself, was pursued nearly one mile by an Indian, who fired at him twice while in hot pursuit. Scheffer and his party continued their pursuit and overtook the savages, firing upon them. The Indians returned the fire, and a sharp, but short conflict ensued,—the enemy fled, leaving behind them Millar's two children, and part of the plunder they had taken.

These barbarous Indians had scalped all the persons whom they had murdered, except an infant, about two weeks old, whose head they had dashed against the wall, where the brains, with clotted blood on the wall, was a witness of their cruelty. The consequence of this massacre was the desertion of all the settlements beyond the Blue mountain.

A few days after these atrocious murders, the house of Frantz Hubler, in Bern township, eighteen miles from Reading, was attacked by surprise—Hubler was wounded; his wife and three of his children were carried off, and three other of his children scalped alive; two of these shortly afterwards died.

“Murder and cruelty marked the path of these Indians. From the many acts of savage ferocity committed in Berks county, may be noticed that on the 10th of September, 1763, when five of these Indians entered the house of Philip Martloff, at the base of the Blue mountain, murdered and scalped his wife, two sons and two daughters, burnt the house and barn, the stacks of hay and grain, and destroyed everything of any value. Martloff was absent from home, and one daughter escaped at the time of the murder, by running and secreting herself in a thicket. The father and daughter were left in abject misery.”

The refugees, who had resorted to Carlisle, &c., were relieved in part, in their distresses, by the munificence of the Episcopal churches of Philadelphia, as appears from the following :

“July 26, 1763, the rector, (Richard Peters) representing to the Vestry, that the back inhabitants of this province are reduced to great distress and necessity, by the present invasion, proposed that some method be considered for collecting charity for their relief, from the congregation of Christ Church and St. Peter's, (Philadelphia,) and it was unanimously resolved, that a preamble to a subscription paper for that purpose, be immediately drawn up, which was accordingly done.

“At their next meeting, the church wardens reported to the Vestry, that they had carried about a subscription paper, and made a collection from the congregations of Christ Church and St. Peter's, for the relief of the distressed frontier inhabitants, amounting to £662, 3s. The rector and church wardens were appointed a committee to correspond with certain persons in Cumberland county, in order to ascertain the extent of the distress, that the above contributions might be judiciously distributed.”

Some idea of the greatness of this calamity in the western part of Pennsylvania, brought about by Indian hostilities, may be found from the following letter, addressed to the rector and wardens of Christ Church and St. Peter's :

CARLISLE, August 24, 1763.

GENTLEMEN :—We take the earliest opportunity of answering your letter on the 12th inst., in which you inform us, that there is at your disposal a sum of money to be distributed amongst the poor unhappy people on our frontiers, who have been obliged to fly their habitations, and take shelter in this town, Shippensburg, Littletown, Bedford, &c. We assure you, that

we shall now, and at all other times, be ready to give you as full and true information of every thing material relating to the sufferers of our frontiers, as we shall also be ready to give our assistance in the distribution of such sums of money, as you shall think proper to send up, from time to time, for the relief of those in distress. We have taken pains to get the number of the distressed, and upon strict inquiry, we find seven hundred and fifty families have abandoned their plantations, the greatest number of which have lost their crops, some their stock and furniture, and besides, we are informed that there are about two hundred women and children coming down from fort Pitt. We also find that the sums of money already sent up are almost expended, and that each family has not received twenty shillings upon an average; although the greatest care has been taken to distribute it to those who appeared the greatest object of distress. The unhappy sufferers are dispersed through every part of this county, and many have passed through into York. Their exact number we cannot possibly ascertain; we can only inform you, that in this town and its neighborhood, there are upwards of two hundred families, many of which are in the greatest exigence; the small pox and flux raging much among them; and from hence you may form a judgment of the numbers distressed through the other parts of this country, as well as at York. The other sums being almost expended, we conceived that immediate relief should be sent up, that those poor people may be enabled to employ a physician for the recovery of the sick, as well as to purchase bread for their families; and this alone is what their present necessities call for.

We are &c.,

Itinerant Missionary for the counties of York and Cumberland.

WILLIAM THOMSON,

FRANCIS WEST,

THOMAS DONNELSON,

Wardens of the Episcopal Church, Carlisle.

In consequence of this information, a large supply of flour, rice, medicine, and other necessities, were immediately forwarded for the relief of the sufferers. And to enable those, who chose to return to their plantations, to defend themselves against future attacks of the Indians, the Vestry of Christ Church and St. Peter's were of opinion that the refugees should be furnished with two chests of arms, and half a barrel of powder, four hundred pounds of lead, two hundred of swan shot, and one thousand flints. These were accordingly sent, with instructions to sell them to such prudent and good people as are in want of them, and will use them for their defence, for the prices charged in the invoice.—*Rev. B. Dorr's Hist. Acc. of Christ and St. Peter's Church, Phila.* p. 139-142.

Passing, it should be remarked, that many individuals made every effort to see the new settlements protected. Among them was David Scott, of Great Cove, when the first hostilities were committed by the Indians in that place and Conococheague, who gave his bond to pay and maintain twenty-seven men of a scouting party for three months; during which time they repulsed the Indians who made attempts on the Great Cove, and the inhabitants got their crops reaped.—*Votes of Assem. V.* 297.

In these distressed circumstances, the inhabitants of Cumberland again applied, by petition, for relief:

A petition from the inhabitants of the Great Cove, and Conococheague, in the county of Cumberland, was presented to the house

and read, setting forth, that the petitioners, by the late depredations and ravages of the Indians, committed on their neighbors, being in very imminent danger, were under the necessity of taking into pay a number of men, amounting to thirty, accustomed to hunting, inured to hardships, and well acquainted with the country, for the protection of themselves and families. That the said men, being a body of intrepid, resolute fellows, under the command of one who was a captive with the Indians for several years—scouted at a considerable distance, and, by despatching runners, gave the inhabitants timely notice of any impending danger, by means whereof they have been enabled to continue on their plantations, and stand a barrier to the interior neighboring settlements. That had not this expedient been fallen upon, they must have deserted their habitations, and depended upon the charities of others; and that although they are very sensible of, and gratefully acknowledge, the care of the legislature, in granting a number of men for the protection of the frontiers, yet they find themselves under the necessity of employing this body of men, inasmuch as the soldiers granted for their department are not acquainted with the country, or the Indian manner of fighting. That the petitioners are poor, and incapable of supporting this body of men, having already advanced greater sums than they could afford; and unless they are assisted by the government, shall be obliged to abandon their plantations to the savages, to the ruin of themselves, and great injury of their neighbors; for which reasons they humbly pray the house would take the premises into consideration, and enable them to continue the aforesaid body of men, in such manner, and subject to such directions, as they shall judge most proper and advantageous.—*Votes of Assembly, V. 264.* Sept. 17, 1763.

In 1764, the Indians once more surprised the inhabitants of Cumberland (Franklin) county. [See McCulloh and Bard's narratives.]

Shortly after the murder near Green-Castle, (noticed by McCulloh) had been committed, the Indians were again seen at McDowell's, (Franklin county) pursuing two men; and soon afterwards, some savages murdered most barbarously, the daughter of James Dysart, twelve or thirteen miles above Carlisle. Along the frontiers, except in the neighborhood of Bedford, all seemed quiet for some time; hence, those in the interior, not being on their guard, were unexpectedly surprised.

The following extracts from letters, dated at Carlisle, are here introduced:

August 14, 1764.

We heard by a young man from Conococheague, that Indians are seen in that settlement almost every day; and that on Friday last, two men were pursued by four of them, near Justice McDowell's, and with great difficulty escaped.

August 17—A young woman daughter of James Dysart, going home from sermon at Big Spring, last Sunday, about ten or twelve miles from here, was met with, murdered and scalped, and left naked by the enemy. This has alarmed the settlement, who were chiefly gone from home to their places, and will, we are afraid, make many again fly, especially as there

are so many accounts of Indians being seen in small parties almost every day, in some part or other of the county.

From another letter of the same date :—" All appears quiet at present along the frontier, except about Bedford, where there are, according to intelligence from thence, some of the savages lying in wait for opportunity of doing mischief. They attempted very lately, to take a man that was fishing, but he got off. The people are returning over the hills to their places, which we are afraid, is yet too soon."—*Penna. Gaz. Aug. 30, 1764.*

The following is an extract of a letter from Gen H. Bouquet, to Governor Penn, dated at Fort Loudon, 22d August, 1764—in a postscript to which of August 25, he says, " A party of thirty or forty Indians have killed near Bedford, one Isaac Stimble, an industrious inhabitant of Ligonier—taken some horses loaded with merchants' goods, and shot some cattle, after Col. Ried's detachment had passed that post. Some more have been killed twelve miles from Winchester.

In the year 1777, says Burd and Mower, Esqrs., a family named Tull resided about six miles west of Bedford, on a hill to which the name of the family was given; there were ten children—nine daughters and a son; but at the time referred to, the son was absent, leaving at home his aged parents and nine sisters. At that time the Indians were particularly troublesome, and the inhabitants had to abandon their improvements and take refuge to the fort; but Tull's family disregarded the danger and remained on their improvements. One Williams, who had made a settlement about three miles west of Tull's, and near where the town of Schellsburg now stands, had returned to his farm to sow some flaxseed: he had a son with him, and remained out about one week. The road to his improvement passed Tull's house. On their return, as they approached Tull's, they saw a smoke; and coming nearer, discovered that it arose from the burning ruins of Tull's house. Upon a nearer approach, the son saw an object in the garden, which by a slight movement had attracted his attention, and looking more closely, they found it was the old man just expiring. At the same moment, the son discovered on the ground near him an Indian paint bag. They at once understood the whole matter, and knowing that the Indians were still near, fled at once to the fort. Next day a force went out from the fort to examine, and after some search found the mother with an infant in her arms, both scalped. A short distance, in the same direction, they found the eldest daughter also scalped. A short distance from her, the next daughter in the same situation, and scattered about at intervals the rest of the children but one, who, from some circumstances, they supposed had been burned. They all appeared to have been overtaken in flight, and murdered and scalped where they were found. It seems the family was surprised in the morning, when all were in the house, and thus became an easy prey to the savages.

About December, 1777, a number of families came into the fort from the neighborhood of Johnstown. Amongst them were Samuel Adams, Thornton and Bridges. After the alarm had somewhat subsided, they agreed to return to their property. A party started with pack horses, reached the place, and not seeing any Indians,

collected their property and commenced their return. After proceeding some distance, a dog belonging to one of the party, showed signs of uneasiness, and ran back. Bridges and Thornton desired the others to wait whilst they would go back for him. They went back, and had proceeded but two or three hundred yards, when a body of Indians, who had been lying in wait on each side of the way, but who had been afraid to fire on account of the number of the whites, suddenly rose up and took them prisoners. The others, not knowing what detained their companions, went back after them; when they arrived near the spot, the Indians fired on them, but without doing any injury. The whites instantly turned and fled, excepting Samuel Adams, who took a tree and began to fight in the Indian style. In a few minutes, however, he was killed, but not without doing the same fearful service for his adversary. He and one of the Indians shot at and killed each other at the same moment. When the news reached the fort, a party volunteered to visit the ground. When they reached it, although the snow had fallen ankle deep, they readily found the bodies of Adams and the Indian, the face of the latter having been covered by his companions with Adams' hunting shirt.

A singular circumstance occurred about that time in the neighborhood of the Allegheny mountain. A man named Wells, had made a very considerable improvement, and was esteemed rather wealthy for that region. He, like others, had been forced with his family from his house, and had gone for protection to the fort. In the fall of the year he concluded to return to his place and dig his crop of potatoes. For that purpose he took with him six or seven men, an Irish servant girl to cook, and an old plough horse. After they had finished their job, they made preparations to return to the fort the next day. During the night, Wells dreamed that on his way to his family he had been attacked and gored by a bull; and so strong an impression did the dream make, that he mentioned it to his companions, and told them that he was sure some danger awaited them. He slept again and dreamed that he was about to shoot a deer, and when cocking his gun, the main-spring broke. In his dream he thought he heard distinctly the crack of the spring when it broke.—He again awoke and his fears were confirmed; and he immediately urged his friends to rise and get ready to start. Directly after he arose he went to his gun to examine it, and in cocking it the main-spring snapped off. This circumstance alarmed them, and they soon had breakfast and were ready to leave. To prevent delay, the girl was put on the horse and started off, and as soon as it was light enough, the rest followed. Before they had gone far, a young dog belonging to Wells, manifested much alarm, and ran back to the house. Wells called him, but after going a short distance, he invariably ran back.

Not wishing to leave him, as he was valuable, he went after him, but had gone only a short distance towards the house, when five Indians rose from behind a large tree that had fallen, and approached

with extended hands. The men who were with him, fled instantly ; and he would have followed, but the Indians were so close that he thought it useless. As they approached him, however, he fancied the looks of a very powerful Indian, who was nearest him, boded no good ; and being a swift runner, and thinking it "neck or nothing," at any rate determined to attempt an escape. As the Indian approached, he threw at him his useless rifle, and dashed off towards the woods, in the direction his companions had gone. Instead of firing, the Indians commenced a pursuit, for the purpose of making him a prisoner, but he outran them. After running some distance, and when they thought he would escape, they all stopped and fired at once, and every bullet struck him, but without doing him much injury or retarding his flight. Soon after this he saw where his companions concealed themselves ; and as he passed, he begged them to fire on the Indians and save him ; but they were afraid, and kept quiet. He continued his flight, and after a short time overtook the girl with the horse. She quickly understood his danger and dismounted instantly, urging him to take her place, while she would save herself by concealment. He mounted, but without a whip, and for want of one could not get the old horse out of a trot. This delay brought the Indians upon him again directly, and as soon as they were near enough, they fired ; and this time with more effect, as one of the balls struck him in the hip and lodged in his groin.— But this saved his life ; it frightened the horse into a gallop, and he escaped, although he suffered severely for several months afterwards.

The Indians were afterwards pursued, and surprised at their morning meal ; and when fired on, four of them were killed, but the other, though wounded, made his escape. Bridges, who was taken prisoner near Johnstown, when Adams was murdered, saw him come to his people, and describes him as having been shot through the chest, with leaves stuffed in the bullet holes to stop the bleeding.

The Indians were most troublesome during their predatory incursions, which were frequent after the commencement of the revolution. They cut off a party of whites under command of Capt. Dorsey, at "The Harbor," a deep cove formed by Ray's Hill, and a spur from it.

One John Lane was out at one time, and a spy and scout under the command of Captain Philips. He left the scout once for two days, on a visit home, and when he returned to the fort, the scout had been out some time. Fears were entertained for their safety.— A party went in search ; and within a mile or two of the fort, found Capt. Philips and the whole of his men, fifteen in number, killed and scalped. When found they were all tied to saplings ; and, to use the language of the narrator, who was an eye witness, "their bodies were completely riddled with arrows."

In 1780, the inhabitants were again surprised and a number of them killed, as stated in the subjoined letter :

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, August 7, 1780.

To his Excellency Jos. Reid, Esq.—SIR:—I received the orders of council for the volunteers to be put in motion, in order to join the main army and for those classes of the militia to be in readiness—and was unfortunately long coming to my hand. I have sent agreeable to said orders to put the volunteers into motion that were raised on the north side of the mountain: but unfortunately I have sent one company to the frontiers of Northumberland county, and the other to the frontiers of Bedford, which was in a very distressed situation; about three weeks ago, the Indians came on a scout, a Captain and twelve men in a place called Woodcock Valley, and not one of the party escaped; they lay, I believe, ten days without being buried; I went with a party from this county and covered them the best way we could, which was a very disagreeable task.

I am apt to think it will be a very distressing and disagreeable circumstance to the frontiers to have the volunteers taken from them. My reason for sending them then as soon as they were ready, was to support and assist the inhabitants in saving their harvest. I am afraid the militia of this county will not turn out so well as I could wish; but your excellency may depend upon it that every exertion in my power shall be used on the occasion, as I am fully convinced of the necessity of our utmost efforts this year in order to save the country. This county is now very scarce of ammunition, and I have not been able to find any trusty hand and wagon to send for, but expect one before long, when, I flatter myself, that council will supply us with a sufficient quantity of powder, lead and flints.

I doubt if the number required of the militia, turn out, we will not be able to arm them in this county, as we have already furnished the volunteers out of what State arms were here, but we have got a few muskets, but they all want bayonets. I am happy to inform you we have this year had a very plentiful harvest in this county, and appearances of fine corn and plenty of fruit, and also a good disposition in a number of the people to receive and give credit to the State money (if they could get it), but very little of it has come to this part of the county yet. But if ready money of any kind could be had there could be plenty of supplies purchased. There may difficulty arise about procuring wagons, as I believe there is no wagon-master that acts for this county.

I have the honor to be your Excellency's
Most obedient and humble servant,

ABRAHAM SMITH.

INDIANS MASSACRED AT CARLISLE.—1760.—The first case of murder, by the whites, of *friendly* Indians, is that of *Doctor John*, a Delaware Indian, who came with his family, consisting of a woman and two children, to Cumberland county, in the winter of 1760, and lived in a hunting cabin on Conodoguinet creek, not far from Carlisle. He and his family were murdered in the early part of February. The news of this barbarous deed was immediately communicated to Governor Hamilton, by Francis West, Esq., of Carlisle. The Governor left nothing undone to bring to punishment those who had perpetrated this inhuman murder.

From the Provincial Records, it appears "the Governor informed the council, that on the 21st of February, 1760, he had received a letter from Justice West, of Carlisle, acquainting him of a cruel murder having been committed on an Indian called John, and a little boy of his, and that there was reason to think his wife was also murdered, and Capt. Callender coming to town from Carlisle, his Honor

had examined him, and by him was told that an inquest had been held on the bodies of the said Doctor John, and a male child, two Delaware Indians in friendship with us, and that it was the opinion and verdict that they were wilfully murdered; and it was further said by Captain Callender that there was reason to believe Doctor John's wife and her child were also murdered, whereupon the Gov. sent a verbal message to the House informing them of this matter, and recommending to them, a reward for the detection of the murderers, &c."

The Assembly sent for Callender, and after interrogating him on the subject, they then offered a reward of a hundred pounds for the apprehension of each person concerned in the murder. The excitement occasioned was immense; for it was feared that the Indians might seek to avenge the murder on the settlers, and that reparation on the part of the chiefs would be demanded. The inhabitants of Carlisle and vicinity made every exertion to seek out the offenders, as will appear from the following:

CARLISLE, Feb. 28,th 1760.

Sir:—An inhuman and barbarous murder was committed on Doctor John and his family. This Indian, who has been considered a friend to the whites, has been treacherously murdered, by some persons unknown.—He belongs to the Delawares, and I grieve to say that *their chiefs will demand reparation.*

So many cruelties have been practised upon the whites by the Indians, that the *innocent* (Indians) are not secure from their revenge.

I regret that it has happened in our village. Be assured, we shall do all in our power to bring the offenders to justice.

CARLISLE, March 7, 1760.

To Gov. HAMILTON:—Sir—I was honored with your letter of February 21st, and, in obedience thereto, have caused diligent search and inquiry to be made for the murderers, by the Constables, along and between Conodoguinet and the Kittatinny mountain to Susquehannah; but the least discovery has not been made.

Doctor John, the Indian who was lately murdered, was of the Delaware tribe (as I am informed); but what Nation his squaw and the boy were of, I can't clearly learn: he followed hunting whilst in this neighborhood, and behaved insolently, as you will see by the enclosed depositions.

You may be assured I will use my best endeavors to find out the persons who perpetrated that barbarous act; I will, for the future, afford protection to every friendly and peaceable Indian that shall sojourn in this county.

I am, with great respect, your Honor's

Most obedient and humble servant,

FRANCIS WEST.

Cumberland County ss:

The deposition of Peter Tittel, of Carlisle, aged about thirty-five years, taken before me, &c. Being sworn, &c., deposeth and saith, that about the 15th day of January last, a certain Indian, called Doctor John, was in his house at Carlisle: the said Doctor John spoke contemptuously of the soldiers, by saying they were good for nothing, and that he and two or three more would drive the whole of them; and this deponent further saith, that said Dr. John said that they killed Captain Jacobs, but that he had another Captain Jacobs, a young big man, bigger and stronger than him that was killed, and further this deponent saith not.

PETER TITTEL.

Sworn and subscribed, the 4th day of March, 1760, before Frs. West.

Richard Davis, aged fifteen years, said the Indian called Doctor John, was in the house of Peter Tittel, about the 25th day of January, when he (the deponent) told a certain Thomas Evans that he killed sixty white people and captured six, and said deponent said he heard Doctor John say, if the war would break out again he would do the same, and asked the said Evans if he would taste it—(meaning death)—and he heard Doctor John say, in an insulting and angry tone, that the white people had killed his Captain Jacobs, but that he had one twice as big, and that they were fools, for when he caught a white prisoner he would lie down on the ground till he would kill and scalp him.

Sworn and subscribed, &c., March 4, 1760.

P. S. Lest the above mentioned Thomas Evans should be suspected of the murder of the Indians, on account of their insolent talk and behavior to him, I undertake to say he is a drunken, stupid fellow, incapable of such enterprise.

FRANCIS WEST.

Cumberland county, ss:

The deposition of John Loughry, of York county, Pa., aged twenty-three years; by trade a weaver.

That on or about the beginning of February last, a certain John Mason, son of John Mason of Cumberland county, applied to have this deponent to be assistant with him in perpetrating the murder of a party of Indians, to the number of four or thereabouts, residing in cabins on Conodoguinhann creek; this said deponent desired the said Mason not to be concerned in such an affair, for it would bring him to trouble. That some time after that, this deponent being at Mrs. Allison's, in Conococheague, in the county and province aforesaid, a certain James Foster, of Paxton, in Lancaster county, then informed him, this deponent, that James Foster, together with William George, and some of the boys of Arthur Foster, which said boys this deponent imagined to be sons of the said Arthur Foster, all of the county of Cumberland, perpetrated the murder of said Indians, by forcibly entering into the cabins of said Indians in the night, when asleep, with axes, &c., and killed and scalped said Indians; and that some time near the beginning of March last, being at Pittsburg, (at which time the Governor's proclamation for discovering said murderers was there publicly known) that the aforesaid James told him, this deponent, that he, the said Foster, was afraid the murder would be found out upon him and his accomplices. This deponent further saith not.

JOHN LOUGHRY.

Sworn before us, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the county aforesaid, at Carlisle, May 6, 1760.

FRANCIS WEST,
HERMANUS ALRICKS.

CARLISLE, May the 7th, 1760.

To Gov. HAMILTON:—Sir—Herewith we send you inclosed the copy of John Loughry's deposition, against James Foster, John Mason, (who are now at Pittsburg in the bateaux service) William George and the boys or sons of Arthur Foster, for the murder of four Indians near this town. We issued our warrant to the constables to apprehend such as there are in this county, and we intend by the first opportunity to the commanding officers at Pittsburg, to forward a copy of the deposition, with a request to apprehend and confine both Mason and Foster, till your orders for transmitting them here, arrive there.

As Loughry has no bail for his appearance at Court to prosecute, for his personal safety, and we have confined him in prison; and further, as his evidence is only hearsay, we want information whether William George

and the sons of Arthur Foster are bailable or not. We therefore request your answer and advice on this head.

We are, with the greatest respect,

Your Honor's most ob't and humble serv'ts, FRANCIS WEST,
HERMANUS ALBICKS.

A few years after this murder had been committed, the subject was formally considered in a conference held with Indians, relatives of the deceased, at Philadelphia, May 6th, 1762.

The persons present, were Gov. Hamilton, Richard Peters, Joseph Fox—and the following Indians, viz: Se-con-guep-po, Naw-tow-hisson, and Wal-la-guon-ta-hic-con.

In relation to the death of Dr. John, Gov. Hamilton said to the Indians.

"I have taken notice of everything you said to me.—Brethren, the news you heard about the death of your relative is but too true.—Your relative came with his family, consisting of a woman and two children, in the winter, two years ago, into Cumberland county, and lived in a hunting cabin on the river Conedaguiet, near the town of Carlisle, and he and one of his children, a little boy, were found murdered, not far from town, and the woman with the other child was missing, &c."—*Prov. Rec.*

The massacre of the Canestoga Indians at Lancaster, in 1763, by the "Paxton Boys," will be found briefly noticed on page 138 of this volume.

INDIANS MASSACRED AT PENN'S CREEK—1768.—The case next to be noticed, is the murder committed by Frederick Stump, known as the "Indian Killer," upon several Indian families in Penn township, Cumberland county. This happened in the month of January, 1768.

Two or three families of Indians, one called the White Mingo, another Cornelius, one Jonas, and one Cammell, three Indian women, two girls and a child, had removed from the Big Island, on the west branch of Susquehanna, in the spring of 1767, came and built themselves cabins on Middle creek, about fifteen miles above the mouth of said creek; where they lived and hunted, and were on friendly terms with their white neighbors—were always well received and kindly treated. In the month of January, 1768, they came to the house of William Blyth, who lived at the mouth of Middle creek.—He treated them kindly. From his house they went to Frederick Stump's, who lived near Blyth's, where it is supposed some differences happened. Here four of the Indians were murdered; their bodies cast into Middle creek, through a hole in the ice. Stump, with his servant Ironcutter, (Eisenhauser,) then proceeded to a cabin about four miles from his house, where he found two Indian girls and one child, whom he also murdered, and setting fire to the cabin, endeavored to consume the remains.

The body of one of those thrown into Middle creek, was afterwards found, "lying dead within the watermark of the Susquehanna," some distance below the Harrisburg bridge, and interred in Allen township.

The murder of these Indians produced a prodigious excitement, at the time, as appear from all the facts and proceedings arising from, and connected with it. As soon as this atrocity was made known to the governor of the province, and to Sir William Johnson, Penn issued his proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Stump and Ironcutter, *promising to punish them with death*; and this declaration, with two strings of wampum, he sent to be made known to the Indians living on the Susquehanna, requesting them not to break the peace in consequence of the murder. A message was also sent to the same effect, says Heckewelder, by the governor to the Christian Indians, with the request that they should make it known in public assembly; and soon after a special message was sent to the Christian Indians (at Friedenshuesten) from Sir Wm. Johnson, desiring if *they* knew any of the relations of those persons murdered at Middle creek, to send them to him, that he might wipe the tears from their eyes, comfort their afflicted hearts, and satisfy them on account of their grievances. Sir William Johnson also invited the chief of the Six Nations, and other tribes of Indians living on the Susquehanna, and on the Ohio to an amicable convention. A convention was held, peace and friendship again re-established.

All the circumstances connected with the murder were communicated to the governor and council. Mr. Blyth repaired to Philadelphia, and made information upon oath.

The council, after examining Mr. Blyth, immediately took this most important matter into consideration, and were of opinion that warrants should forthwith be issued by the chief justice, directed to the sheriffs, under sheriffs, and other officers of the province, and particularly to those of the counties of Cumberland, Lancaster and Berks, for the apprehending of the above mentioned Frederick Stump, and bringing him before one of his Majesty's Justices of Oyer and Terminer, to be dealt with according to law. The Board also advised the Governor to issue a proclamation offering a reward of £200 for apprehending said offender, and bringing him to justice; but to delay the publication of the same for a short time, till other more secret means should be used for taking him, lest news of such a proclamation should reach his ear, and he might be thereby so alarmed, as to abscond, or make his escape, before any sheriff could arrive at Penn's creek, where it is believed he continues to remain with his family. They therefore advised the governor to write immediately to the magistrates of Cumberland county, strictly requiring them to exert themselves on this occasion, by giving their best assistance to the sheriff and other officers, and taking all other measures in their power for apprehending and securing the said Frederick Stump, and also to despatch letters of the same kind to the magistrates of Lancaster and Berks counties, instructing them to send their sheriffs with sufficient aid to the utmost limits of those counties on the Susquehanna, so as to be nearly opposite to Middle creek, that they may be in readiness to apprehend the said Stump, in case he should cross the river to retire to either of those counties.

The Board further advised the governor to write to Gen. Gage and Sir William Johnson, acquainting them with this unhappy accident, and the steps he is taking on this occasion, and to request Sir William will be pleased to communicate the same as soon as possible to the Six Nations, in the best and most favorable manner in his power, so as to prevent their taking immediate resentment for this unavoidable injury, committed on their people, and to assure them of the firm and sincere purposes of this government to give them full satisfaction at all times for all wrongs done to the Indians, and to preserve the friendship subsisting between us and them inviolable.—Accordingly, the chief justices warrants and several letters to the magistrates of Cumberland, Lancaster and Berks counties, were prepared without delay and despatched by express. But before those letters, and the proclamation of chief justice Allen reached the magistrates and sheriffs, Stump and Ironcutter, as above stated, had been lodged in jail; but before they were brought to trial, were rescued from prison by their friends and neighbors, whose fears were excited that Stump and Ironcutter were to be taken to Philadelphia, there to be tried, they “*not properly distinguishing between* EXAMINATION and TRIAL,” rescued them from prison, on the 29th of January, and carried them off.

Governor Penn sent a message express to the chiefs on Great Island, in which he deplores the deaths of the Indians.

Nothing was left undone on the part of government, and the magistrates to re-take the escaped prisoners, to bring them to trial, and punish those who aided in their rescue. The magistrates of Cumberland issued warrants for apprehending and securing in jail those concerned in the rescue. They discovered some twenty or more.

The murdering of the Indians and the subsequent rescue of Stump and Ironcutter, produced a great excitement, not only at Carlisle, but through the whole country.

On the 26th of February, 1768, Governor John Penn, wrote to Col. John Armstrong, desiring him to appear before the Board of the Provincial Council.

On the 19th of March, the Governor informed the Board that both John Armstrong and John Holmes, the sheriff of Cumberland, were in town to attend the Council, in order to be examined with respect to their conduct. They appeared—“each related the circumstances respecting the detention of Frederick Stump in the jail at Carlisle, the reasons for taking that measure, as well as the manner and cause of his rescue, and then laid before the Board *sundry depositions* in proof of what they respectfully alleged.

The 12th day of May the Board met, and came to a final result on the subject. What that was, the reader may learn from the following extract from the Provincial Records.

“At a Council held at Philadelphia, on Thursday the 12th of May, 1768—present: The Hon. John Penn, Esq., Lieut. Gov. &c. Wm. Logan, James Tilghman, Esqrs.

Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Miller and Mr. Lyon appearing at the Board,

agreeable to the Governor's appointment, the following admonition, was read to them, viz :

Col. Armstrong, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Lyon—Upon the rescue of Frederick Stump, and John Ironcutter, who had been arrested for the murder of ten Indians, I was informed that you, as magistrates of Cumberland county, had interposed to prevent their being brought to Philadelphia, in obedience to the Chief Justice's warrant, in the hands of the sheriff; and that in particular, Col. Armstrong had himself discharged the sheriff's guard, after he (the sheriff) had refused to do it; and committed the prisoners to the county jail, which was in a great measure the occasion of the rescue, as it gave the persons who committed that bold and daring insult upon the laws of the Government, time to consult measures for the execution of it. The matter was of such consequence, and the reputation of the Government so much concerned in it, that I could not pass it by, without making an enquiry into it, and upon hearing you and the sheriff, and considering the several proofs, which both you and he have laid before me, I find, that on Monday the 25th day of January last, the sheriff was ready to set off with the prisoners from Carlisle, under a guard of eight or ten men, in order to bring them to Philadelphia, as the warrant required—that the people of Carlisle, thinking the rights and privileges of their county would be infringed, by the prisoners being brought to Philadelphia, grew uneasy under these apprehensions, and did apply to you, and press you to interpose in the affair, until they could have an opportunity of remonstrating upon the occasion, which was first warmly opposed by Col. Armstrong; but that at length, partly to quiet the minds of the people, and partly from an apprehension of danger of a rescue, in case the sheriff, with the prisoners, should be detained on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was then hourly expected to break up, you were induced to cause the prisoners to be examined, and, upon their examination, they were committed by Col. Armstrong and Mr. Miller to Carlisle jail; in order that the Government, informed by express, which was determined to be sent on that occasion, should give further orders respecting them.

"Though the transaction has not been proved in the aggravated light in which it was represented to me, yet it was undoubtedly officious and beside your duty to interpose at all in the affair, as it was unjustifiable in the sheriff to pay any regard to your interposition, and your conduct, upon the occasion, was in itself and obstruction of justice, and is not to be justified; however, it may in some measure be excused by the motives of it. But as I am satisfied, from the evidence, that both you and the sheriff were far from having any intention either to favor the prisoners, or to offer the least contempt to the authority of the Chief Justice's warrant, and that you acted for the best, in a case of perplexity, not expecting, but rather intending to prevent the consequences which followed. I shall take no other notice of the matter, than to admonish you for the future, to be very careful, in confining yourselves with the bounds of your jurisdiction, and not to interfere again in matters which belong to superior authority.

SON OF SENECA GEORGE, SHOT—1769.—The last death of an Indian, caused by a white man, to be noticed in this connection, is that of an only son of Seneca George, who was shot by one Reed. This happened within the borders of Cumberland at that time. Mr. Reed was arrested, and lodged in jail. The Governor, to conciliate the relatives of the deceased, proposed a conference to be held at Shamokin. The proceedings had there, being so interesting, are in-

serted at length, from which all the particulars touching the death of Seneca George's only son may be learned.

Minutes of a Conference held at Shamokin or Fort Augusta, by Col. Francis on the part of the government of Pennsylvania with Indians in and near Shenango, in order to condole with, and make a present to Seneca George and his relatives on account of the death of George's only son, who was shot sometime since by an unknown person, near the mouth of Middle creek, on Susquehanna.

Saturday, August 19, 1769, a little before noon, Seneca George Gen-gu-ant, and about fifty-three more Indians of different tribes, being chiefly Nanticokes and Conoys, landed from their boats, and sent a message to Col. Francis to know when they might speak to him, who immediately returned an answer, that in the afternoon that he would be glad to see his brother, Seneca George, and the friends and brethren he had brought with him. Col. Francis then proposed to receive the Indians, and desired the Rev. Doctor Smith, of Phila., who happened to come to the fort about half an hour before the Indians, to give his assistance in taking the minutes.

August 11, P. M.—Present, Col. Francis, Rev. Smith and about fifty inhabitants on and near Susquehanna; Seneca George, Last Night, the Conoy King; Gu-en-gu-ant an Onondago, and twenty-two more warriors and young men.

ISAAC STILL, Interpreter.

Seneca George speaks :

Brother :—You sent a letter some days since inviting me to this place. I invited my brother Gu-en-gu-ant one of the Onondagoes to come with me, and likewise some of my children of the Nanticokes and Conoys. I also found other young men waiting for me to come down ; and now we are all here before you as you was the Governor, for you could not expect me to come alone.

Brother :—We have met among ourselves this day with many tears, but now see you, our tears begin to dry up a little, and we are ready to hear what you have to say, and you may appoint the time as soon as you please ; and when you speak, all of us will consider one with another what you say to us.

Brother :—I will speak one word more. I desire you would stop all your strong drink awhile, for you and I can neither speak nor smoke together rightly, if our young men should get drink at this council fire, kindled by the Governor at Shamokin.

Brother :—You and I are friends, and know each other, and you likewise very well know what the custom is when the Governor meets his brethren at any place where he appoints a council fire—Now you see your brethren here, and we desire you will give us something to eat, for this is always the custom when we meet the Governor at a council fire—we have no more to say at this time.

Col. Francis was going to make some reply, and to express his pleasure at meeting his brethren, and to tell them that they should hear good things from the Governor, on Monday ; but Seneca George got up and desired Col. Francis would not speak then, it being better to consider what had been said to him till Monday. The Indians then went to their camp and provisions were sent them. This evening, Joseph Shippen, Esq., Provincial Secretary arrived at the Fort.

Sunday Aug. 20, 1769.—The Indians having understood that Dr. Smith was to have divine service to white people, assembled at the Fort, Seneca George sent notice that his people worshiped the same God with the English, and would attend divine service; which they did accordingly, with great decency, and Isaac Still interpreted the conclusion of the discourse, which was particularly addressed to them.

Monday, Aug., 21, 1769.—Present, Col. Francis, Joseph Shippen, Dr. Smith, Chas. Stewart, and near one hundred inhabitants; and all the Indians that had attended on Saturday.

ISAAC STILL, Interpreter.

Seneca George speaks.

Brother, and all you, my Brothers:—This day we are all met here together; some chief men, my brothers, are come with me, and some young men, to this council fire, kindled by the Governor. You have sent for me to come from Shenango, and now I am come to hear my brother, and I suppose you have something within your heart to tell me. *Gives a String.*

Col. Francis spoke, then, as follows:

Brother Seneca George, and all you, my brethren:—I am glad to see you here, and that you received the letter I sent you, soon enough to meet me here, at the very time I wished to see you. My grief for what has happened has been equal to yours, but on seeing you here, in so friendly and good a disposition, my grief is now so much removed that I have been able to light this council fire, and to acquaint you with what is contained within the Governor's heart, on this occasion. *Gives a String.*

Now, brethren, open your ears and listen—I am going to deliver to you what the Governor desired me to speak to Seneca George, and his friends, on this sad occasion—Attend then, brethren; for it is now the Governor speaks.

Brethren: I take this opportunity, by Col. Francis, to give you my kind and hearty salutations, and by this string desire you will hearken to the message I send you by him. *A String of Wampum.*

Brethren:—It is not above a month ago, that Col. Francis came from Shamokin, on purpose to acquaint me of the death of one of our Indian brethren, and that the man who was supposed to have committed the crime was apprehended and secured in Lancaster jail.

On this information, I ordered the man to be sent to the jail of this city, to be kept secure, till he can be tried.

Brethren:—Col. Francis further acquaints me that the Indians who were in the cabin with our deceased brother, at the time he was killed, were present when the offender was taken, and were satisfied with Col. Francis' conduct in this affair, and were kind enough to take a message from him, to give you an account of what had been done, and to tell you he was hastening to Philadelphia, to lay the same before me, and would bring, in a month, or six weeks, my message to you, on this melancholy occasion, and desired you to be at Shamokin, in order to receive it.

Brethren:—Knowing that by treaties between this government and the Indians, we are obliged to inform each other of any accidents that happen, which may be likely to disturb the peace subsisting between us; as soon as I had made myself acquainted with the particulars attending this matter, I lost no time in sending account thereof to Sir Wm. Johnson, that he might relate the real truth, so far as was come to my knowledge, to the Indians of

the Six Nations, and assure them, that the person apprehended should be taken great care of, and safely secured, and receive his trial in the same manner as if the deceased had been a white man, and by his trial it will appear whether the affair was accidental or designed.

Brethren :—We are sensible that whilst the body of our deceased brother lies above ground, your minds cannot be easy. We, therefore, by these shrouds, bury his body, and cover it so deep that your eyes may never more see it.

Brethren :—With these handkerchiefs we wipe away all the tears which run down your cheeks, and take the sorrow from your hearts, and desire you would grieve no more. *Handkerchiefs.*

Brethren :—With this belt we scrape up all the blood that has lain on the ground, or may have stained the bushes. We collect them together, bury them under ground, that neither your nor your friends eyes may more behold them, as you pass and re-pass the place where the accident happened.—*A Belt.*

Brethren :—As we have now buried the body of our deceased brother, we desire you will suffer no uneasiness to remain in your minds, that may cause the least ill will towards your brethren of the English. *A Belt.*

Brethren :—As you are the relations of our deceased brother, as a token of our affection for you, and to comfort your hearts, we desire you would accept of this present of goods. *Delivered the Goods.*

Signed

JOHN PENN.

Seneca George speaks.

Brother :—Now I have heard what the Governor has to say to me on this occasion ; my young men and the chiefs that are come with me have likewise heard it and are very glad that they have heard the Governor of Philadelphia speak. Now I will return to my fire place, and to-morrow will give an answer to what the Governor has said to us.

Tuesday 22d Aug.—The Indians sent word they could not be ready to answer the Governor's message till to-morrow in the afternoon.

Wednesday 23rd Aug.—Having met ; Seneca George spoke as follows :

Brothers :—We have met here on this good day, and as the Governor of Philadelphia has sent you here to speak to me, I shall look upon you as in the Governor's room. I am glad to hear what my brother the Governor has said, and so are also my young men, and I doubt not your young men are likewise as well pleased as our young men are with what the Governor has said.

Brother :—I let you know, I am not a king, but a captain of the Six Nations. But here is a king (pointing to Last Night, the Conoy King) you will hear him speak good things. His words and mine are one.

Brother :—You may see that the occasion which has called us to meet here, is not from a bad spirit on our part, but on yours. The Great and Good Spirit put it into the hearts of our grand-fathers and yours to lay strong foundations for peace with each other ; we must follow what they have done, and if we hide any thing in our hearts from one another, this Great Spirit, whom you call God Almighty, will know it.

The Conoy King then speaks.

Brother :—I am really glad to see you at this fire which the Governor has placed at Shamokin, and to hear what my brother the Governor has

said, and to see all these young men that are come with you. My young men are likewise all glad on the same account. *A string of four rows.*

Brother:—I now speak to the Governor, by you, Col. Francis. I have put into my heart what the Governor has said. My young men have done the same. We all believe what the Governor has said to Col. Francis has really come from his heart. I will, therefore, now open my heart, and you shall hear my good things. *Second string of four rows.*

Brother:—I am well pleased the Governor takes this method to bury our grief under ground. I need not repeat what you said to us. I am glad you have wholly wiped away that stain from the face of the earth, and I now assure you I will look on you, my brothers, as I used to do, and think well of you.

Brother:—As I told you, we are all glad to hear our brother, the Governor. But I assure you, brother, I do not know what to do on the affair we have met about. I have considered this sad breach, and should know what to do in it if any of my people had committed the like against any of yours.

Brother:—You know best how to manage such of our people as have been overcome by the Evil Spirit, and therefore I leave this matter wholly to you. *A belt of seven rows.*

Brother:—Let me now speak one word to my brother, the Governor, and to you, Col. Francis. I would have my brother, the Governor, be strong, to hold fast that good friendship whereof our forefathers laid fast foundations when you first came into this country. Sir William Johnson is but lately come—but we had in old time a very firm peace, and you and I used always then to speak to one another. Now, as I said, brother, we then laid a firm foundation for peace, and this was one great article of that peace, that we should have pity on our young men and also on our women and children, because we all came from one woman, as you may easily know by the mark—“*That our little children, when born, have all the same shapes and limbs as yours, although they be of a different color.*” Wherefore, I would have you be strong, and in good earnest to preserve this our ancient friendship, so that our young men, whenever they meet on a journey or hunting about in the woods, may always be glad to see one another.

Brother:—There was also another mark in this, our old friendship, that if we had one loaf of bread when we met each other in the woods, we would cut it in two, and divide it with one another. Let us all then cast our eyes to the great Good Being, to bless our endeavors to preserve this our ancient friendship. *A belt of eight rows.*

Brother:—You know that our grandfathers made a road between each other, which passes by my door and reaches to Onondago. We have now kindled a council fire at Shamokin. Let us then be strong, that our young men, women and children may pass and repass, and always be glad to meet one another as they hunt in the woods.

Brother:—You may perhaps hear bad stories from other nations, but I would not have you listen to them, but let you and I still hold fast the ancient friendship.

Brother:—You and I are brothers. The Nations to which I belong, the Nanticokes and Conoys, never yet, since the beginning of the world, pulled one scalp, nor even one hair from your heads; and this, I say, gives us a right to call ourselves brothers. Although you have done me some hurt, I have never yet cast my eye upon that, but have always looked steadfastly to our ancient friendship.

Brother:—Now we have healed this sad breach, and you see all my young men here are satisfied it is so made up, and I hope your young men

are also pleased. But, brother, I would have you tell your young men, never to make the least breach of our friendship again, and I will tell our young men the same. *A belt of seven rows.*

Brother:—Now you have heard all your brothers had to say to you on this good day. There is, as I told you, a council fire at Shamokin, which is the door of the Six Nations. When I go home all your brethren shall know what you have said, and Sir Wm. Johnson shall also know it.

Brother:—We, the Nanticokes and Conoys, have wiped away all the grief from the eyes of our great warrior, Seneca George. We show you this belt wherewith we joined you in wiping his eyes.

Brother:—Last fall, Sir William Johnson and all the Governors kindled a council fire at Fort Stanwix. They sent for all his Indian brethren, as far as Allegheny, to meet at this council fire. It was his business when they met to find provision for them, and he did so. But they killed one six year old steer for me, and I have had no satisfaction for it. If you think proper to consider this matter and allow me satisfaction, I shall think well of it.

Brother:—To-morrow I intend to leave you. I was in hopes you would send a squaw to me to warm me at night. Perhaps you have one to keep you warm; but as you did not send me one, I must go home to my own as fast as I can. But you know the custom is, that you must give me a little bread to eat on the way.

Col. Francis then spoke as follows:

Brothers, Seneca George, Last Night, and all you my brethren:—I am really rejoiced to hear all the good things you have said, and to find that the Governor's message to you with his small present of goods have wiped away all the tears from your eyes, and confirmed in your hearts the old friendship and good will you have to your brothers the English. All who are present with me rejoice on the same account. You see I have caused to be written down on paper all the good things you have said, that I may send them directly to the Governor, who will put them in his heart and remember them the first time you speak together.

Brother, as to what you say about a squaw, I have really none here.—We keep all ours in Philadelphia, and we are as desirous to get home as you are. I am sorry that we have so little provisions here; but you shall, this very evening, have all that I can get for you. I will kill one of our best cattle for you. I will send you all the flour I have left to make cakes on your way, and I will give some powder and shot to your young men to kill a little deer to eat with your cakes as you go along. I shall likewise send you a little *walking-stick* (the Indian phrase for rum) and I am sorry I cannot make it long enough for a *setting-pole*; but really our rum kegs begin to run very low—however, I will make the stick as long and strong as I can. Brother Last Night, I will consider what you say about your steer, and look what there is in my purse when I go home to my lodgings from this council fire.

Col. Francis having finished the above, which was received with great cheerfulness and many signs of approbation by the Indians, Mr. Frederick Weiser desired Col. Francis that he would be pleased to deliver the following short speech to Seneca George:

Brother Seneca George:—Now the business of the Governor is finished—the son of your old brother and friend, Conrad Weiser, desires me to speak a few words to you. Myself and all the children of Conrad have had great grief and many tears for the unhappy death of your son, and our

tears have run down our cheeks in greater abundance, because a cousin of ours, the sister's son of our father Conrad has been suspected of the mischief. He is soon to be tried by the English laws, and if he should be proved guilty, which we hope he may not be, we are willing he should suffer the same punishment as if he had committed the crime against a white man.

Brother:—This matter has grieved and surprised us greatly, that neither the man who is said to have done this, nor any of our family, have ever had any difference with our Indian brethren, and time will show whether this man is guilty or not; and as we do not wish to screen him from justice, we desire you will not entertain in your hearts any ill will against any of the family or children of our old friend and brother, Conrad Weiser, on account of this one man, who, if he is guilty, must have been carried away by a very evil spirit towards the Indians, and different from the spirit of all his family. As a mark of our love to you, I, who am the eldest son of your old friend Conrad Weiser, desire you will accept this small present from his family, to wipe all tears from your eyes. *A present from Mr. Weiser.*

Seneca George having sat after this speech three or four minutes in a deep silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and tears visibly flowing from them, got up and spoke as follows:

Brother:—I have really been pleased with what the Governor has spoken by you, Col. Francis, for making up this sad affair. Now, as to what has been said by the son of Conrad Weiser, I am glad to see one of his sons, and to hear him mention a little of the *old friendship and love that was* between us and our brother, his father. Yes, old Conrad was indeed my brother and friend. He was a counsellor of the Six Nations, and knew all that passed between them, or was in their hearts. I am very glad the tears have flowed from the eyes of his children as they have done from mine, on account of this unhappy affair, which has certainly been a great grief to me; for, he that is lost was a son that lay near to my heart. He was all the child that I had; and now I am old, and the loss of him has almost entirely cut away my heart. But I am yet pleased my brother Weiser, the son of my old friend, has taken this method to dry my tears. I assure my brother Weiser, this matter shall be remembered no more against his family to their hurt, but I will look upon it that an evil spirit got into the mind of the person who did it.

All the while Seneca George was delivering the above, he kept advancing still nearer and nearer to where Col. Francis, Mr. Weiser, and the other gentlemen sat, and his action and whole behavior was surprisingly great. That part especially where he spoke of his son, was understood even before interpreted, by the tone and manner in which it was delivered. When he came to the last part, where he declared he had no ill will to the family of the Weiser's, he sprang forward with a noble air of forgiveness; and shaking Mr. Weiser by the hand, "I have," said he, "no ill will to you, Mr. Weiser, to you, Col. Francis, nor any to you, father," (meaning Dr. Smith); "nor any to you, (meaning Mr. Stewart); and shaking every one by the hand, then spreading out his arms, and turning quite round to all the company, "nor have I any ill will to any of you, my brothers, the English."

That manly spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation which Seneca George showed on this occasion, by his looks and gestures, and

whole action, made some of them at the table cry out, as he ran up, holding out his hand to them, "This is noble;" for here his speech stood in need of no interpreter.—*Prov. Rec.*

☞ "The Attempt to Burn JOHN HARRIS," the founder of Harrisburg, by a party of Indians, and his fortunate rescue by another party, has been made the subject of a painting which adorns the Senate Chamber. The compiler of this volume has a large lithograph copy of this picture, beautifully executed and painted by Mr. BOWEN, of Philadelphia, which is much admired by all who see it.

The following is supposed to be a correct statement of the interesting incident.

"On one occasion a band of Indians, who had been down the river, or as is said, to the East, on a trading excursion, came to his house. Some, or most of them, were intoxicated. They asked for *lum*, meaning West India rum, as the modern whiskey was not then manufactured in Pennsylvania. Seeing they were already intoxicated, he feared mischief, if he gave them more; and he refused.—They became enraged and seized and tied him to the mulberry tree to burn him. Whilst they were proceeding to execute their purpose, he was released, after a struggle, by other Indians of the neighborhood, who generally came across the river. How the alarm was given to them, whether by firing a gun or otherwise, or by whom, is not now certainly known. In remembrance of this event, he afterwards directed that on his death, he should be buried under the mulberry tree, which had been the scene of this adventure. Part of the trunk of this tree is still standing. It is ten feet up to the lowest limb, and the stump is eleven feet six inches in circumference."

INVASION OF NEW-YORK AND NEW-ENGLAND AND DESTRUCTION OF SCHENECTADY, BY THE FRENCH AND INDIANS, IN 1690.*

In the year 1690, the Mohawks having made several successful expeditions against the Canadians, the Count FRONTENAC (to raise the depressed spirits of the latter) despatched several parties of French and Indians to attack the frontier settlements of New-York and New-England. A detachment of nearly 500 French and Indians, under command of Monsieurs P. ALLEBOYT, DE WAULET and DE WAYNE, were despatched from Montreal for this purpose;—they were furnished with every thing necessary for a winter's campaign. After a march of twenty-two days, they on the 8th February reached Schenectady—they had on their march been so reduced as to harbor

* This article should have followed page 61, but being accidentally omitted, is inserted here.

thoughts of surrendering themselves prisoners of war to the English ; but their spies (who had been for several days in the village, entirely unsuspected) represented in so strong terms the defenceless state of the inhabitants, as determined them to make an immediate attack.—They found the gates open and unguarded—they entered them about eleven o'clock at night, and the better to effect their hellish purpose divided their main body into several distinct parties of six or seven men each !—the inhabitants were in profound sleep, and unalarmed until the enemy had broken open their doors and with uplifted tomahawks were surrounding their beds !—before they had time to rise, the savages began the perpetration of the most inhuman barbarities ! no language can express the cruelties which were committed—in less than one hour two hundred of the unfortunate inhabitants were slain and the whole village enwrapt in flames :—A detail of the cruelties committed by the barbarians cannot be read without horror. They ravished, rifled, murdered and mutilated the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex, without any other provocation or incitement than brutal lust and wantonness of barbarity !—pregnant women were ripped open and their infants cast into the flames or dashed against the posts of the doors !! A few of the inhabitants escaped, and in their shirts (in a severe and stormy night) fled to Albany—twenty-five of the fugitives in their flight perished with cold. The enemy, after destroying the inhabitants, killed all the horses and cattle which they could find, with the exception of about thirty of the former, which they loaded with their plunder and drove off.

When the news of the horrid massacre reached Albany, an universal fear and consternation seized the inhabitants—the country became panic struck ; and many entertained thoughts of destroying the town and abandoning that part of the country to the enemy.

A second party of the enemy which Count Frontenac had detached from the main body at the three rivers (under command of Sieur Hartel, an officer of distinguished character in Canada) on the 18th February fell upon Salmon Falls (a plantation on the river which divides New-Hampshire from the province of Maine)—the party consisted of about seventy men, more than half of whom were Indians ; they commenced the attack at break of day, in three different places, and although the inhabitants were surprised, yet they fled to their arms and defended themselves with a bravery which even their enemies applauded ; but they were finally overpowered by numbers, and forty-three of them (men, women and children) fell victims to savage barbarity.

The depredations of the French and Indians filled the inhabitants of the western country with fear and alarm. The Assembly of New-York conceived it necessary to make every exertion to prevent the settlement of the French at Albany—it was resolved that two companies of one hundred men each should be raised and sent forward for that purpose. For the defence of the frontier towns in New-England, it was ordered that a constant watch should be kept in the several towns, and that all males (above eighteen and under

sixty years of age) should be held in readiness to march at the shortest notice.

On the 20th March, at a proposed meeting of Commissioners from New-York and New-England, a plan was proposed and adopted for invading Canada—eight hundred men were ordered to be raised for the purpose—the quotas of the several colonies were fixed, and general rules adopted for the management of the army. A small vessel was sent express to England the beginning of April, carrying a representation of the exposed state of colonies and the necessity of the reduction of Canada—a petition was also forwarded to his majesty for a supply of arms and ammunition, and a number of frigates to attack the enemy by water, while the colonial troops made an invasion by land. John Winthrop, Esq., was appointed Major-General and commander-in-chief of the land army, and arrived with the troops under his command near the falls at the head of Wood Creek, early in the month of August.

When the army arrived at the place appointed for the rendezvous of the Indians, from the Five Nations (who had engaged to assist the English) instead of meeting with that powerful body which they expected and which the Indians had promised, there was no more than seventy warriors from the Mohawks and Oneidas! When the Gen. had advanced about one hundred miles, he found that there were not canoes sufficient to transport one half the English across the lake—upon representing to the Indians the impossibility of the army's passing into Canada without a much greater number of canoes, they replied that it was then too late in the season to make canoes, as the bark would not peel—in short, they artfully evaded every proposal, and finally told the General and his officers that they looked too high and advised them only to attack Chambly, and the out settlements on this side of St. Lawrence—thus did these Indians (who a few years before had so harrassed all the French and Indians in Canada) exhibit the greatest proofs of cowardice—the English finding it impossible to cross the lake with advantage, returned to Albany, and thus the expedition failed.

In the year 1693, Count Frontenac finding that he could not accomplish a peace with the Mohawks (who of all the Indians had been by far the most destructive to the settlements in Canada) determined on their destruction. He collected an army of about 700 French and Indians, and having supplied them with every thing necessary for a winter campaign, sent them against the Mohawk castles. They commenced their march from Montreal on the 15th January, 1693—after enduring incredible hardships, they fell in with the first castle about the 10th February—the Mohawks were unprepared for an attack, not having the least intimation of the approach of the Canadians—the enemy killed and captured about fifty of the Mohawks at this castle and then proceeded for the second, at which they were equally successful; a great part of the Mohawks were at Schenectady and the remainder perfectly secure;—when they arrived at the third castle they found about eighty warriors collected at a war-dance,

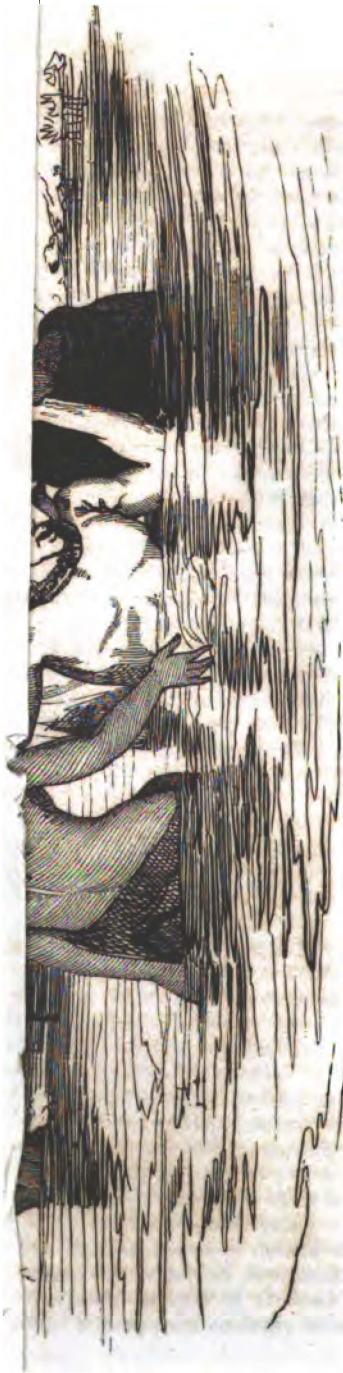
as they designed the next day to go upon an enterprise against their enemies—a conflict ensued, in which the Canadians, after losing about thirty men, were victorious and the third castle was taken.—The Canadians in their descent took near three hundred prisoners, principally women and children. The brave Col. Schuyler of Albany (receiving information of the approach of the enemy) at the head of a party of volunteers of about four hundred English and Dutch, pursued them—on the 25th February he was joined by about three hundred Indians, and with this force on the 29th fell in with the enemy, whom he found lodged in a fortified camp—the Canadians made three successive sallies upon the Colonel, and were as often repulsed; he kept his ground, waiting for provisions and a reinforcement from Albany. The enemy at length taking the advantage of a violent snow storm escaped and marched to Canada;—the day following, Captain Sims, with a reinforcement and a supply of provision arrived from Albany, and the day succeeding the Colonel reassumed the pursuit; but the Canadians luckily finding a cake of ice across the north branch of Hudson river, made their escape; they were, however, so closely pursued by the English and Dutch that they could not prevent the escape of most of their prisoners, who all (with the exception of nine or ten) returned in safety to their country. Col. Schuyler lost twelve of his party, and had nineteen wounded—according to the report of the captives the enemy lost fifty men, five of whom were French officers, and two Indian guides, and had about seventy wounded. The Mohawks on their return found about forty dead bodies of the enemy, which they scalped and devoured, indeed so great was their hunger!

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DREADFUL DEVASTATION OF WYOMING SETTLEMENTS, IN JULY 1778.

So early as the 8th of February, 1778, General Schuyler wrote to Congress—"There is too much reason to believe, that an expedition will be formed (by the Indians) against the western frontiers of this state, (New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania)." The next month he informed them that "A number of Mohawks, and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Senecas, will commence hostilities against us as soon as they can; it would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to carry the war into their country; it would require no greater body of troops to destroy their towns than to protect the frontier inhabitants." No effectual measures being taken to repress the hostile spirit of the Indians, numbers joined the tory refugees, and with these commenced their horrid depredations and hostilities upon the back settlers, being headed by Colonel Butler, and Brandt, a half blooded Indian, of desperate courage, furious and

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Squaws Ducking Col. Smith.

cruel beyond example. Their expeditions were carried on to great advantage, by the exact knowledge which the refugees possessed of every object of their enterprise, and the immediate intelligence they received from their friends on the spot. The weight of their hostilities fell upon the fine, new and flourishing settlement of Wyoming, situated on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, in a most beautiful country and delightful climate. It was settled and cultivated with great ardor by a number of people from Connecticut, which claimed the territory as included in its original grant from Charles II. The settlement consisted of eight townships, each five miles square, beautifully placed on each side of the river. It had increased so rapidly in population, that the settlers sent a thousand men to serve in the continental army. To provide against the dangers of their remote situation, four forts were constructed to cover them from the irruptions of the Indians. But it was their unhappiness to have a considerable mixture of royalists among them; and the two parties were actuated by sentiments of the most violent animosity, which was not confined to particular families or places; but creeping within the roofs and to the hearths and floors where it was least to be expected, served equally to poison the sources of domestic security and happiness, and to cancel the laws of nature and humanity.

They had frequent and timely warnings of the danger to which they were exposed by sending their best men to so great a distance. Their quiet had been interrupted by the Indians, joined by marauding parties of their own countrymen, in the preceding year; and it was only by a vigorous opposition, in a course of successful skirmishes, that they had been driven off. Several Tories, and others not before suspected, had then and since abandoned the settlement; and beside a perfect knowledge of all their particular circumstances, carried along with them such a stock of private resentment, as could not fail of directing the fury, and even giving an edge to the cruelty of their Indian and other inveterate enemies. An unusual number of strangers had come among them under various pretences, whose behaviour became so suspicious, that upon being taken up and examined, such evidence appeared against several of them, of their acting in concert with the enemy, on a scheme for the destruction of the settlements, that about twenty were sent off to Connecticut to be there imprisoned and tried for their lives, while the remainder were expelled. These measures excited the rage of the Tories in general to the most extreme degree; and the threats formerly denounced against the settlers, were now renewed with aggravated vengeance.

As the time approached for the final catastrophe, the Indians practised unusual treachery. For several weeks previous to the intended attack, they repeatedly sent small parties to the settlement, charged with the strongest professions of friendship. These parties, beside attempting to lull the people in security, answered the purposes of communicating with their friends, and of observing the present state of affairs. The settlers, however, were not insensible to the danger. They had taken the alarm, and Colonel Zebulon Butler

had several times written letters to Congress and Gen. Washington, acquainting them with the danger the settlement was in, and requesting assistance; but the letters were never received, having been intercepted by the Pennsylvania Tories. A little before the main attack, some small parties made sudden irruptions, committed several robberies and murders, and from ignorance or a contempt of all ties whatever, massacred the wife and five children of one of the persons sent for trial to Connecticut, in their own cause.

At length, in the beginning of July, the enemy suddenly appeared in full force on the Susquehanna, headed by Colonel John Butler, a Connecticut Tory, and cousin to Colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command in the settlement. He was assisted by most of those leaders, who had rendered themselves terrible in the present frontier war. Their force was about sixteen hundred men, near a fourth Indians, led by their own chiefs; the others were so disguised and painted, as not to be distinguished from the Indians, excepting their officers, who, being dressed in regimentals, carried the appearance of regulars. One of the smaller forts, garrisoned chiefly by Tories, was given up, or rather betrayed. Another was taken by storm, and all but the women and children massacred in the most inhuman manner.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number to guard Fort Wilkesborough, crossed the river with about four hundred men, and marched into Kingston Fort, whither the women, children and defenceless of all sorts crowded for protection. He suffered himself to be enticed by his cousin to abandon the fortress. He agreed to march out, and hold a conference with the enemy in the open field (at so great a distance from the Fort, as to shut out all possibility of protection from it) upon their withdrawing according to their own proposal, in order to the holding of a parley for the conclusion of a treaty. He at the same time marched out about four hundred men well armed, being nearly the whole strength of the garrison, to guard his person to the place of parley, such was his distrust of the enemy's designs. On his arrival he found no body to treat with, and yet advanced toward the foot of the mountain, where, at a distance, he saw a flag, the holders of which, seemingly afraid of treachery on his side, retired as he advanced; whilst he, endeavoring to remove this pretended ill-impression, pursued the flag, till his party was thoroughly enclosed, when he was suddenly freed from his delusion, by finding it attacked at once on every side. He and his men, notwithstanding the surprise and danger, fought with resolution and bravery, and kept up so continual and heavy a fire for three quarters of an hour, that they seemed to gain a marked superiority. In this critical moment, a soldier, through a sudden impulse of fear, or premeditated treachery, cried out aloud—"the Colonel has ordered a retreat."—The fate of the party was now at once determined. In the state of confusion that ensued, an unresisted slaughter commenced, while the enemy broke in on all sides without obstruction. Colonel Zebulon Butler, and about seventy of his men escaped; the latter got across the river to Fort Wilkesborough, the Colonel made his way to Fort

Kingston, which was invested the next day on the land side. The enemy, to sadden the drooping spirits of the weak remaining garrison, sent in, for their contemplation, the bloody scalps of a hundred and ninety-six of their late friends and comrades. They kept up a continual fire upon the Fort the whole day. In the evening the Colonel quitted the Fort and went down the river with his family. He is thought to be the only officer that escaped.

Colonel Nathan Dennison, who succeeded to the command, seeing the impossibility of an effectual defence, went with a flag to Colonel John Butler, to know what terms he would grant on a surrender; to which application Butler answered, with more than savage phlegm, in two short words—the *hatchet*. Dennison having defended the Fort, till most of the garrison were killed or disabled, was compelled to surrender at discretion. Some of the unhappy persons in the Fort were carried away alive; but the barbarous conquerors, to save the trouble of murder in detail, shut up the rest promiscuously in the houses and barracks; which having set on fire they enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding the whole consumed in one general blaze.

They then crossed the river to the only remaining Fort, Wilkesborough, which, in hopes of mercy, surrendered without demanding any conditions. They found about seventy continental soldiers, who had been engaged merely for the defence of the frontiers, whom they butchered with every circumstance of horrid cruelty. The remainder of the men, with the women and children, were shut up as before in the houses, which being set on fire, they perished altogether in the flames.

A general scene of devastation was now spread through all the townships. Fire, sword, and the other different instruments of destruction, alternately triumphed. The settlements of the Tories alone generally escaped, and appeared as islands in the midst of the surrounding ruin. The merciless ravagers having destroyed the main objects of their cruelty, directed their animosity to every part of living nature belonging to them; shot and destroyed some of their cattle, and cut out the tongues of others, leaving them still alive to prolong their agonies.

The following are a few of the more singular circumstances of the barbarity practised in the attack upon Wyoming. Captain Bedlock, who had been taken prisoner, being stripped naked, had his body stuck full of splinters of pine knots, and then a heap of pine knots piled around him; the whole was then set on fire, and his two companions, Captains Ranson and Durgée, thrown, alive, into the flames and held down with pitch-forks. The returned Tories, who had at different times abandoned the settlements in order to join in those savage expeditions, were the most distinguished for their cruelty: in this they resembled the Tories that joined the British forces.—One of these Wyoming Tories, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered, with his own hands, both her, his father-in-law, his own sisters, and their infant children. Another, who during his

absence had sent home several threats against the life of his father, now not only realized them in person, but was himself, with his own hands, the exterminator of his whole family, mother, brothers and sisters, and mingled their blood in one common carnage, with that of the aged husband and father. The broken parts and scattered relics of families, consisting mostly of women and children, who had escaped to the woods during the different scenes of this devastation, suffered little less than their friends, who had perished in the ruin of their houses. Dispersed and wandering in the forests, at chance and fear directed, without provision or covering, they had a long tract of country to traverse, and many, without doubt, perished in the woods.—*Gordon's History of the American War.*

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**POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING WITH POWHATTAN IN
BEHALF OF COL. SMITH.**

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF COLONEL JAMES SMITH.

IN May, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men, in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon, to join Braddock's road, near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Yohogania. My brother-in-law, William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague, was appointed commissioner, to have the oversight of these road-cutters.

Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, whom I apprehended was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that sometime in the course of this summer, I should again return to the arms of my beloved.

We went on with the road, without interruption, until near the Allegheny Mountain; when I was sent back, in order to hurry up some provision wagons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the wagons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Allegheny Mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford, three Indians had made a blind of bushes, stuck in the ground, as though they grew naturally, where they concealed themselves, about fifteen yards from the road. When we came opposite to them, they fired upon us, at this short distance, and killed my fellow traveller, yet their bullets did not touch me; but my horse making a violent start, threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up, and took me prisoner. The one that laid hold on me was a Canasataugua, the other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after? I told them not any near, that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood by me, whilst the other scalped my comrade: they then set off and ran at a smart rate, through the woods, for about fifteen miles, and that night we slept on the Allegheny Mountain, without fire.

The next morning they divided the last of their provision, which they had brought from Fort Du Quesne, and gave me an equal share, which was about two or three ounces of mouldy biscuit—this and a young ground-hog, about as large as a rabbit, roasted, and also equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the

Loyal-Hannah, which was about fifty miles ; and a great part of the way we came through exceeding rocky laurel thickets, without any path. When we came to the west side of Laurel Hill, they gave the scalp halloo, as usual, which is a long yell or halloo, for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession ; the last of these scalp halloos were followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph. On their performing this, we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal-Hannah, one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, who were encamped near where Ligonier now stands. As we advanced near this party, they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph ; but I did not share with them in their excessive mirth.—When we came to this camp, we found they had plenty of turkeys and other meat there ; and though I never before eat venison without bread or salt, yet as I was hungry, it relished very well. There we lay that night, and the next morning the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne. The night after we joined another camp of Indians, with nearly the same ceremony, attended with great noise, and apparent joy, among all except one. The next morning we continued our march, and in the afternoon we came in full view of the fort, which stood on the point, near where Fort Pitt now stands. We then made a halt on the bank of the Allegheny, and repeated the scalp halloo, which was answered by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort, in the aforesaid manner, and also the great guns, which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

As I was at this time unacquainted with this mode of firing and yelling of the savages, I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock ; but what added to my surprise, I saw numbers running towards me, stripped naked, excepting breech-clouts, and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colours, though the principal colour was vermilion, or a bright red ; yet there was annexed to this, black, brown, blue &c. As they approached, they formed themselves into two long ranks, about two or three rods apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English, that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way, as I ran, and if I ran quick, it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet, I could find nothing like joy in my breast ; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting, and found that it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On my recovering my senses, I endeavored to renew my race ; but as I arose, some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so, that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably,

until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.

The first thing I remember was my being in the fort, amidst the French and Indians, and a French doctor standing by me, who had opened a vein in my left arm; after which the interpreter asked me how I did: I told him I felt much pain; the doctor then washed my wounds, and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy.—As I felt pain, and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me, by the interpreter, that it did not suit my case.

When they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me, and examined me, with threats of cruel death, if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me, was, how many men were there in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania, to join Braddock? I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed? I told them they were all well armed, (meaning the arm of flesh,) for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them; which, if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all off; therefore, I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of the road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Some time after I was there, I was visited by the Delaware Indian already mentioned, who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. Though he spoke but bad English, yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding. I asked him if I had done any thing that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully? He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like how do you do; after that, he said, I would be well used. I asked him if I should be permitted to remain with the French? He said no—and told me, that, as soon as I recovered, I must not only go with the Indians, but must be made an Indian myself. I asked him what news from Braddock's army? He said, the Indians spied them every day, and he showed me by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it,) *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints, &c., and every one taking what suited; I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire—likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then

in high hopes that I would soon see them fly before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day ; and, in the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.

I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch : as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them, and asked him, what was the news ? He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated ; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c. with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps ; after this came another company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters ; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blackened—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of Allegheny river opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men : they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, &c., and he screaming in the most doleful manner,—the Indians in the mean time yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry.

When I came into my lodgings I saw Russel's Seven Sermons, which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present of to me. From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the field, besides what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle, I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort ; the same day I also saw several Indians in British officers' dress, with sash, half moons, laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

A few days after this the Indians demanded me, and I was obliged

to go with them. I was not well able to march, but they took me in a canoe up the Allegheny river, to an Indian town, that was on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here I remained about three weeks, and was then taken to an Indian town on the west branch of Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks, which was called Tullihass, inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas and Mohicans.

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some asher on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers, in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown; this they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colours. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street, and gave the alarm halloo. *coo-woh*, several times repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done, he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them;—I thought that the result of the council was, that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river.—At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English, (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said *no hurt you*; on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins, and gar-

ters dressed with beads, Porcupine quills, and red hair—also a tinsel laced cappel. They again painted my head and face with various colours, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenic, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco,—also spunk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was a profound silence—every one was smoking—but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as followeth:—"My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom—My son, you have now nothing to fear; we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech,—for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over, I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there were a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn; every one advanced with his bowl and spoon, and had his share given him.—After this, one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

The name of one of the chiefs in this town was 'Tecanyateright, alias Pluggy, and the other Asalleco, alias Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war dance, and their war songs. At their war dance they had both vocal and instrumental music—they had a short hollow gum, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum,—all those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed

their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance, or move forward in concert, like well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war song. In performing this, only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud *he-uh, he-uh*, which they constantly repeated while the war song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to the war, at this time were so animated by this performance, that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colours, and packs upon their backs: they marched off, all silent, except the commander, who, in the front, sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: *hoo caugh-tainte heegana*. Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle—both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over, for three or four hours, without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes, they used *ya ne no hoo wa ne, &c.*, like our *fa sol la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced, stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said.

Shortly after this I went out to hunt, in company with Mohawk Solomon, some of the Caughnewagas, and a Delaware Indian that

was married to a Caughnewaga squaw. We travelled about south from this town, and the first night we killed nothing, but we had with us green corn, which we roasted and ate that night. The next day we encamped about twelve o'clock, and the hunters turned out to hunt, and I went down the run that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys to hunt plums, which we found in great plenty. On my return to camp I observed a large piece of fat meat: the Delaware Indian that could talk some English, observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me, *what meat you think that is?* I said I supposed it was bear meat; he laughed, and said, *ho, all one fool you, beal now elly pool*, and pointing to the other side of the camp, he said, *look at that skin, you think that beal skin?* I went and lifted the skin, which appeared like an ox-hide: he then said, *what skin you think that?* I replied, that I thought it was a buffalo hide; he laughed, and said, *you fool again, you know nothing, you think buffalo that colo?* I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffalo, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied, *by and by you shall see gleat many buffalo: he now go to gleat lick. That skin not buffalo skin, that skin buck-elk skin.* They went out with horses, and brought in the remainder of this buck-elk, which was the fattest creature I ever saw of the tallow kind.

We remained at this camp about eight or ten days, and killed a number of deer. Though we had neither bread nor salt at this time, yet we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty, and they were frequently inviting me to eat when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffalo lick, where we killed several buffalo, and in their small brass kettles they made about half a bushel of salt. I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles from the aforesaid town, and somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio and Scioto.—About the lick was clear, open woods, and thin white-oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like wagon roads. We moved from this lick about six or seven miles, and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun, I had not yet been permitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out with him to hunt, which I readily agreed to. After some time we came upon some fresh buffalo tracks. I had observed before this that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy; for, until now, they and the southern nations had been at war. As we were following the buffalo tracks, Solomon seemed to be upon his guard, went very slow, and would frequently stand and listen, and appeared to be in suspense. We came to where the tracks were very plain in the sand, and I said, it is surely buffalo tracks; he said, *hush, you know nothing—may be buffalo tracks, may be Catawba.* He went very cautious until we found some fresh buffalo dung: he then smiled, and said *Catawba cannot make so.* He then stopped and told me an odd story about the Catawbas. He said that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their

hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush; and in order to decoy them out, sent two or three Catawbias in the night past their camp, with buffalo hoofs fixed on their feet, so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning, those in the camp followed after these tracks, thinking they were buffalo, until they were fired on by the Catawbias, and several of them killed; the others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbias; but they, in their subtlety, brought with them rattlesnake poison, which they had collected from the bladder that lieth at the root of the snake's teeth; this they had corked up in a short piece of a cane stalk; they had also brought with them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye straw, which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and dipped them into this poison, and stuck them in the ground among the grass, along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers, which answered the design; and as the Catawbias had runners behind to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found that a number of them were lame, being artificially snake bit, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbias turned upon the pursuers and defeated them, and killed and scalped all those that were lame. When Solomon had finished his story, and found that I understood him, he concluded by saying, *you don't know, Catawba velly bad Indian, Catawba all one devil, Catawba.*

Some time after this, I was told to take the dogs with me, and go down the creek, perhaps I might kill a turkey; it being in the afternoon, I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp, and to take care not to get lost. When I had gone some distance down the creek, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks, and as I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffalo, I concluded I would follow after and kill one; and as the grass and weeds were rank, I could readily follow the track. A little before sundown I despaired of coming up with them; I was then thinking how I might get to camp before night: I concluded, as the buffalo had made several turns, if I took the track back to the creek, it would be dark before I could get to the camp; therefore I thought I would take a nearer way through the hills, and strike the creek a little below the camp; but as it was cloudy weather, and I a very young woodsman, I could find neither creek nor camp. When night came on, I fired my gun several times and hallooed, but could have no answer. The next morning early, the Indians were out after me, and as I had with me ten or a dozen dogs, and the grass and weeds rank, they could readily follow my track. When they came up with me, they appeared to be in a very good humor. I asked Solomon if he thought I was running away, he said, *no, no, you go too much clocked.* On my return to camp they took away my gun from me, and for this rash step I was reduced to a bow and arrows, for near two years. We were out on this tour for about six weeks.

When we returned to the town, Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners from the south branch of the Potomac; they also brought with

them an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but as she could not read English, she made a present of it to me, which was very acceptable.

I remained in this town until some time in October, when my adopted brother, called Tontileaugo, who had married a Wyandot squaw, took me with him to Lake Erie.

On this route we had no horses with us, and when we started from the town, all the pack I carried was a pouch, containing my books, a little dried venison, and my blanket. I had then no gun, but Tontileaugo, who was a first-rate hunter, carried a rifle gun, and every day killed deer, raccoons, or bears. We left the meat, excepting a little for present use, and carried the skins with us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark, in a frame made with poles stuck in the ground, and tied together with lynn or elm bark; and when the skins were dried by the fire, we packed them up, and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English, I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned, even to talk very imperfectly with him; but I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way, than when I had those with me who could speak English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs increased by the skins, that were daily killed, and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day. We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore, like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake, and as the wind fell that night, the next morning the lake was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves, as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places; as the wind fell and the waves abated, they were left without water, or only a small quantity; and numbers of bald and grey eagles, &c., were along the shore devouring them.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received: they gave us a kind of rough, brown potatoes, which grew spontaneously, and were called, by the Caughnewagas, *ohenata*. These potatoes peeled and dipped in racoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they call *caneheanta*, which is a kind of homony, made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer, and a great many racoons; the racoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we all embarked in a large birch bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously

constructed, that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise they carried the vessel that we all came in up the bank, and inverted it or turned the bottom up, and converted it into a dwelling house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls; here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons.

While we remained here, I left my pouch with my books in camp, wrapped up in my blanket, and went out to hunt chestnuts. On my return to camp my books were missing. I inquired after them, and asked the Indians if they knew where they were; they told me that they supposed the puppies had carried them off. I did not believe them, but thought they were displeased at my poring over my books, and concluded that they had destroyed them, or put them out of my way.

After this, I was again out after nuts, and on my return beheld a new erection, composed of two white-oak saplings, that were forked about twelve feet high, and stood about fifteen feet apart. They had cut these saplings at the forks, and laid a strong pole across, which appeared in the form of a gallows, and the posts they had shaved very smooth, and painted in places with vermilion. I could not conceive the use of this piece of work, and at length concluded it was a gallows. I thought that I had displeased them by reading my books, and that they were about putting me to death. The next morning I observed them bringing their skins all to this place, and hanging them over this pole, so as to preserve them from being injured by the weather. This removed my fears. They also buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

As we had at this time no horses, every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie, betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga. Here they made their winter cabin in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong poll from end to end on these forks; and from these walls to the polls, they set up polls instead of rafters, and on these they tied small polls in place of laths; and a cover was made of lynn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long; this bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all around, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bear skin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected.

It was some time in December, when we finished this winter cabin; but when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging, another difficulty arose, we had nothing to eat. While I was travelling with Tontileango, as was before mentioned, and had plenty of fat venison, bear's meat and racoons, I then thought it was hard living without bread or salt; but now I began to conclude, that if I had any thing that would banish pinching hunger, and keep soul and body together, I would be content.

While the hunters were all out, exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was,) were scattered out in the bottoms, hunting red haws, black haws, and hickory nuts. As it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws; but we had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts from under a light snow, which we carried with us lest the hunters should not succeed. After our return the hunters came in, who had killed only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters, and thirteen squaws, boys, and children; but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice—every one got their equal share.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears. One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat. The hunters carried in meat sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

The squaws and all that could carry, turned out to bring in meat—every one had their share assigned them, and my load was among the least; yet, not being accustomed to carrying in this way, I got exceeding weary, and told them my load was too heavy, I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made a halt, and only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried.

This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite me to exert myself in carrying without complaining, than if they had whipped

me for laziness. After this the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads; and that they would go to war even in this inclement season, in order to bring in horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him; as he was one of the best hunters, it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children; it was agreed upon that Tontileaugo and the three others should stay, and hunt and the other four go to war.

They then began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war songs, danced their war dances, &c. And when they were equipped, they went off singing their marching song, and firing their guns. Our camp appeared to be rejoicing; but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered, not thinking of danger.

After the departure of these warriors we had hard times; and though we were not altogether out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had considerable success, and we had meat brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from this winter cabin, to try his luck there. We carried no provision with us; he said he would leave what was there for the squaws and children, and that we could shift for ourselves. We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles from the winter cabin. As it was still cold weather and a crust upon the snow, which made a noise as we walked and alarmed the deer, we could kill nothing, and consequently went to sleep without supper. The only chance we had, under these circumstances, was to hunt bear holes, as the bears about Christmas search out a winter lodging place, where they lie about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear to some incredible; but it is now well known to be the case, by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.

The next morning early we proceeded on, and when we found a tree scratched by the bears climbing up, and the hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of the bear, we then felled a sapling or small tree, against or near the hole; and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow. We went on in this manner until evening, without success; at length we found a large elm scratched, and a hole in it about forty feet up; but no tree nigh, suitable to lodge against the hole. Tontileaugo got a long pole and some dry rotten wood, which he tied in bunches with bark; and as there was a tree that grew near the elm, and extended up near the hole, but leaned the wrong way, so that we could not lodge it to advantage, to remedy this inconvenience, he climbed up this tree and carried with him his rotten wood, fire and pole. The rotten wood he tied to his belt, and to one end of the pole he tied a hook, and a piece of rotten wood which he set fire to, as it would retain fire almost like spunk,

and reached this hook from limb to limb as he went up ; when he got up, with this pole he put dry wood on fire into the hole ; after he put in the fire he heard the bear snuff, and he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand, and waited until the bear would come out ; but it was some time before it appeared, and when it did appear, he attempted taking sight with his rifle ; but it being then too dark to see the sights, he set it down by a tree, and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow, and shot the bear a little behind the shoulder ; I was preparing also to shoot an arrow, but he called to me to stop, there was no occasion ; and with that the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry we kindled a fire, opened the bear, took out the liver, and wrapped some of the caul fat round, and put it on a wooden spit, which we stuck in the ground by the fire to roast ; we then skinned the bear, got on our kettle, and had both roast and boiled, and also sauce to our meat, which appeared to me to be delicate fare. After I was fully satisfied I went to sleep ; Tontileaugo awoke me, saying, ' come eat heartily, we have got meat plenty now.

The next morning we cut down a lynn tree, peeled bark and made a snug little shelter, facing the south east, with a large log betwixt us and the north-west ; we made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp we went out to hunt, searched two trees for bears, but to no purpose. As the snow thawed a little in the afternoon, Tontileaugo killed a deer, which we carried with us to camp.

The next day we turned out to hunt, and near the camp we found a tree well scratched ; but the hole was above forty feet high, and no tree that we could lodge against the hole ; but finding that it was very hollow, we concluded that we would cut down the tree with our tomahawks, which kept us working a considerable part of the day. When the tree fell we ran up. Tontileaugo with his gun and bow, and I with my bow ready bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders ; I also shot, but too far back ; and not being then much accustomed to the business, my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin. Having killed an old she bear and three cubs, we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards, to get wood, make a fire, cook, &c. before dark.

Early the next morning we went to business, searched several trees, but found no bears. On our way home we took three racoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks, and in this time killed four bears, three deer, several turkeys, and a number of racoons. We packed up as much meat as we could carry, and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival, there was great joy, as they were all in a starving condition,—the three hunters that we had left having killed but very little. All that could carry a pack, repaired to our camp to bring in meat.

Some time in February the four warriors returned, who had taken

two scalps, and six horses from the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin, and encamp, kill meat and bring it in upon horses; so that we commonly after this had plenty of provision.

In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made above one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar-tree they cut a notch, sloping down, and at the end of the notch, stuck in a tomahawk; in the place where they stuck the tomahawk, they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel to receive it. As sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles, that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at all times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark, that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for retaining the water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way that we commonly used our sugar while encamped, was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself, and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching racoons, foxes, wild cats, &c.

As the racoon is a kind of water animal, that frequents the runs, or small water courses, almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The upper sapling we raised about eighteen inches, and set so that on the racoon's touching a string, or small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it; and lest the racoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log, or opposite to a hole at the root of a tree, and put venison on a stick for bait: we had it so set, that when the fox took hold of the meat, the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar, the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March, we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn: the squaws were then frying the last of their bear's fat, and making vessels to hold it: the vessels were made of deer skins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck, without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it in small plaits round the neck and with a string

drew it together like a purse : in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string, and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons ; in these vessels it was they carried their bear's oil.

When all things were ready, we moved back to the falls of Canesadooharie. On our arrival at the falls, (as we had brought with us on horseback about two hundred weight of sugar, a large quantity of bear's oil, skins, &c.) the canoe we had buried was not sufficient to carry all ; therefore we were obliged to make another of elm bark. While we lay here, a young Wyandot found my books : on this they collected together ; I was a little way from the camp, and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was Scoouwa, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter : they showed me my books, and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caugenewaga, (for both that and the Wyandot tongue were spoken in this camp,) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shown to me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were damaged : I told them not much. They then showed how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deer-skin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was. This was the first time that I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Though they had been exceedingly kind to me, I still before detested them, on account of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness, or expressed myself in a friendly manner ; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information.

When we were ready to embark, Tontileaugo would not go to town, but go up the river and take a hunt. He asked me if I choosed to go with him ? I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bear's oil bottled up in a bear's gut, and some dry venison, which we packed up, and went to Canesadooharie, about thirty miles, and encamped. At this time I did not know either the day of the week or the month ; but I supposed it to be about the first of April. We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, or a horse, mare, and a young colt ; and though they had run in the woods all winter, they were in exceeding good order. There is plenty of grass here all winter, under the snow, and horses accustomed to the woods can work it out. These horses had run in the woods until they were very wild.

Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes and elks ; and in the great plains, with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer ; and he thought that in one whole day he could tire or run down any four-footed ani-

mal except a wolf. I told him that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it would tire sooner than a horse. He said he would at all events try the experiment. He had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well, and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him that I never had run all day, and of course was not accustomed to that way of running. I never had run with the Wyandots more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing, we must either catch these horses, or run all day.

In the morning early we left camp, and about sunrise we started after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clout and moccasins.—About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses run all day, in about three or four miles square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me calling *chakah, cha-koanaugh*, which signifies, pull away, or do your best. We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me, and about an hour before sundown we despaired of catching these horses, and returned to camp where we had left our clothes.

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderful strong to run; but withal we made them very tired. Tontileaugo then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war; which is to shoot them through the neck under the mane, and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them, and then they recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild, he could not get sufficiently nigh to shoot her in the proper place; however he shot, the ball passed too low, and killed her. As the horse and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse and took him and the colt with us to camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks, and killed a number of bears, racoons, and some beavers. We made a canoe of elm bark, and Tontileaugo embarked in it. He arrived at the falls that night; whilst I, mounted on horseback, with a bear skin saddle, and bark stirrups, proceeded by land to the falls: I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading past the falls.

We again proceeded towards the lake, I on horseback, and Tontileaugo by water. Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting round swamps and ponds. When we came to the lake, I proceeded along the strand, and Tontileaugo near the shore, sometimes paddling, and sometimes poling his canoe along.

After some time the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we staid several days on account of high wind, which raised the lake in great billows. While we were here, Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone, a Wyandot came to our camp; I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire, well roasted, and he received it gladly, told

me he was hungry, and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home, I told him that a Wyandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of venison: he said that was very well, and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bear's oil, to eat with his venison. I told him I did not; as the sugar and bear's oil was down in the canoe, I did not go for it. He replied, you have behaved just like a Dutchman.* Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp, we ought always to give them the best we have. I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this, as I was but young; but I must learn to behave like a warrior, and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions.

The lake being again calm,† we proceeded, and arrived safe at Sunyendeand, which was a Wyandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the little lake below the mouth of Sandusky.

The town was about eighty rood above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain, on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats, where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and fur, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes, and my head done off like a red-headed wood-pecker, I, in company with a number of young Indians, went down to the corn-field, to see the squaws at work. When we came there, they asked me to take a hoe, which I did, and hoed for some time. The squaws applauded me as a good hand at the business; but when I returned to the town, the old men hearing of what I had done, chid me, and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. They never had occasion to reprove me for anything like this again; as I never was extremely fond of work, I readily complied with their orders.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt, bring in with them large quantities of bear's oil, sugar, dried venison, &c., at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make away with their provision as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner or supper; but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered. If they will not eat, it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat, were angry with those who invited them.

At this time homony, plentifully mixed with bear's oil and sugar, is what they offer to every one who comes in any time of the day;

* The Dutch he called Skoharchaugo, which took its derivation from a Dutch settlement called Skoharey.

† The lake, when calm, appears to be of a sky-blue color; though when lifted in a vessel, it is like other clear water.

and so they go on until their sugar, bear's oil and venison is all gone, and then they have to eat homony by itself, without bread, salt, or any thing else; yet still they invite every one that comes in, to eat whilst they have anything to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat, while they have any thing; but if they can, in truth, only say we have got nothing to eat, this is accepted as an honorable apology. All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in: they spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking, and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustle cap. They put a number of plum stones in a small bowl; one side of each stone is black, and the other white; they then shake or hustle the bowl, calling *hits, hits, hits, honesy, honesy, rego, rego*; which signifies calling for white or black, or what they wish to turn up; they then turn the bowl, and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating their kind of drum and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane; and others playing on the jew's harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council-house, where the chiefs, and as many others as chose, attended; and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing. Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia: when they were equipped, they went through their ceremonies, sung their war songs, &c. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixteen years of age; and some boys, only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows, and went to war; so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man, and another, about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they know for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because, at this time, the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were. The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not: they said they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had chiefly laid waste the great valley, betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomac to James river, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools; they could neither guard against surprise, run, nor fight.—These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the east were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools; therefore, after some time, they will learn your mode of war, and turn upon you, or at

least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea, in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors left this town, we had neither meat, sugar, or bear's oil left. All that we had then to live on was corn pounded into coarse meal or small homony—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well thickened soup, without salt or anything else.—For some time we had plenty of this kind of homony; at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition, and but one gun in the town, and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a hunting in the canoe, and take me with him and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light; I worked the canoe, and the old man, who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer, fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town, in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town, the children were crying bitterly on account of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many, it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a party of the warriors had come in, and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat. These warriors had divided into different parties, and all struck at different places in Augusta county. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder. One of the parties brought in with them one Arthur Campbell, that is now Colonel Campbell, who lives on the Holston river, near the Royal Oak. As the Wyandots at Sunyendeand, and those at Detroit were connected, Mr. Campbell was taken to Detroit; but he remained some time with me in this town: his company was very agreeable, and I was sorry when he left me. During his stay at Sunyendeand he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage where it is said "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He said we ought to be resigned to the will of Providence, as we were now bearing the yoke in our youth. Mr. Campbell appeared to be then about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

There was a number of prisoners brought in by these parties, and when they were to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how they were to act. One John Savage was brought in, and a middle aged man, of about forty years old. He was to run the gauntlet. I told him what he had to do; and after this I fell into one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them; and as they were

not very severe on him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of a pumpkin—which pleased the Indians much, but hurt my feelings.

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use, so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both, which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn, or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, as already mentioned, in singing and dancing, &c. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and also in love, peace and friendship together, without dispute. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

In this manner we lived until October; then the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c., came from the north, and alighted on this little lake without number, or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

As our hunters were now tired with indolence, and fond of their own kind of exercise, they all turned out to fowling, and in this could scarce miss of success; so that we had now plenty of homony and the best of fowls; and sometimes, as a rarity, we had a little bread made of Indian corn meal, pounded in a homony block, mixed with boiled beans, and baked into cakes under the ashes.

This with us was called good living, though not equal to our fat roasted and boiled venison, when we went to the woods in the fall; or bear's meat and beaver in the winter; or sugar, bear's oil and dry venison in the spring.

Some time in October, another adpoted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga. As they always used me as a free-man, and gave me the liberty of choosing. I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo—had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider of this. He told me that the party he was going with would not be along, or at the mouth of this little lake, in less than six days, and I could in this time be acquainted with him, and judge for myself. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanago, (which was his name) was a chief, and a better man than he was; and if I went with him I might expect to be well used, but he said I might do as I pleased; and if I staid he would use me as he had done. I told him that he had acted in every respect as a brother to me; yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation; and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him. He said that he was perfectly willing.

I then went with Tecaughretanago to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced *Maully*. I asked

Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name; he said that he did not know that it was an English name; but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptised, which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said, that the priest and him could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him, that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities: but he could not believe the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense; and therefore he concluded that the Indian's old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags, plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn the rain or wind well,—each mat is made fifteen feet long, and about five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground, in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make fire of dry split wood in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture, all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in, and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke.—Their lumber they keep under birch-bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, where they keep every thing from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

This company had four birch canoes and four tents. We were kindly received, and they gave us plenty of homony and wild fowl boiled and roasted. As the geese, ducks, swans, &c. here are well grain-fed, they were remarkably fat, especially the green necked ducks. The wild fowl here feed upon a kind of wild rice that grows spontaneously in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the lakes.

As the wind was high and we could not proceed on our voyage, we remained here several days, and killed abundance of wild fowl, and a number of racoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, as it is at this time of the year often dangerous sailing, the old men hold a council; and when they agree to embark, every one is engaged immediately in making ready, without offering one word against the measure, though the lake may be boisterous and horrid. One morning, though the wind appeared to me to be as high as in days past, and the billows raging, yet the call was given *yohohyohoh*, which was quickly answered by all—*ooh-ooh* which signifies agreed. We were all instantly engaged in preparing to start, and had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes we fell to paddling with all our might, making out from the shore. Though these sort of canoes ride waves beyond what could be expected, yet the water several times dashed into them. When we got out about half a mile from shore, we hoisted sail, and as it was nearly a west wind, we then seemed to ride the waves with ease, and went on at a rapid rate.— We then all laid down our paddles, excepting one that steered, and there was no water dashed into our canoes, until we came near the shore again. We sailed about sixty miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

The next day we again embarked and went on very well for some time; but the lake being boisterous, and the wind not fair, we were obliged to make to shore, which we accomplished with hard work and some difficulty in landing. The next morning a council was held by the old men.

As we had this day to pass by a long precipice of rocks on the shore about nine miles, which rendered it impossible for us to land, though the wind was high and the lake rough, yet, as it was fair, we were all ordered to embark. We wrought ourselves out from the shore and hoisted sail, (what we used in place of sail cloth were our tent-mats, which answered the purpose very well,) and went on for some time with a fair wind, until we were opposite to the precipice, and then it turned towards the shore, and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks. Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks, than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice; but as we were nearer the rock, we were obliged to lower our sails, and paddle with all our might. With much difficulty we cleared ourselves of the rock, and landed. As the other canoes had landed before us, there were immediately runners sent off to see if we were all safely landed.

This night the wind fell, and the next morning the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty, and paddled along near the shore, until we came to the mouth of the Cayahaga, which empties into Lake Erie on the south side, betwixt Canesadooharie and Presque Isle.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped—where we stayed and hunted for several days; and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river, and but few ripples, or swift running places, from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the East Branch of the Muskingum, there is a carrying place, where the Indians carry their canoes, &c. from the waters of Lake Erie, into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters, to the East Branch of Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy laden, with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs, as we had no horses.

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the river: we buried our canoes, and as usual hung up our skins and every one had a pack to carry: the squaws also packed up their tents, which they carried in large rolls, that extended up above their heads; and though a great bulk, yet not heavy. We steered about a south-east course, and could not march over ten miles per day.—At night we lodged in our flag tents, which when erected, were nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, and about fifteen feet diameter at the ground.

In this manner we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered in these tents, on the waters of Beaver creek, near a little lake or pond which is about two miles long, and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver.

It is a received opinion among the Indians, that the geese turn to beavers, and the snakes to racoons; and though Tecaughretanago, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true, yet he seemed in some measure to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had always been a great place for beaver. Though he said he knew them all frequently killed, (as he thought,) yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever. And as the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land, and there being no water communication to or from this pond—how could such a number of beavers get there year after year? But as this pond was also a considerable place for geese, when they came in the fall from the north, and alighted in this pond, they turned beavers, all but the feet, which remained nearly the same.

I said, that though there was no water communication in or out of this pond, yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, it was always clear, and never stagnated: and as a very large spring arose about a mile below this pond, it was likely this spring came from this pond. In the fall, when this spring is comparatively low, there would be air under ground sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water, and so they might have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond. Tecaughretanago granted that it might be so.

About the sides of this pond there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered up on the ice, when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle bullets—of a bright red colour—an agreeable sour, though rather too sour of themselves; but when mixed with sugar, had a very agreeable taste.

In conversation with Tecaughretanago, I happened to be talking of the beavers catching fish. He asked me why I thought that the beaver caught fish? I told him that I had read of the beaver making dams for the convenience of fishing. He laughed, and made game of me and my book. He said the man that wrote that book knew nothing about the beaver. The beaver never did eat flesh of any kind; but lived on the bark of trees, roots, and other vegetables.

In order to know certainly how this was, when we killed a beaver

I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish ; I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish nor flesh ; therefore I acknowledged that the book that I had read was wrong.

I asked him if the beaver was an amphibious animal, or if it could live under water ? He said that the beaver was a kind of subterraneous water animal, that lives in or near the water ; but they were no more amphibious than the ducks and geese were—which was constantly proven to be the case ; as all the beavers that are caught in steel traps are drowned, provided the trap be heavy enough to keep them under water. As the beaver does not eat fish, I enquired of Tecaughretanego why the beaver made such large dams ? He said they were of use to them in various respects—both for their safety and food. For their safety, as by raising the water over the mouths of their holes or subterraneous lodging places, they could not be easily found ; and as the beaver feeds chiefly on the bark of trees, by raising the water over the banks, they can cut down sapplings for bark to feed upon without going out much upon the land : and when they are obliged to go out on land for this food, they frequently are caught by the wolves. As the beaver can run upon land but little faster than a water tortoise, and is no fighting animal, if they are any distance from the water, they become an easy prey to their enemies.

I asked Tecaughretanego, what was the use of the beavers' stones, or glands, to them—as the she beaver has two pair, which is commonly called the oil stones, and the bark stones ? He said that as the beavers are the dumbest of all animals, and scarcely ever make any noise ; and as they were working creatures, they made use of this smell in order to work in concert. If an old beaver was to come on the bank and rub his breech upon the ground, and raise a perfume, the others will collect from different places and go to work ; this is also of use to them in travelling, that they may thereby search out and find their company. Cunning hunters finding this out, have made use of it against the beavers, in order to catch them.—What is the bait which you see them make use of, but a compound of the oil and bark stones ? By this perfume, which is only a false signal, they decoy them to the trap.

Near this pond, beaver was the principal game. Before the water froze up, we caught a great many with wooden and steel traps : but after that, we hunted the beaver on the ice. Some places here the beavers build large houses to live in ; and in other places they have subterraneous lodgings in the banks. Where they lodge in the ground, we have no chance of hunting them on the ice ; but where they have houses, we go with malls and handspikes, and break all the hollow ice, to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. Then we break a hole in the house, and they make their escape into the water ; but as they cannot live long under water, they are obliged to go to some of those broken places to breathe, and the Indians commonly put in their hands, catch them by the hind leg, haul them on the ice, and tomahawk them. Some-

times they shoot them in the head, when they raise it above the water. I asked the Indians if they were not afraid to catch the beavers with their hands; they said no: they were not much of a biting creature; yet if they would catch them by the fore foot they would bite.

I went out with Tecaughretanago and some others a beaver hunting: but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several racoons had passed, while the snow was soft, though there was now a crust upon it; we all made a halt looking at the racoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it, they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and if they had, to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw by another the way they had went, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being about three inches deep, and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation—and as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood, around this hollow; I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work, and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket, (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins and mockasins,) and with my tomahawk, fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick, all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a block prepared that I could haul after me, to stop this hole: and before I went in I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in, I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my mockasins, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the mean while, had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon; though I knew that it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke, all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the

storm raging, and did not suffer much cold, as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my mockasins, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before, what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful; it moved about nine inches—with this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell, and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of Heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before; and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees, as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight. I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterwards, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp, I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived, they all came round me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done, Tecaughretanago desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected round me, both men, women, and boys. Tecaughretanago asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but when I made a stop, the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy. As I could not at this time talk Ottawa or Jibewa well, (which is nearly the same,) I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. As my sister Molly's husband was a Jibewa, and could understand Caughnewaga, he acted as interpreter, and delivered my story to the Jibewas and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure. When all this was done, Tecaughretanago made a speech to me in the following manner:

"Brother:—You see we have prepared snow-shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared; yet, as you had not been accustomed to hardships in your country to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now, we are glad to see you in various respects: we are glad to see you on your own account, and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man, in whose room you were adopted. We do not blame you for what has happened, we blame ourselves; because we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to camp.

"Brother:—Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much: you have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions, as it is only great actions that can make a great man."

I told my brother Tecaughretanego, that I thanked them for their care of me, and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always wished to do great actions, and hoped I would never do any thing to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected. I likewise told my Jibewa brother-in-law to tell his people that I also thanked them for their care and kindness.

The next morning some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes, killed several deer, and hauled some of them into camp upon the snow. They fixed their carrying-strings (which are broad in the middle and small at each end,) in the fore feet and nose of the deer, and laid the broad part of it on their head or about their shoulders, and pulled it along; and when it is moving, it will not sink in the snow much deeper than a snow-shoe; and when taken with the grain of the hair, slips along very easily.

The snow-shoes are made like a hoop net, and wrought with buckskin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and a half long, and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross bars, in order to fix or tie them to the feet. After the snow had lain a few days, the Indians tomahawked the deer, by pursuing them in this manner.

About two weeks after this, there came a warm rain, and took away the chief part of the snow, and broke up the ice: then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, as we had but few steel traps. These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the racoon traps already described.

One day as I was looking after my traps, I got benighted, by beaver ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fire-works with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging place; therefore, the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and hallooed the whole night with all my might, and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fire-works with me; but when they knew how it was, they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently

involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording place.— They applauded me for my fortitude, and said as they had now plenty of beaver skins, they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather, I could make fire, kill provision, and return to camp when the sun shined. By being bewildered on the waters of the Muskingum, I lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow, and by lying out two nights here I regained my credit.

After some time the waters all froze again, and then, as formerly, we hunted beavers on the ice. Though beaver meat, without salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter, yet we had always plenty, and I was well contented with my diet, as it appeared delicious fare, after the way we had lived the winter before.

Some time in February, we scaffolded up our fur and skins, and moved about ten miles in quest of a sugar camp, or a suitable place to make sugar, and encamped in a large bottom on the head waters of Big Beaver Creek. We had some difficulty in moving, as we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about fifteen years of age, to lead; and as this country is very brushy, we frequently had him to carry. We had also my Jibewa brother-in-law's father with us, who was thought by the Indians to be a great conjurer—his name was Manetohcoa. This old man was so decrepid that we had to carry him this route upon a bier, and all our baggage to pack on our backs.

Shortly after we came to this place, the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire, in making sugar. Their large bark vessels, for holding the stock water, they made broad and shallow; and as the weather is very cold here, it frequently freezes at night in sugar time; and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar? They said, no: it was water they were casting away, sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment, and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try it; but I observed that after several times freezing, the water that remained in the vessel changed its color, and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar the snow went off the ground; and one night a squaw raised an alarm: she said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents—they were supposed to be Johnston's Mohawks. On this the squaws were ordered to slip quietly out some distance into the bushes; and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and if the enemy rushed up, we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping. I got down beside Tecaughretanago, and he whispered to me not to be afraid, for he would speak to the Mohawks, and as they spoke the same tongue that we did, they would

not hurt the Caughnewagas or me, but they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could, and take us along with them.— This news pleased me well, and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.

Before we withdrew from the tents, they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire, and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder-blade of a wild-cat, tobacco, &c.; and while we were in the bushes, Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which was quickly obeyed. When we came in, he told us that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. He said though there were no Mohawks about, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm; as she had occasion to go out and happened to see the wolves, though it was moonlight, yet she got afraid, and she concealed it was Indians with guns in their hands; so he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger—and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place, and found wolf tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet like dogs; but there was no sign of moccasin tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizard, I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the devil. But let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion, as well as if it had come from an infallible oracle; or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner. This appeared to me the most like witchcraft of anything I beheld while I was with them. Though I scrutinized their proceedings in business of this kind, yet I generally found that their pretended witchcraft was either art or mistaken notions, whereby they deceived themselves. Before a battle they spy the enemy's motions carefully, and when they find that they can have considerable advantage, and the greatest prospect of success, then the old men pretend to conjure, or to tell what the event will be,— and this they do in a figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation, which generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold; therefore the young warriors generally believed these old conjurers, which had a tendency to animate and excite them to push on with vigor.

Some time in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, which was about forty or fifty miles; and as we had no horses, we had all our baggage and several hundred weight of beaver skins, and some deer and bear skins—all to pack on our backs. The method we took to accomplish this, was by making short day's journeys. In the morning we would move on with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp, and then run back for more. We commonly made three such trips in the day. When we came to the great pond, we staid there one day to rest ourselves, and to kill ducks and geese.

While we remained here, I went in company with a young Caughnewaga, who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, Chinnohete by name, in order to gather cranberries. As he was gathering berries at some distance from me, three Jibewa squaws crept up undiscovered, and made at him speedily, but he nimbly escaped, and came to me, apparently terrified. I asked him what he was afraid of? He replied, did you not see those squaws? I told him I did, and they appeared to be in very good humor. I asked him wherefore, then, he was afraid of them? He said the Jibewa squaws were very bad women, and had a very ugly custom among them. I asked him what that custom was? He said that when two or three of them could catch a young lad, that was betwixt a man and a boy, out by himself, if they could overpower him, they would strip him by force, in order to see whether he was coming on to be a man or not. He said that was what they intended when they crawled up, and ran so violently at him; but, said he, I am very glad that I so narrowly escaped. I then agreed with Chinnohete in condemning this as a bad custom, and an exceedingly immodest action for young women to be guilty of.

We again proceeded on from the pond to the forks of the Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

When we came to the forks, we found that the skins we had scaffolded were all safe. Though this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing, and our skins hanging up in view, yet there were none stolen, and it is seldom that Indians do steal anything from one another; and they say they never did until the white people came among them, and learned some of them to lie, cheat, and steal,—but be that as it may, they never did curse or swear until the whites learned them; some think their language will not admit of it, but I am not of that opinion. If I was so disposed, I could find language to curse or swear in the Indian tongue.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said God damn it. I asked him if he knew what he then said? He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning, of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he had said was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites. When the traders were among us, these words seem to be intermixed with all their discourse. He told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said the traders applied these words not only wickedly, but oftentimes very foolishly and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, God damn it—surely, said he, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owananeeyo, or the Great Spirit; he also observed the traders often used this expression when they

were in a good humor, and not displeased with anything. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent, and impious manner; yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied if so, the traders are as bad as Oonasharoona, or the under ground inhabitants, which is the name they give the devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

We took up our birch-bark canoes, which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter; but they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had, we made a large chestnut bark canoe, as elm bark was not to be found at this place.

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga, and along the south side of Lake Erie, until we passed the mouth of Sandusky; then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, at Cedar Point, where we remained several days, and killed a number of turkeys, geese, ducks and swans. The wind being fair, and the lake not extremely rough, we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town, nearly opposite to Fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us for our beaver.

We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c., and, according to promise, they purchased me a new gun; yet we had parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy; we purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk, and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal—then they said that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this; but of two evils I chose that which I thought was the least—and fell in with those who were to conceal the arms, and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible, to keep the drinking club from killing each other, which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg, near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds—all were welcome to drink.

When they were done with this keg, they applied to the traders, and procured a kettle full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon,—and so they went on, and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

When the trader had got all our beaver, he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile from the Wyandot town.

When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts torn, and several blankets were burned. A number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn planting.

We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town.

They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours; five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.

After this a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise, but they did not attempt to compel me, though they endeavored to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were, its being a great ornament, and also the common fashion. The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle of the ear close to the gristle, quite through. When this was done, they wrapt rags round this fleshy part until it was entirely healed; they then hung lead to it, and stretched it to a wonderful length: when it was sufficiently stretched, they wrapped the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed it into a semi-circle, about four inches diameter.

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling foot ball; though they commonly struck the ball with a crooked stick made for that purpose; also a game something like this, wherein they used a wooden ball, about three inches diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff, about five feet long, with a hoop-net on the end of it large enough to contain the ball. Before they begin the play, they lay off about half a mile distance in a clear plain, and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up the ball, then the opposite parties all contend for it. If any one gets it into his net, he runs with it the way he wishes it to go, and they all pursue him. If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke, which causes the ball to fly out of the net; then they have a debate for it, and if the one that gets it can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won; but this seldom happens. When any one is running away with the ball, and is likely to be overtaken, he commonly throws it, and with this instrument can cast fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes, when the ball is at one end, matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end. Oftentimes they will work a long while back and forward, before they can get the ball over the line, or win the game.

About the 1st of June, 1757, the warriors were preparing to go to war, in the Wyandot, Pottowatamy, and Ottawa towns; also a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes, and after singing their war songs, and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, in their usual manner, singing the travelling song, slow firing, &c.

On the north side of the river St. Lawrence, opposite to Fort Detroit, there is an island, which the Indians call Long Island, and which they say is above one thousand miles long, and in some places above one hundred miles broad. They further say that the great river that comes down by Canesatauga, and that empties into the

main branch of St. Lawrence, above Montreal, originates from one source with the St. Lawrence, and forms this island.

Opposite to Detroit, and below it, was originally a prairie, and laid off in lots about sixty rods broad, and a great length; each lot is divided into two fields, which they cultivate year about. The principal grain that the French raised in these fields, was spring wheat and peas.

They built all their houses on the front of these lots on the river side; and as the banks of the river are very low, some of the houses are not above three or four feet above the surface of the water; yet they are in no danger of being disturbed by freshets, as the river seldom rises above eighteen inches; because it is the communication of the river St. Lawrence, from one lake to another.

As dwelling houses, barns and stables are all built on the front of these lots, at a distance it appears like a continued row of houses in a town, on each side of the river, for a long way. These villages, the town, the river, and the plains, being all in view at once, affords a most delightful prospect.

The inhabitants here chiefly drink the river water; and as it comes from the northward, it is very wholesome.

The land here is principally second rate, and, comparatively speaking, a small part is first or third rate; though about four or five miles south of Detroit, there is a small portion that is worse than what I would call third rate, which produces abundance of whortle-berries.

There is plenty of good meadow ground here, and a great many marshes that are overspread with water. The timber is elm, sugar-tree, black-ash, white-ash, abundance of water-ash, oak, hickory, and some walnut:

About the middle of June, the Indians were almost all gone to war, from sixteen to sixty; yet Tecaughretanego remained in town with me. Though he had formerly, when they were at war with the southern nations been a great warrior, and an eminent counsellor, and I think as clear and able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with, as ever I knew; yet he had all along been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it in council. He said if the English and French had a quarrel, let them fight their own battles themselves; it is not our business to intermeddle therewith.

Before the warriors returned, we were very scarce of provision; and though we did not commonly steal from one another, yet we stole during this time anything that we could eat, from the French, under the notion that it was just for us to do so, because they supported their soldiers; and our squaws, old men and children, were suffering on account of the war, as our hunters were all gone.

Sometime in August, the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners, horses and plunder; and the common report among the young warriors was, that they would entirely subdue Tulhasaga, that is the English, or it might be literally rendered the Morning Light inhabitants.

About the first of November, a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt, and all agreed to cross the lake together. We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held, whether we should cross through by the three islands, or coast it round the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots or Ottawas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands; though excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but racoons, which are amazingly plenty, and exceedingly large and fat; as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter, in one winter, will catch one thousand racoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians, that the snakes and racoons are transmigratory; and that a great many of the snakes turn racoons every fall, and the racoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and racoons in this island.

As the racoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps, in the winter season they commonly find them filled with racoons; but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they then find their traps filled with large rattle-snakes; and therefore conclude that the racoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so remarkably plenty in the winter, is, every fall the snakes turn racoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet from the numerous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and racoons were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe that they were transmigratory.

These islands are but seldom visited; because early in the spring and late in the fall, it is dangerous sailing in their bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with various kinds of serpents, (but chiefly rattle-snakes,) that it is dangerous landing.

I shall now quit this digression, and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We concluded to coast it round the lake, and in two days we came to the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council, and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert, and in partnership.

The river in this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake forms a kind of neck, which terminates in a point, all the hunters, (which were fifty-three,) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When we first began to move, we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good order; before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer

from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point, the guns began to crack slowly; and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land: we killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of homony, venison and wild fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward—it might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move? The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day, that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion, and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say, a great number of expresses are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may be all in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there is a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear from their actions, that such a council had been held. Certain it is, that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie, at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanago, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances—scarcely one had a shirt to his back; but each of us had an old blanket which we belted round us in the day, and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

When we came to the falls of Sandusky, we buried our birch-bark canoes as usual, at a large burying place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicularly. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes, some of us went up the river, and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies, that lie between Sandusky and Scioto.

When we came to this place, we met with some Ottawa hunters, and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass, in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, the deer fled before the fire: the Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we

came to divide the deer, there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose, it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business; so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades, and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains, betwixt a creek that empties into Sandusky, and one that runs into Scioto; and at the time of high water, or the spring season, there is but about one half mile of portage, and that very level and clear of rocks, timber or stones; so that with a little digging, there may be water-carriage the whole way from Scioto to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls, is chiefly first-rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceeding rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black-ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore, or button-wood.

About the time that the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, his wife and children, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself, left the Wyandot camps at the carrying-place, and crossed the Scioto river at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a south-west course to a large creek called Ollentangy, which I believe interlocks with the waters of the Miami, and empties into Scioto on the west side thereof. From the south end of the prairie to Ollentangy, there is a large quantity of beech land, intermixed with first-rate land.—Here we made our winter hut, and had considerable success in hunting.

After some time, one of Tontileaugo's step-sons, (a lad about eight years of age,) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wyandot wife. She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault, but thought that he ought to have been ducked, which is their usual mode of chastisement. She said she could not bear having her son whipped like a servant or slave—and she was so displeased, that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt, she got her two horses and all her effects, (as in this country the husband and wife have separate interests,) and moved back to the Wyandot camp that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned, he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement, and said that he would never go after her, were it not that he was afraid that she would get bewildered, and that his children that she had taken with her, might suffer. Tontileaugo went after his wife, and when they met they made up the quarrel, and he never returned; but left Tecaughretanego and his son, (a boy

about ten years of age) and myself, who remained here in our hut all winter.

Tecaughretanego had been a first-rate warrior, statesman and hunter, and though he was now near sixty years of age, was yet equal to the common run of hunters, but subject to rheumatism, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us, Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months. I had considerable success in hunting and trapping. Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery, yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity—and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success, we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he apprehended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

Tontileaugo left us a little before Christmas, and from that until some time in February, we had always plenty of bear meat, venison, &c. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating anything, and had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked what success? I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry? I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth—after eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones, which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked—these Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones, would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my *sweet* repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt? I told him that I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now, was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk, when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

"Brother:—As you have lived with white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the Great Being above feeds his people, and gives them meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo*, that doth this: whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle, that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of Heaven and earth.

"Brother:—I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this.

"Brother:—I have been young, but am now old—I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet, I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

"Brother:—Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him: and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

"Brother:—Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means—go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a hunting—be strong, and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way."

The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course.—I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently; but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry—it was now that I concluded that I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape, but my case appeared desperate. If I staid here, I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians, they could but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks: I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them, as they were passing through a small glade; I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush, and killed a very large cow.—I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done—I ate it almost raw. When hunger was abated. I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

* This is the name of God in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moonlight, I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself—which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in:—when it boiled a while, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, "let it be done enough." This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner, as if he had not wanted one single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more meat at that time, lest he should hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth—this command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that Owaneeyo is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian, may be thought by those who are unacquainted with them, altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies. When they came into our country they outwitted us—and when we sent armies into their country, they outgeneralled and beat us with inferior force. Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego, was no common person, but was, among the Indians, as Socrates in the ancient heathen world; and, it may be, equal to him—if not in wisdom and learning, perhaps, in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities, yet in the sequel of this history you will see the deficiency of the light of nature, unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.

The next morning Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and bring another load of buffalo beef: as I proceeded to do so, about five miles from our hut I found a bear tree. As a sapling grew near the tree, and reached near the hole that the bear went in at, I got dry dozed or rotten wood, that would catch and hold fire almost as well as spunk. This wood I tied up in bunches, fixed them on my back, and then climbed up the sapling, and with a pole I put them, touched with fire, into the hole, and then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time the bear came out, and I killed and skinned

it, picked up a load of the meat, (after securing the remainder from the wolves,) and returned home before night. On my return, my old brother and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this we had plenty of provisions.

We remained here until some time in April, 1758. At this time Tecaughretanago had recovered so that he could walk about. We made a bark canoe, embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance, but the water being low, we were in danger of splitting our canoe upon the rocks; therefore, Tecaughretanago concluded we would encamp on shore, and pray for rain.

When we encamped, Tecaughretanago made himself a sweat-house, which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semi-circle—this he covered all round with blankets and skins; he then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut, and then went into it himself with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack—they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in, he told me to pull down the blankets behind him, and cover all up close, which I did, and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes: all this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being. When he came out of this sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *oh ho, oh ho*, which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. I observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings. He began his address by thanksgiving in the following manner:

"O-Great Being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again—that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c., without exquisite pain and misery; I know that thou art a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee.

"*Oh, ho, oh, ho,*

"Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able, not only to walk, but to run, and to jump logs, as I did last fall.

"*Oh, ho, oh, ho,*

"Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky.

"*Oh, ho, oh, ho,*

"Grant that we may kill plenty of turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat.

"*Oh, ho, oh, ho,*

"Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks:—and now, O Great Being! thou knowest how matters stand—thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free

burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts."

During the whole of this scene I sat by Tecaughretanago, and as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers. I remained duly composed until he came to the burning of the tobacco; and as I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire, it excited in me a kind of merriment, and I insensibly smiled. Tecaughretanago observed me laughing, which displeased him, and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

"Brother:—I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults. You know that when you were reading your books in town, I would not let the boys or any one disturb you; but now, when I was praying, I saw you laughing. I do not think that you look upon praying as a foolish thing; I believe you pray yourself. But, perhaps you think my mode or manner of praying foolish; if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not to make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error, and on this he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation, though at this time he had nothing to smoke but red willow bark. I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible, which I had then in possession. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priests, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion, therefore he should continue to worship God in the way he had been taught, and that if salvation or future happiness was to be had in his way of worship, he expected he would obtain it, and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that Owaneeyo would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed that Owaneeyo would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.

Here we may see how far the light of nature could go; perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence, yet we now see him (though he acknowledged his guilt) expecting to appease the Deity, and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco. We may observe that all heathen nations, as far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of nature, agree with revelation in this, that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made in order to remove guilt, and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnesses, is sufficient evidence of the rationality of the truth of the scriptures.

A few days after Tecaughretanago had gone through his ceremonies, and finished his prayers, the rain came and raised the creek a sufficient height, so that we passed in safety down to Scioto, and

proceeded up to the carrying place. Let us now describe the land on this route, from our winter hut and down Ollentangy to the Scioto, and up it to the carrying place.

About our winter cabin is chiefly first and second rate land. A considerable way up Ollentangy on the south-west side thereof, or betwixt it and the Miami, there is a very large prairie, and from this prairie down Ollentangy to Scioto, is generally first rate land. The timber is walnut, sugar tree, ash, buckeye, locust, wild cherry and spice wood, intermixed with some oak and beech. From the mouth of Ollentangy, on the east side of Scioto, up to the carrying place, there is a large body of first and second rate land, and tolerably well watered. The timber is ash, sugar tree, walnut, locust, oak and beech. Up near the carrying place the land is a little hilly, but the soil good. We proceeded from this place down Sandusky, and in our passage we killed four bears, and a number of turkeys. Te-caughretanego appeared now fully persuaded that all this came in answer to his prayers—and who can say with any degree of certainty that it was not so?

When we came to the little lake at the mouth of Sandusky, we called at a Wyandot town that was then there, called Sunyendeand. Here we diverted ourselves several days, by catching rock fish in a small creek, the name of which is also Sunyendeand, which signifies rock fish. They fished in the night with lights, and struck the fish with gigs or spears. The rock fish there, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat, sufficiently so to fry themselves. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use, for all that was in the town.

The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place, by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me, if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he knew he could do this, that I would use my influence with the Indians, to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop net of elm bark; they then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at the one side of the creek: here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon load, and then left the gap open, in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far on account of the shallow water. Before day Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down, in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in daylight.

When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected,

and with surprise beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and in a short time returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, &c., and were the chief part of that day engaged in killing rock fish, insomuch that we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt, or any way to keep them, they lay upon the banks, and after some time, great numbers of turkey buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.

Shortly after this we left Sunyendeand, and in three days arrived at Detroit, where we remained this summer.

Sometime in May we heard that General Forbes, with seven thousand men, was preparing to carry on a campaign against Fort Du Quesne, which then stood near where Fort Pitt was afterwards erected. Upon receiving this news, a number of runners were sent off by the French commander at Detroit, to urge the different tribes of Indian warriors to repair to Fort Du Quesne.

Some time in July, 1758, the Ottawas, Jibewas, Potowatomies, and Wyandots, rendezvoused at Detroit, and marched off to Fort Du Quesne, to prepare for the encounter of General Forbes. The common report was, that they would serve him as they did General Braddock, and obtain much plunder. From this time until fall, we had frequent accounts of Forbes' army, by Indian runners, that were sent out to watch their motion. They espied them frequently from the mountains ever after they left Fort Loudon. Notwithstanding their vigilance, Colonel Grant, with his Highlanders, stole a march upon them, and in the night took possession of a hill about eighty rods from Fort Du Quesne: this hill is on that account called Grant's Hill to this day. The French and Indians knew not that Grant and his men were there, until they beat the drum and played upon the bagpipes, just at daylight. They then flew to arms, and the Indians ran up under cover of the banks of Allegheny and Monongahela, for some distance, and then sallied out from the banks of the rivers, and took possession of the hill above Grant; and as he was on the point of it in sight of the fort, they immediately surrounded him, and as he had his Highlanders in ranks, and in very close order, and the Indians scattered, and concealed behind trees, they defeated him with the loss only of a few warriors:—most of the Highlanders were killed or taken prisoners.

After this defeat, the Indians held a council, but were divided in their opinions. Some said that General Forbes would now turn back, and go home the way that he came, as Dunbar had done when General Braddock was defeated: others supposed that he would come on. The French urged the Indians to stay and see the event: but as it was hard for the Indians to be absent from their squaws and children at this season of the year, a great many of them returned home to their hunting. After this, the remainder of the Indians, some French regulars, and a great number of Canadians, marched off in quest of General Forbes. They met his army near Fort



Tecangkretanego.



Ligonier, and attacked them, but were frustrated in their design.— They said that Forbes' men were beginning to learn the art of war, and that there were a great number of American riflemen along with the red coats, who scattered out, took trees, and were good marksmen; therefore they found they could not accomplish their design, and were obliged to retreat. When they returned from the battle to Fort Du Quesne, the Indians concluded that they would go to their hunting. The French endeavored to persuade them to stay and try another battle. The Indians said if it was only the red coats they had to do with, they could soon subdue them, but they could not withstand *Ashalecoa*, or the Great Knife, which was the name they gave the Virginians. They then returned home to their hunting, and the French evacuated the fort, which General Forbes came and took possession of without further opposition, late in the year 1758, and at this time began to build Fort Pitt.

When Tecaughretanego had heard the particulars of Grant's defeat, he said he could not well account for his contradictory and inconsistent conduct. He said, as the art of war consists in ambushing and surprising our enemies, and in preventing them from ambushing and surprising us, Grant, in the first place, acted like a wise and experienced officer, in artfully approaching in the night without being discovered: but when he came to the place, and the Indians were lying asleep outside of the fort, between him and the Allegheny river, in place of slipping up quietly, and falling upon them with their broadswords, they beat the drums and played upon the bagpipes.— He said he could account for this inconsistent conduct in no other way than by supposing that he had made too free with spirituous liquors during the night, and became intoxicated about daylight. But to return.

This year we hunted up Sandusky, and down Scioto, and took nearly the same route that we had done the last hunting season.— We had considerable success, and returned to Detroit, some time in April, 1759.

Shortly after this, Tecaughretanego, his son Nunganey and myself, went from Detroit (in an elm bark canoe) to Caughnewaga, a very ancient Indian town, about nine miles above Montreal, where I remained until about the first of July. I then heard of a French ship at Montreal that had English prisoners on board, in order to carry them over sea, and exchange them. I went privately off from the Indians, and got also on board, but as General Wolfe had stopped the river St. Lawrence, we were all sent to prison in Montreal, where I remained four months. Some time in November we were all sent off from this place to Crown Point, and exchanged.

Early in the year 1760, I came home to Conococheague, and found that my people could never ascertain whether I was killed or taken, until my return. They received me with great joy, but were surprised to see me so much like an Indian, both in my gait and gesture.

Upon inquiry, I found that my sweetheart was married a few days

before I arrived. My feelings I must leave on this occasion for those of my readers to judge, who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time.

Now there was peace with the Indians, which lasted until the year 1763. Some time in May, this year, I married, and about that time the Indians again commenced hostilities, and were busily engaged in killing and scalping the frontier inhabitants in various parts of Pennsylvania. The whole Conococheague Valley, from the North to the South Mountain had been almost entirely evacuated during Braddock's war. This State was then a Quaker government, and at the first of this war the frontiers received no assistance from the State. As the people were now beginning to live at home again, they thought it hard to be driven away a second time, and were determined, if possible, to make a stand; therefore they raised as much money by collections and subscriptions, as would pay a company of riflemen for several months. The subscribers met, and elected a committee to manage the business. The committee elected me Captain of this company of rangers, and gave me the appointment of my own sub-alterns. I chose two of the most active young men that I could find, who had also been long in captivity with the Indians. As we enlisted our men, we dressed them uniformly in the Indian manner, with breech-clouts, leggins, moccasins and green shrouds, which we wore in the same manner that the Indians do, and nearly as the Highlanders wear their plaids. In place of hats we wore red handkerchiefs, and painted our faces red and black like Indian warriors. I taught them the Indian discipline, as I knew of no other at that time, which would answer the purpose much better than the British. We succeeded beyond expectation in defending the frontiers, and were extolled by our employers. Near the conclusion of this expedition, I accepted of an ensign's commission in the regular service, under King George, in what was then called the Pennsylvania Line. Upon my resignation, my lieutenant succeeded me in command, the rest of the time they were to serve. In the fall (the same year,) I went on the Susquehanna campaign against the Indians, under the command of General Armstrong. In this route we burnt the Delaware and Monsey towns, on the west branch of the Susquehanna, and destroyed all their corn.

In the year 1764 I received a lieutenant's commission, and went out on General Bouquet's campaign against the Indians on the Muskingum. Here we brought them to terms, and promised to be at peace with them upon condition that they would give up all our people that they had then in captivity among them. They then delivered unto us three hundred of the prisoners, and said that they could not collect them all at this time, as it was now late in the year, and they were far scattered; but they promised that they would bring them all into Fort Pitt early next spring, and as security that they would do this, they delivered to us six of their chiefs as hostages.— Upon this we settled a cessation of arms for six months, and pro-

mitted upon their fulfilling the aforesaid condition, to make with them a permanent peace.

A little below Fort Pitt, the hostages all made their escape. Shortly after this the Indians stole horses, and killed some people on the frontiers. The King's proclamation was then circulating and set up in various public places, prohibiting any person from trading with the Indians until further orders.

Notwithstanding all this, about the 1st of March, 1765, a number of wagons loaded with Indian goods and warlike stores, were sent from Philadelphia to Henry Pollins, Conococheague, and from thence seventy pack-horses were loaded with these goods, in order to carry them to Fort Pitt. This alarmed the country, and Mr. William Duffield raised about fifty armed men, and met the pack-horses at the place where Mercersburg now stands. Mr. Duffield desired the employers to store up their goods and not proceed until further orders. They made light of this, and went over the North Mountain, where they lodged in a small valley called the Great Cove. Mr. Duffield and his party followed after, and came to their lodging, and again urged them to store up their goods: he reasoned with them on the impropriety of their proceedings, and the great danger the frontier inhabitants would be exposed to, if the Indians should now get a supply: he said, as it was well known that they had scarcely any ammunition, and were almost naked, to supply them now would be a kind of murder, and would be illegally trading at the expense of the blood and treasure of the frontiers. Notwithstanding his powerful reasoning, these traders made game of what he said, and would only answer him by ludicrous burlesque.

When I beheld this, and found that Mr. Duffield would not compel them to store up their goods, I collected ten of my old warriors, that I had formerly disciplined in the Indian way, went off privately after night, and encamped in the woods. The next day, as usual, we blacked and painted, and waylaid them near Sideling Hill. I scattered my men about forty rods along the side of the road, and ordered every two to take a tree, and about eight or ten rods between each couple, with orders to keep a reserve fire, one not to fire until his comrade had loaded his gun—by this means we kept up a constant slow fire upon them, from front to rear. We then heard nothing of these traders' merriment or burlesque. When they saw their pack-horses falling close by them, they called out, *pray, gentlemen, what would you have us to do?* The reply was, *collect all your loads to the front, and unload them in one place; take your private property, and immediately retire.* When they were gone, we burnt what they left, which consisted of blankets, shirts, vermilion, lead, beads, wampum, tomahawks, scalping-knives, &c.

The traders went back to Fort Loudon, and applied to the commanding officer there, and got a party of Highland soldiers, and went with them in quest of the robbers, as they called us, and without applying to a magistrate, or obtaining any civil authority, but barely upon suspicion, they took a number of creditable persons, (who

were chiefly not any way concerned in this action,) and confined them in the guard-house at Fort Loudon. I then raised over three hundred riflemen, marched to Fort Loudon, and encamped on a hill in sight of the fort. We were not long there, until we had more than double as many of the British troops prisoners in our camp, as they had of our people in the guard-house. Captain Grant, a Highland officer, who commanded Fort Loudon, then sent a flag of truce to our camp, where we settled a cartel, and gave them above two for one, which enabled us to redeem all our men from the guard-house, without further difficulty.

After this, Captain Grant kept a number of rifle guns, which the Highlanders had taken from the country people, and refused to give them up. As he was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gunpowder, that the traders had stored up, lest it might be conveyed privately to the Indians. The King's troops and our party, had now got entirely out of the channel of the civil law, and many unjustifiable things were done by both parties. This convinced me more than ever I had been before, of the absolute necessity of the civil law, in order to govern mankind.

About this time the following song was composed by Mr. George Campbell, (an Irish gentleman, who had been educated in Dublin,) and was frequently sung to the tune of the Black Joke.

Ye patriot souls, who love to sing,
 Who serve your country and your King,
 In wealth, peace, and royal estate;
 Attention give, whilst I rehearse
 A modern fact, in jingling verse;
 How party interest strove what it could
 To profit itself by public blood,
 But justly met its merited fate.

Let all those Indian traders claim
 Their just reward, inglorious fame,
 For vile, base, and treacherous ends.
 To Pollins, in the spring, they sent
 Much warlike store, with an intent
 To carry them to our barbarous foes,
 Expecting that nobody dare oppose
 A present to their Indian friends.

Astonish'd at the wild design,
 Frontier inhabitants combin'd
 With brave souls, to stop their career:
 Although some men apostatiz'd,
 Who first the grand attempt advis'd,
 The bold frontiers they bravely stood,
 To act for their King, and their country's good,
 In joint league, and strangers to fear.

On March the fifth, in sixty-five,
 The Indian presents did arrive,
 In long pomp and cavalcade,

Near Sideling Hill, where in disguise,
Some patriots did their train surprise,
And quick as lightning tumbled their loads,
And kindled them bonfires in the woods,
And mostly burnt their whole brigade.

At Loudon, when they heard the news,
They scarcely knew which way to choose,
For blind rage and discontent :
At length some soldiers they sent out,
With guides for to conduct the route,
And seized some men that were trav'ling there,
And hurried them into Loudon, where
They laid them fast with one consent.

But men of resolution thought
Too much to see their neighbors caught
For no crime but false surmise ;
Forthwith they joined a warlike band,
And marched to Loudon, out of hand,
And kept the jailers pris'ners there,
Until our friends enlarged were,
Without fraud or any disguise.

Let mankind censure or commend
This rash performance in the end,
Then both sides will find their account.
'Tis true no law can justify
To burn our neighbor's property,
But when this property is design'd
To serve the enemies of mankind,
It's high treason in the amount.

After this, we kept up a guard of men on the frontiers, for several months, to prevent supplies being sent to the Indians, until it was proclaimed that Sir William Johnson had made peace with them, and then we let the traders pass unmolested.

In the year 1766, I heard that Sir William Johnston, the King's agent for settling affairs with the Indians, had purchased from them all the land west of the Appalachian Mountains, that lay between the Ohio and the Cherokee River ; as I knew by conversing with the Indians in their own tongue, that there was a large body of rich land there, I concluded I would take a tour westward, and explore that country.

I set out about the last of June, 1766, and went, in the first place, to Holstein River, and from thence I travelled westward in company with Joshua Horton, Uriah Stone, William Baker and James Smith, who came from near Carlisle. There were only four white men of us, and a mulatto slave about eighteen years of age that Mr. Horton had with him. We explored the country south of Kentucky, and there was no more sign of white men there then, than there is now west of the head waters of the Missouri. We also explored Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, from Stone's* river down to the Ohio.

* Stone's river is a south branch of Cumberland, and empties into it above Nashville.—We first gave it this name in our Journal, in May, 1767, after one of my fellow travellers, Mr. Uriah Stone; and I am told that it retains the same name unto this day.

When we came to the mouth of Tennessee, my fellow travellers concluded that they would proceed to the Illinois, and see some more of the land to the west:—this I would not agree to. As I had already been longer from home than what I expected, I thought my wife would be distressed, and think I was killed by the Indians; therefore I concluded that I would return home. I sent my horse with my fellow travellers to the Illinois, as it was difficult to take a horse through the mountains. My comrades gave me the greatest part of the ammunition they then had, which amounted only to half a pound of powder, and lead equivalent. Mr. Horton also lent me his mulatto boy, and I then set off through the wilderness, for Carolina.

About eight days after I left my company at the mouth of Tennessee, on my journey eastward, I got a cane stab in my foot which occasioned my leg to swell, and I suffered much pain. I was now in a doleful situation—far from any of the human species, excepting black Jamie, or the savages, and I knew not when I might meet with them—my case appeared desperate, and I thought something must be done. All the surgical instruments I had, was a knife, a moccasins awl, and a pair of bullet moulds—with these I determined to draw the snag from my foot, if possible. I stuck the awl in the skin, and with the knife I cut the flesh away from around the cane, and then I commanded the mulatto fellow to catch it with the bullet moulds, and pull it out, which he did. When I saw it, it seemed a shocking thing to be in any person's foot; it will therefore be supposed that I was very glad to have it out. The black fellow attended upon me, and obeyed my directions faithfully. I ordered him to search for Indian medicine, and told him to get me a quantity of bark from the root of a lynn tree, which I made him beat on a stone, with a tomahawk, and boil it in a kettle, and with the ooze I bathed my foot and leg: what remained when I had finished bathing, I boiled to a jelly, and made poultices thereof. As I had no rags, I made use of the green moss that grows upon logs, and wrapped it round with elm bark: by this means, (simple as it may seem,) the swelling and inflammation in a great measure abated. As stormy weather appeared, I ordered Jamie to make us a shelter, which he did by erecting forks and poles, and covering them over with cane tops, like a fodder-house. It was about one hundred yards from a large buffalo road. As we were almost out of provision, I commanded Jamie to take my gun, and I went along as well as I could, concealed myself near the road, and killed a buffalo. When this was done we jirked* the lean, and fried the tallow out of the fat meat, which we kept to stew with our jirk as we needed it.

While I lay at this place, all the books I had to read, was a Psalm Book, and Watts upon Prayer. Whilst in this situation, I composed the following verses, which I then frequently sung.

* Jirk is a name well known by the hunters and frontier inhabitants, for meat cut in small pieces and laid on a scaffold, over a slow fire, whereby it is roasted till it is thoroughly dry.

Six weeks I've in this desert been,
With one mulatto lad:
Excepting this poor stupid slave,
No company I had.

In solitude I here remain,
A cripple very sore,
No friend or neighbor to be found,
My case for to deplore.

I'm far from home, far from the wife
Which in my bosom lay,
Far from the children dear, which used
Around me for to play.

This doleful circumstance cannot
My happiness prevent,
While peace of conscience I enjoy,
Great comfort and content.

I continued in this place until I could walk slowly, without crutches. As I now lay near a great buffalo road, I was afraid the Indians might be passing that way, and discover my fire place, therefore I moved off some distance, where I remained until I killed an elk.—As my foot was yet sore, I concluded that I would stay here until it was healed, lest by travelling too soon, it might again be inflamed.

In a few weeks after I proceeded on, and in October I arrived in Carolina. I had now been eleven months in the wilderness, and during this time I neither saw bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquors; and three months of which I saw none of the human species, except Jamie.

When I came into the settlement, my clothes were almost worn out, and the boy had nothing on him that ever was spun. He had buckskin leggins, moccasins and breech-clout—a bear skin dressed with the hair on, which he belted about him, and a racoon skin cap. I had not travelled far after I came in, before I was strictly examined by the inhabitants. I told them the truth, and where I came from, &c.; but my story appeared so strange to them, that they did not believe me. They said that they had never heard of any one coming through the mountains from the mouth of Tennessee, and if any one would undertake such a journey, surely no man would lend him his slave. They said that they thought that all I had told them were lies, and on suspicion they took me into custody, and set a guard over me.

While I was confined here, I met with a reputable old acquaintance, who voluntarily became my voucher, and also told me of a number of my acquaintances that now lived near this place, who had moved from Pennsylvania; on this being made public, I was liberated. I went to a magistrate and obtained a pass, and one of my old acquaintances made me a present of a shirt. I then cast away my old rags; and all the clothes I now had, was an old beaver hat, buckskin leggins, moccasins, and a new shirt; also an old blanket, which I commonly carried on my back in good weather. Being thus

equipped, I marched on with my white shirt loose, and Jamie with his bear skin about him:—myself appearing white, and Jamie very black, alarmed the dogs wherever we came, so that they barked violently. The people frequently came out, and asked me where we came from, &c. I told them the truth, but they for the most part suspected my story, and I generally had to show them my pass. In this way I came on to Fort Chissel, where I left Jamie at Mr. Horton's negro quarter, according to promise. I went from thence to Mr. George Adams', on Reed Creek, where I had lodged, and where I had left my clothes as I was going out from home. When I dressed myself in good clothes, and mounted on horseback, no man ever asked me for a pass; therefore I concluded that a horse-thief, or even a robber, might pass without interruption, provided he was only well dressed, whereas the shabby villain would be immediately detected.

I returned home to Conococheague, in the fall of 1767. When I arrived, I found that my wife and friends had despaired of ever seeing me again, as they had heard that I was killed by the Indians, and my horse brought into one of the Cherokee towns.

In the year 1769, the Indians again made incursions on the frontiers; yet the traders continued carrying goods and warlike stores to them. The frontiers took the alarm, and a number of persons collected, destroyed and plundered a quantity of their powder, lead, &c., in Bedford county. Shortly after this, some of these persons, with others, were apprehended and laid in irons, in the guard-house in Fort Bedford, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of this crime.

Though I did not altogether approve of the conduct of this new club of black boys, yet I concluded that they should not lie in irons in the guard-house, or remain in confinement, by arbitrary or military power. I resolved, therefore, if possible, to release them, if they even should be tried by the civil law afterwards. I collected eighteen of my old black boys, that I had seen tried in the Indian war, &c. I did not desire a large party, lest they should be too much alarmed at Bedford, and accordingly prepared for us. We marched along the public road in daylight, and made no secret of our design:—we told those whom we met that we were going to take Fort Bedford, which appeared to them a very unlikely story. Before this, I made it known to one William Thompson, a man whom I could trust, and who lived there: him I employed as a spy, and sent him along on horseback before, with orders to meet me at a certain place near Bedford, one hour before day. The next day a little before sunset, we encamped near the crossings of Juniata, about fourteen miles from Bedford, and erected tents, as though we intended staying all night, and not a man in my company knew to the contrary, save myself. Knowing that they would hear this in Bedford, and wishing it to be the case, I thought to surprise them by stealing a march.

As the moon rose about eleven o'clock, I ordered my boys to march, and we went on at the rate of five miles an hour, until we met Thompson at the place appointed. He told us that the commanding officer had frequently heard of us by travellers, and had

ordered thirty men upon guard. He said they knew our number, and only made game of the notion of eighteen men coming to rescue the prisoners, but they did not expect us until towards the middle of the day. I asked him if the gate was open? He said it was then shut, but he expected they would open it as usual, at daylight, as they apprehended no danger. I then moved my men privately up under the banks of Juniata, where we lay concealed about one hundred yards from the fort gate. I had ordered the men to keep a profound silence, until we got into it. I then sent off Thompson again, to spy. At daylight he returned, and told us that the gate was open, and three sentinels were standing on the wall—that the guards were taking a morning dram, and the arms standing together in one place. I then concluded to rush into the fort, and told Thompson to run before me to the arms. We ran with all our might, and as it was a misty morning, the sentinels scarcely saw us, until we were within the gate, and took possession of the arms. Just as we were entering, two of them discharged their guns, though I do not believe they aimed at us. We then raised a shout, which surprised the town, though some of them were well pleased with the news. We compelled a blacksmith to take the irons off the prisoners, and then we left the place. This, I believe, was the first British fort in America, that was taken by what they called American rebels.

Some time after this, I took a journey westward, in order to survey some located land I had on and near the Youhogany. As I passed near Bedford, while I was walking and leading my horse, I was overtaken by some men on horseback, like travellers. One of them asked my name, and on telling it, they immediately pulled out their pistols, and presented them at me, calling upon me to deliver myself, or I was a dead man. I stepped back, presented my rifle, and told them to stand off. One of them snapped a pistol at me, and another was preparing to shoot, when I fired my piece:—one of them also fired near the same time, and one of my fellow travellers fell. The assailants then rushed up, and as my gun was empty, they took and tied me. I charged them with killing my fellow traveller, and told them he was a man that I had accidentally met with on the road, that had nothing to do with the public quarrel. They asserted that I had killed him. I told them that my gun blowed, or made a slow fire—that I had her from my face before she went off, or I would not have missed my mark; and from the position my piece was in when it went off, it was not likely that my gun killed this man, yet I acknowledged I was not certain that it was not so. They then carried me to Bedford, laid me in irons in the guard-house, summoned a jury of the opposite party, and held an inquest. The jury brought me in guilty of wilful murder. As they were afraid to keep me long in Bedford, for fear of a rescue, they sent me privately through the wilderness to Carlisle, where I was laid in heavy irons.

Shortly after I came here, we heard that a number of my old black boys were coming to tear down the jail. I told the sheriff that I would not be rescued, as I knew that the indictment was wrong;

therefore I wished to stand my trial. As I had found the black boys to be always under good command, I expected I could prevail on them to return, and therefore wished to write to them—to this the sheriff readily agreed. I wrote a letter to them, with irons on my hands, which was immediately sent; but as they had heard that I was in irons, they would come on. When we heard they were near the town, I told the sheriff I would speak to them out of the window, and if the irons were off, I made no doubt but I could prevail on them to desist. The sheriff ordered them to be taken off, and just as they were taking off my bands, the black boys came running up to the jail. I went to the window and called to them, and they gave attention. I told them, as my indictment was for wilful murder, to admit of being rescued, would appear dishonorable. I thanked them for their kind intentions, and told them the greatest favor they could confer upon me, would be to grant me this one request, *to withdraw from the jail, and return in peace*: to this they complied, and withdrew. While I was speaking, the irons were taken off my feet, and never again put on.

Before this party arrived at Conococheague, they met about three hundred more, on the way, coming to their assistance, and were resolved to take me out; they then returned, and all came together to Carlisle. The reason they gave for coming again was, because they thought that government was so enraged at me, that I would not get a fair trial; but my friends and myself together, again prevailed on them to return in peace.

At this time the public papers were partly filled with these occurrences. The following is an extract from the Pennsylvania Gazette, No. 2132, November 2d, 1769.

CONOCOCHEAQUE, October 16th, 1769.

"Messrs. HALL & SELLERS,

"Please to give the following narrative a place in your Gazette, and you will much oblige

"Your humble servant,

"WILLIAM SMITH.

"Whereas, in this Gazette of September 28th, 1769, there appeared an extract of a letter from Bedford, September 12, 1769, relative to James Smith, as being apprehended on suspicion of being a black boy, then killing his companion, &c., I look upon myself as bound by all the obligations of truth, justice to character, and to the world, to set the matter in a true light; by which, I hope the impartial world will be enabled to obtain a more just opinion of the present scheme of acting in this end of the country, as also to form a true idea of the truth, candor, and ingenuity of the author of the said extract, in stating that matter in so partial a light. The state of the case, (which can be made appear by undeniable evidence,) was this: "James Smith, (who is styled the principal ringleader of the black boys, by the said author,) together with his younger brother and brother-in-law, were going out in order to survey and improve their land on the waters of Youghoghaney, and as the time of their return was long, they took with them their arms, and horses loaded with the necessaries of life; and as one of Smith's brothers-in-law was an artist in surveying, he had also with him the instruments for that business. Travelling on the way, within about nine miles of Bedford, they overtook and joined company with one Johnson and Moorhead, who likewise had horses loaded, part of which loading was liquor,

and part seed wheat, their intentions being to make improvements on their lands. When they arrived at the parting of the road on this side Bedford, the company separated, one part going through the town, in order to get a horse shod, were apprehended, and put under confinement, but for what crime they knew not, and treated in a manner utterly inconsistent with the laws of their country, and liberties of Englishmen: whilst the other part, viz: James Smith, Johnson and Moorhead, taking along the other road, were met by John Holmes, Esq., to whom James Smith spoke in a friendly manner, but received no answer. Mr. Holmes hastened, and gave an alarm in Bedford, from whence a party of men were sent in pursuit of them; but Smith and his companions not having the least thought of any such measures being taken, (why should they?) travelled slowly on. After they had gained the place where the roads joined, they delayed until the other part of their company should come up. At this time a number of men came riding, like men travelling; they asked Smith his name, which he told them—on which they immediately assaulted him as a highwayman, and with presented pistols commanded him to surrender or he was a dead man; upon which Smith stepped back—asked them if they were highwaymen, charging them at the same time to stand off, when immediately, Robert George, (one of the assailants,) snapped a pistol at Smith's head, and that before Smith offered to shoot, (which said George himself acknowledged upon oath;) whereupon Smith presented his gun at another of the assailants, who was preparing to shoot him with his pistol. The said assailant having a hold of Johnson by the arm, two shots were fired, one by Smith's gun, the other from a pistol, so quick as just to be distinguishable, and Johnson fell. After which, Smith was taken and carried into Bedford, where John Holmes, Esq., the informer, held an inquest on the corpse, one of the assailants being as an evidence, (nor was there any other troubled about the matter,) Smith was brought in guilty of wilful murder, and so committed to prison. But a jealousy arising in the breasts of many, that the inquest, either through inadvertency, ignorance, or some other default, was not so fair as it ought to be, William Deny, coroner of the county, upon requisition made, thought proper to re-examine the matter, and summoned a jury of unexceptionable men, out of three townships—men whose candor, probity, and honesty is unquestionable with all who are acquainted with them, and having raised the corpse, held an inquest in a solemn manner, during three days. In the course of their scrutiny they found Johnson's shirt blacked about the bullet hole, by the powder of the charge by which he was killed, whereupon they examined into the distance Smith stood from Johnson when he shot, and one of the assailants being admitted to oath, swore to the respective spots of ground they both stood on at the time, which the jury measured, and found to be twenty-three feet, nearly; then, trying the experiment of shooting at the same shirt, both with and against the wind, and at the same distance, found no effects, nor the least stain from the powder on the shirt:—and let any person that pleases make the experiment, and I will venture to affirm he shall find that powder will not stain at half the distance above mentioned, if shot out of a rifle gun, which Smith's was. Upon the whole, the jury, after the most accurate examination and mature deliberation, brought in their verdict that some one of the assailants themselves must necessarily have been the perpetrator of the murder.

"I have now represented the matter in its true and genuine colors, and which I will abide by. I only beg liberty to make a few remarks and reflections on the above mentioned extracts. The author says, "James Smith, with two others in company, passed round the town, without touching," by which it is plain he would insinuate and make the public believe

that Smith, and that part of the company, had taken some by-road, which is utterly false, for it was the King's highway, and the straightest, that through Bedford being something to the one side : nor would the other part of the company have gone through the town but for the reason already given. Again, the author says, that "four men were sent in pursuit of Smith and his companions, who overtook them about five miles from Bedford, and commanded them to surrender, on which Smith presented his gun at one of the men, who was struggling with his companion, fired at him, and shot his companion through the back." Here I would just remark again, the unfair and partial account given of this matter by the author : not a word mentioned of George snapping his pistol before Smith offered to shoot, or of another of the assailants actually firing his pistol, though he confessed himself afterwards he had done so ;—not the least mention of the company's baggage, which, to men in the least open to a fair inquiry, would have been sufficient proof of the innocence of their intentions. Must not an effusive blush overspread the face of the partial representer of facts, when he finds the veil he had thrown over truth, thus pulled aside, and she exposed to naked view ? Suppose it should be granted that Smith shot the man, (which is not, and I presume never can be proven to be the case,) I would only ask, was he not in his own defence ? Was he not publicly assaulted ? Was he not charged, at the peril of his life, to surrender, without knowing for what ? No warrant being shown him, or any declaration made of their authority. And seeing these things are so, would any judicious man, any person in the least acquainted with the laws of the land, or morality, judge him guilty of wilful murder ? But I humbly presume, every one who has an opportunity of seeing this, will by this time be convinced, that the proceedings against Smith were truly unlawful and tyrannical, perhaps unparalleled by an instance in a civilized nation ; for to endeavor to kill a man in the apprehending of him, in order to bring him to trial for a fact, and that too on a supposed one, is undoubtedly beyond all bounds of law or government.

"If the author of the extract thinks I have treated him unfair, or that I have advanced any thing he can controvert, let him come forward as a fair antagonist, and make his defence, and I will, if called upon, vindicate all that I have advanced against him or his abettors.

"WILLIAM SMITH."

I remained in prison four months, and during this time I often thought of those that were confined in the time of the persecution, who declared their prison was converted into a palace. I now learned what this meant, as I never since or before experienced four months of equal happiness.

When the Supreme Court sat, I was severely prosecuted. At the commencement of my trial, the judges, in a very unjust and arbitrary manner, rejected several of my evidences ; yet, as Robert George, (one of those who was in the affray when I was taken,) swore in court that he snapped a pistol at me before I shot, and a concurrence of corroborating circumstances, amounted to strong presumptive evidence, that it could not possibly be my gun that killed Johnson, the jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict, **NOT GUILTY**. One of the judges then declared, that not one of this jury should ever hold any office above a constable. Notwithstanding this proud, ill-natured declaration, some of these jurymen afterwards filled honorable places, and I myself was elected the next year, and sat on the

board* in Bedford county, and afterwards I served in the board three years in Westmoreland county.

In the year 1774, another Indian war commenced, though at this time the white people were the aggressors. The prospect of this terrified the frontier inhabitants, insomuch that the greater part on the Ohio waters either fled over the mountains eastward, or collected into forts. As the State of Pennsylvania apprehended great danger, they at this time appointed me captain over what was then called the Pennsylvania line. As they knew I could raise men that would answer their purpose, they seemed to lay aside their former inveteracy.

In the year 1776, I was appointed a Major in the Pennsylvania Association. When American Independence was declared, I was elected a member of the convention in Westmoreland county, State of Pennsylvania, and of the Assembly as long as I proposed to serve.

While I attended the Assembly in Philadelphia, in the year 1777, I saw in the street some of my old boys, on their way to the Jerseys, against the British, and they desired me to go with them. I petitioned the House for leave of absence, in order to head a scouting party, which was granted me. We marched into the Jerseys, and went before Gen. Washington's army, waylaid the road at Rocky Hill, attacked about two hundred of the British, and with thirty-six men drove them out of the woods, into a large open field. After this, we attacked a party that were guarding the officers' baggage, and took the wagon and twenty-two Hessians; and also re-took some of our continental soldiers, which they had with them. In a few days we killed and took more of the British, than was of our party. At this time I took the camp fever, and was carried in a stage wagon to Burlington, where I lay until I recovered. When I took sick, my companion, Major James M'Common, took the command of the party, and had greater success than I had. If every officer and his party, that lifted arms against the English, had fought with the same success that Major M'Common did, we would have made short work of the British war.

When I returned to Philadelphia, I applied to the Assembly for leave to raise a battalion of riflemen, which they appeared very willing to grant, but said they could not do it, as the power of raising men and commissioning officers, were at that time committed to Gen. Washington; therefore they advised me to apply to his excellency. The following is a true copy of a letter of recommendation which I received at this time, from the council of safety:

“IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY,

PHILADELPHIA, February 10th, 1777.

Sir:—Application has been made to us by James Smith, Esq., of Westmoreland, a gentleman well acquainted with the Indian customs, and their manner of carrying on war, for leave to raise a battalion of marksmen, expert in the use of rifles, and such as are acquainted with the Indian method

* A Board of Commissioners was annually elected in Pennsylvania, to regulate taxes, and lay the county levy.

of fighting, to be dressed entirely in their fashion, for the purpose of annoying and harassing the enemy in their marches and encampments. We think two or three hundred men in that way, might be very useful. Should your excellency be of the same opinion, and direct such a corps to be formed, we will take proper measures for raising the men on the frontiers of this State, and follow such other directions as your excellency shall give in this matter.

"To his excellency, General Washington."

"The foregoing is a copy of a letter to his excellency, General Washington, from the council of safety.

"JACOB S. HOWELL, *Secretary*.

After this, I received another letter of recommendation, which is as follows :—

"We, whose names are underwritten, do certify that James Smith, (now of the county of Westmoreland,) was taken prisoner by the Indians, in an expedition before General Braddock's defeat, in the year 1755, and remained with them until the year 1760; and also that he served as ensign, in the year 1763, under the pay of the province of Pennsylvania, and as lieutenant, in the year 1764, and as captain, in the year 1774; and as a military officer, he has sustained a good character:—and we do recommend him as a person well acquainted with the Indians' method of fighting, and, in our humble opinion, exceedingly fit for the command of a ranging or scouting party, which, we are also humbly of opinion, he could, (if legally authorized,) soon raise. Given under our hands at Philadelphia, this 13th day of March, 1777.

THOMAS PAXTON, *Capt.*

WILLIAM DUFFIELD, *Esq.*

DAVID ROBB, *Esq.*

JOHN PIPER, *Col.*

WILLIAM M'COMB,

WILLIAM PEPPER, *Lt. Col.*

JAMES M'CLANE, *Esq.*

JOHN PROCTOR, *Col.*

JONATHAN HOGE, *Esq.*

WILLIAM PARKER, *Capt.*

ROBERT ELLIOT,

JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, *Col.*

ROBERT PEEBLES, *Lt. Col.*

SAMUEL PATTON, *Capt.*

WILLIAM LYON, *Esq.*

With these, and some other letters of recommendation, which I have not now in my possession, I went to his excellency, who lay at Morristown. Though Gen. Washington did not fall in with the scheme of white men turning Indians, yet he proposed giving me a Major's place in a battalion of riflemen already raised. I thanked the General for his proposal, but I entertained no high opinion of the Colonel that I was to serve under, and with whom I had no prospect of getting my old boys again, I thought I would be of more use in the cause we were then struggling to support, to remain with them as a militia officer; therefore I did not accept this offer.

In the year 1778, I received a colonel's commission, and after my return to Westmoreland, the Indians made an attack upon our frontiers. I then raised men and pursued them, and the second day we overtook and defeated them. We likewise took four scalps, and recovered the horses and plunder which they were carrying off. At the time of this attack, Captain John Hinkston pursued an Indian, both their guns being empty, and after the fray was over, he was missing:—while we were inquiring about him, he came walking up,

seemingly unconcerned, with a bloody scalp in his hand—he had pursued the Indian about a quarter of a mile, and tomahawked him.

Not long after this, I was called upon to command four hundred riflemen, on an expedition against the Indian town on French Creek. It was sometime in November, before I received orders from General M'Intosh to march, and then we were poorly equipped, and scarce of provision. We marched in three columns, forty rod from each other. There were also flankers on the outside of each column, that marched abreast in the rear, in scattered order—and even in the columns, the men were one rod apart; and in the front, the volunteers marched abreast in the same manner of the flankers, scouring the woods. In case of an attack, the officers were immediately to order the men to face out and take trees—in this position the Indians could not avail themselves by surrounding us, or have an opportunity of shooting a man from either side of the tree. If attacked, the centre column was to reinforce whatever part appeared to require it most. When we encamped, our encampment formed a hollow square, including about thirty or forty acres—on the outside of the square, there were sentinels placed, whose business it was to watch for the enemy, and see that neither horses nor bullocks went out:—and when encamped, if any attacks were made by an enemy, each officer was immediately to order the men to face out and take trees, as before mentioned; and in this form they could not take the advantage by surrounding us, as they commonly had done when they fought the whites.

The following is a copy of general orders, given at this time, which I have found among my journals.

“AT CAMP—OPPOSITE FORT PITT,

“NOVEMBER 29th, 1778.

“GENERAL ORDERS:

“*A copy thereof is to be given to each Captain and Subaltern, and to be read to each company.*

“You are to march in three columns, with flankers on the front and rear, and to keep a profound silence, and not to fire a gun, except at the enemy, without particular orders for that purpose; and in case of an attack, let it be so ordered that every other man only, is to shoot at once, excepting on extraordinary occasions. The one half of the men to keep a reserve fire, until their comrades load; and let every one be particularly careful not to fire at any time, without a view of the enemy, and that not at too great a distance. I earnestly urge the above caution, as I have known very remarkable and grievous errors of this kind. You are to encamp on the hollow square, except the volunteers, who, according to their own request, are to encamp on the front of the square. A sufficient number of sentinels are to be kept round the square at a proper distance. Every man is to be under arms at the break of day, and to parade opposite to their fire-places, facing out, and when the officers examine their arms, and find them in good order, and give necessary directions, they are to be dismissed, with orders to have their arms near them, and be always in readiness.

“Given by

JAMES SMITH, Colonel.

In this manner we proceeded on to French Creek, where we found the Indian town evacuated. I then went on further than my orders

called for, in quest of Indians: but our provision being nearly exhausted, we were obliged to return. On our way back we met with considerable difficulties on account of high waters, and scarcity of provision; yet we never lost one horse, excepting some that gave out.

After peace was made with the Indians, I met with some of them in Pittsburg, and inquired of them in their own tongue concerning this expedition,—not letting them know I was there. They told me that they watched the movements of this army ever after they had left Fort Pitt, and as they passed through the glades or barrens, they had a full view of them from the adjacent hills, and computed their number to be about one thousand. They said they also examined their camps, both before and after they were gone, and found they could not make an advantageous attack, and therefore moved off from their town and hunting ground before we arrived.

In the year 1788, I settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, seven miles above Paris, and in the same year was elected a member of the convention, that sat at Danville, to confer about a separation from the State of Virginia,—and from that year until the year 1799, I represented Bourbon county, either in convention or as a member of the general assembly, except two years that I was left a few votes behind.

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.

THE Indians are a slovenly people in their dress. They seldom ever wash their shirts, and in regard to cookery they are exceedingly filthy. When they kill a buffalo they will sometimes lash the paunch of it round a sapling, and cast it into the kettle, boil it and sup the broth; though they commonly shake it about in cold water, then boil and eat it. Notwithstanding all this, they are very polite in their own way, and they retain among them the essentials of good manners; though they have but few compliments, yet they are complaisant to one another, and when accompanied with good humor and discretion, they entertain strangers in the best manner their circumstances will admit. They use but few titles of honor. In the military line the titles of great men are only captains or leaders of parties. In the civil line, the titles are only counsellors, chiefs, or the old wise men. These titles are never made use of in addressing any of their great men. The language commonly made use of in addressing them is, grandfather, father, or uncle. They have no such thing in use among them as Sir, Mr., Madam, or Mistress.—The common mode of address is, my friend, brother, cousin, or mother, sister, &c. They pay great respect to age, or to the aged fathers and mothers among them of every rank. No one can arrive at any place of honor among them but by merit. Either some exploit in war must be performed before any one can be advanced in the military line, or become eminent for wisdom before they can obtain a seat in council. It would appear to the Indians a most ridiculous thing to see a man lead on a company of warriors, as an officer,

who had himself never been in a battle in his life; even in case of merit, they are slow in advancing any one, until they arrive at or near middle age.

They invite every one that comes to their house or camp to eat, while they have anything to give; and it is bad manners to refuse eating when invited. They are very tenacious of their old mode of dressing and painting, and do not change their fashions as we do.— They are very fond of tobacco, and the men almost all smoke it, mixed with sumach leaves, or red willow bark, pulverized, though they seldom use it in any other way. They make use of the pipe also as a token of love and friendship.

In courtship they also differ from us. It is a common thing among them, for a young woman, if in love, to make suit to a young man; though the first address may be by the man, yet the other is the most common. The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush. The men commonly appear to be possessed of much more modesty than the women; yet I have been acquainted with some young squaws that appeared really modest: genuine it must be, as they were under very little restraint in the channel of education or custom.

When the Indians meet one another, instead of saying, how do you do, they commonly salute in the following manner: you are my friend—the reply is, truly friend, I am your friend; or cousin, you yet exist—the reply is, certainly I do. They have their children under tolerable command; seldom ever whip them, and their common mode of chastising is, by ducking them in cold water; therefore their children are more obedient in the winter season than they are in the summer, though they are then not so often ducked. They are a peaceable people, and scarcely ever wrangle or scold, when sober; but they are very much addicted to drinking, and men and women will become intoxicated, if they can by any means procure or obtain spirituous liquor, and then they are commonly either extremely merry and kind, or very turbulent, ill humored and disorderly.

ON THEIR TRADITIONS AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

As the family that I was adopted into was intermarried with the Wyandots and Ottawas, three tongues were commonly spoken, viz: Caughnewaga, or what the French call Iroque, also the Wyandot and Ottawa; by this means I had an opportunity of learning these three tongues; and found that these nations varied in their traditions and opinions concerning religion; and even numbers of the same nations differed widely in their religious sentiments. Their traditions are vague, whimsical, romantic, and many of them scarce worth relating, and not any of them reach back to the creation of the world. The Wyandots come the nearest to this. They tell of a squaw that was found when an infant, in the water, in a canoe made of bulrushes; this squaw became a great prophetess, and did many wonderful things; she turned water into dry land, and at length made this continent, which was at that time only a very small island, and but a few

Indians on it. Though they were then but few, they had not sufficient room to hunt; therefore this squaw went to the water side, and prayed that this little island might be enlarged. The Great Being then heard her prayer, and sent great numbers of water tortoises, and muskrats, which brought with them mud and other materials for enlarging this island, and by this means, they say, it was increased to the size that it now remains; therefore, they say, that the white people ought not to encroach upon them, or take their land from them, because their great grandmother made it. They say, that about this time the angels, or heavenly inhabitants, as they call them, frequently visited them and talked with their forefathers, and gave directions how to pray, and how to appease the Great Being when he was offended. They told them they were to offer sacrifice, burn tobacco, buffalo and deer bones; but they were not to burn bears or racoons' bones in sacrifice.

The Ottawas say, that there are two Great Beings that govern and rule the universe, who are at war with each other; the one they call *Maneto*, and the other *Matchemaneto*. They say that *Maneto* is all kindness and love, and that *Matchemaneto* is an evil spirit that delights in doing mischief; and some of them think that they are equal in power, and therefore worship the evil spirit out of a principle of fear. Others doubt which of the two may be the most powerful, and therefore endeavor to keep in favour with both, by giving each of them some kind of worship. Others say, that *Maneto* is the first great cause, and therefore must be all powerful and supreme, and ought to be adored and worshipped, whereas *Matchemaneto* ought to be rejected and despised.

Those of the Ottawas that worship the evil spirit, pretend to be great conjurors. I think if there is any such thing now in the world as witchcraft, it is among these people. I have been told wonderful stories concerning their proceedings, but never was eye witness to any thing that appeared evidently supernatural.

Some of the Wyandots and Caughnewagas profess to be Roman Catholics; but even these retain many of the notions of their ancestors. Those of them who reject the Roman Catholic religion, hold that there is one great first cause, whom they call *Owaneeyo*, that rules and governs the universe, and takes care of all his creatures, rational and irrational, and gives them their food in due season, and hears the prayers of all those that call upon him; therefore it is but just and reasonable to pray, and offer sacrifice to this Great Being, and to do those things that are pleasing in his sight;—but they differ widely, in what is pleasing or displeasing to this Great Being.—Some hold that following nature or their own propensities is the way to happiness, and cannot be displeasing to the Deity, because he delights in the happiness of his creatures, and does nothing in vain, but gave these dispositions with a design to lead to happiness, and therefore they ought to be followed. Others reject this opinion altogether, and say, that following their own propensities in this manner, is neither the means of happiness nor the way to please the Deity.

Tecaughretanego was of opinion, that following nature in a limited sense was reasonable and right. He said, that most of the irrational animals, by following their natural propensities, were led to the greatest pitch of happiness that their natures and the world they lived in would admit of. He said, that mankind and the rattlesnakes had evil dispositions, that led them to injure themselves and others. He gave instances of this. He said he had a puppy that he did not intend to raise, and in order to try an experiment, he tied this puppy on a pole, and held it to a rattlesnake, which bit it several times; that he observed the snake shortly after, rolling about apparently in great misery, so that it appeared to have poisoned itself as well as the puppy. The other instance he gave was concerning himself. He said, that when he was a young man, he was very fond of the women, and at length got the venereal disease, so that by following this propensity, he was led to injure himself and others. He said, our happiness depends on our using our reason, in order to suppress these evil dispositions; but when our propensities neither lead us to injure ourselves nor others, we might with safety indulge them, or even pursue them as the means of happiness.

The Indians generally, are of opinion that there are a great number of inferior deities, which they call *Carreyagaroona*, which signifies the heavenly inhabitants. These beings they suppose are employed as assistants, in managing the affairs of the universe, and in inspecting the actions of men; and that even the irrational animals are engaged in viewing their actions, and bearing intelligence to the gods. The eagle, for this purpose, with her keen eye, is soaring about in the day, and the owl, with her nightly eye, perched on the trees around their camp in the night; therefore, when they observe the eagle or the owl near, they immediately offer sacrifice, or burn tobacco, that they may have a good report to carry to the gods.— They say that there are also great numbers of evil spirits, which they call *Onasahroona*, which signifies the inhabitants of the lower regions. These, they say, are employed in disturbing the world, and the good spirits are always going after them, and setting things to right, so that they are constantly working in opposition to each other. Some talk of a future state, but not with any certainty: at best their notions are vague and unsettled. Others deny a future state altogether, and say, that after death, they neither think nor live.

As the Caughnewagas and the Six Nations speak nearly the same language, their theology is also nearly alike. When I met with the Shawnees, or Delawares, as I could not speak their tongue, I spoke Ottawa to them, and as it bore some resemblance to their language, we understood each other in some common affairs; but as I could only converse with them very imperfectly, I cannot from my own knowledge, with certainty, give any account of their theological opinions.

ON THEIR POLICE, OR CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

I have often heard of Indian kings, but never saw any. How any term used by the Indians, in their own tongue, for the chief man of

a nation, could be rendered king, I know not. The chief of a nation is neither a supreme ruler, monarch or potentate. He can neither make war or peace, leagues or treaties. He cannot impress soldiers, or dispose of magazines. He cannot adjourn, prorogue or dissolve a general assembly, nor can he refuse his assent to their conclusions, or in any manner control them. With them there is no such thing as hereditary succession, title of nobility, or royal blood, even talked of. The chief of a nation, even with the consent of his assembly, or council, cannot raise one shilling of tax off the citizens, but only receive what they please to give as free and voluntary donations. The chief of a nation has to hunt for his living, as any other citizen. How then can they, with any propriety, be called kings? I apprehend that the white people were formerly so fond of the name of kings, and so ignorant of their power, that they concluded the chief man of a nation must be a king.

As they are illiterate, they consequently have no written code of laws. What they execute as laws, are their old customs, or the immediate result of new councils. Some of their ancient laws or customs are very pernicious, and disturb the public weal. Their vague law of marriage is a glaring instance of this, as the man and his wife are under no legal obligation to live together, if they are both willing to part. They have little form, or ceremony among them in matrimony, but do like the Israelites of old—the man goes in unto the woman and she becomes his wife. The years of puberty, and the age of consent, is about fourteen of the women, and eighteen for the men. Before I was taken by the Indians, I had often heard that in the ceremony of marriage, the man gave the woman a deer's leg, and she gave him a red ear of corn, signifying that she was to keep him in bread, and he was to keep her in meat. I inquired of them concerning the truth of this, and they said they knew nothing of it, further than that they had heard it was the ancient custom among some nations. Their frequent changing of partners prevents propagation, creates disturbances, and often occasions murder and bloodshed; though this is commonly committed under the pretence of being drunk. Their impunity to crimes committed when intoxicated with spirituous liquors, or their admitting one crime as an excuse for another, is a very unjust law or custom.

The extremes they run into in dividing the necessaries of life, are hurtful to the public weal; though their dividing meat when hunting, may answer a valuable purpose, as one family may have success one day, and the other the next; but their carrying this custom to the town, or to agriculture, is striking at the root of industry; as industrious persons ought to be rewarded, and the lazy suffer for their indolence.

They have scarcely any penal laws; the principal punishment is degrading: even murder is not punished by any formal law, only the friends of the murdered are at liberty to slay the murderer, if some atonement is not made. Their not annexing penalties to their laws, is perhaps not as great a crime, or as unjust and cruel, as the bloody

laws of England, which we have so long shamefully practised, and which are to be in force in this State, until our penitentiary house is finished, which is now building, and then they are to be repealed.

Let us also take a view of the advantages attending Indian police:—they are not oppressed or perplexed with expensive litigation.—They are not injured by legal robbery. They have no splendid villains that make themselves grand and great upon other people's labour. They have neither church nor state erected as money-making machines.

ON THEIR DISCIPLINE AND METHOD OF WAR.

I have often heard the British officers call the Indians the undisciplined savages, which is a capital mistake—as they have all the essentials of discipline. They are under good command, and punctual in obeying orders: they can act in concert, and when their officers lay a plan and give orders, they will cheerfully unite in putting all their directions into immediate execution; and by each man observing the motion or movement of his right hand companion, they can communicate the motion from right to left, and march abreast in concert, and in scattered order, though the line may be more than a mile long, and continue, if occasion requires, for a considerable distance, without disorder or confusion. They can perform various necessary manœuvres, either slowly, or as fast as they can run: they can form a circle, or semi-circle: the circle they make use of in order to surround the enemy, and the semi-circle, if the enemy has a river on one side of them. They can also form a large hollow square, face out and take trees; this they do, if their enemies are about surrounding them, to prevent being shot from either side of the tree.

When they go into battle, they are not loaded or encumbered with many clothes, as they commonly fight naked, save only breech-clout, leggins and moccasins. There is no such thing as corporal punishment used, in order to bring them under such good discipline: degrading is the only chastisement, and they are so unanimous in this, that it effectually answers the purpose. Their officers plan, order and conduct matters until they are brought into action, and then each man is to fight as though he was to gain the battle himself. General orders are commonly given in time of battle, either to advance or retreat, and is done by a shout or yell, which is well understood, and then they retreat or advance in concert. They are generally well equipped, and exceedingly expert and active in the use of arms.—Could it be supposed that undisciplined troops could defeat Generals Braddock, Grant, &c! It may be said by some, that the French were also engaged in this war: true, they were; yet I know it was the Indians that laid the plan, and with small assistance put it into execution. The Indians had no aid from the French, or any other power, when they besieged Fort Pitt, in the year 1763, and cut off the communication for a considerable time, between that post and Fort Loudon, and would have defeated General Bouquet's army,

(who were on the way to raise the siege,) had it not been for the assistance of the Virginia Volunteers. They had no British troops with them when they defeated Colonel Crawford, near the Sandusky, in the time of the American war with Great Britain; or when they defeated Colonel Loughrie, on the Ohio, near the Miami, on his way to meet General Clarke; this was also in the time of the British war. It was the Indians alone that defeated Colonel Todd, in Kentucky, near the Blue Licks, in the year 1782; and Colonel Harmer, betwixt the Ohio and Lake Erie, in the year 1790, and General St. Clair, in the year 1791; and it is said that there were more of our men killed at this defeat, than there were in any one battle during our contest with Great Britain. They had no aid, when they fought even the Virginia riflemen almost a whole day, at the Great Kenhawa, in the year 1774; and when they found they could not prevail against the Virginians, they made a most artful retreat. Notwithstanding they had the Ohio to cross, some continued firing, whilst others were crossing the river; in this manner they proceeded, until they all got over, before the Virginians knew that they had retreated; and in this retreat, they carried off all their wounded. In the most of the foregoing defeats, they fought with an inferior number, though in this, I believe, it was not the case.

Nothing can be more unjustly represented, than the different accounts we have had of their number from time to time, both by their own computations and that of the British. While I was among them, I saw the account of the number that they in those parts gave to the French, and kept it by me. When they, in their own council-house, were taking an account of their number, with a piece of bark newly stripped, and a small stick, which answered the end of a slate and a pencil, I took an account of the different nations and tribes, which I added together, and found there were not half the number, which they had given the French; and though they were then their allies, and lived among them, it was not easy finding out the deception, as they were a wandering set, and some of them almost always in the woods hunting. I asked one of the chiefs what was their reason for making such different returns? He said it was for political reasons, in order to obtain greater presents from the French, by telling them they could not divide such and such quantities of goods among so many.

In the year of General Bouquet's last campaign, 1764, I saw the official return made by the British officers, of the number of Indians that were in arms against us that year, which amounted to thirty thousand. As I was then a lieutenant in the British service, I told them I was of opinion that there was not above one thousand in arms against us, as they were divided by Broadstreet's army, being then at Lake Erie. The British officers hooted at me, and said they could not make England sensible of the difficulties they laboured under in fighting them, as England expected that their troops could fight the undisciplined savages in America, five to one, as they did the East Indians, and therefore my report would not answer their

purpose, as they could not give an honorable account of the war, but by augmenting their number. I am of opinion that from Braddock's war, until the present time, there never were more than three thousand Indians, at any time in arms against us, west of Fort Pitt, and frequently not half that number. According to the Indians' own accounts, during the whole of Braddock's war, or from 1755, till 1758, they killed or took fifty of our people, for one that they lost. In the war that commenced in the year 1763, they killed comparatively few of our people, and lost more of theirs, as the frontiers, (especially the Virginians,) had learned something of their method of war: yet, they in this war, according to their own accounts, (which I believe to be true,) killed or took ten of our people, for one they lost.

Let us now take a view of the blood and treasure that was spent in opposing, comparatively, a few Indian warriors, with only some assistance from the French, the first four years of the war. Additional to the amazing destruction and slaughter that the frontiers sustained, from James river to Susquehanna, and about thirty miles broad; the following campaigns were also carried on against the Indians:—General Braddock's, in the year 1755; Colonel Armstrong's, against the Cattanyan town, on the Allegheny, 1757; General Forbes's, in 1758; General Stanwick's, in 1759; General Monkton's, in 1760; Colonel Bouquet's in 1761, and 1763, when he fought the battle of Brushy Run, and lost above one hundred men, but, by the assistance of the Virginia volunteers, drove the Indians; Colonel Armstrong's, up the west branch of Susquehanna, in 1763; General Broadstreet's up Lake Erie, in 1764; General Bouquet's, against the Indians at Muskingum, 1764; Lord Dunmore's, in 1774; General M'Intosh's, in 1778; Colonel Crawford's, shortly after his; General Clarke's, in 1778–1780; Colonel Bowman's, in 1779; General Clarke's, in 1782—against the Wabash, in 1786; General Logan's, against the Shawanees, in 1786; General Wilkinson's, in —; Colonel Harmer's, in 1790; and General St. Clair's, in 1791; which, in all, are twenty-two campaigns, besides smaller expeditions—such as the French Creek expedition, Colonels Edward's, Loughrie's, &c. All these were exclusive of the number of men that were internally employed as scouting parties, and in erecting forts, guarding stations, &c. When we take the foregoing occurrences into consideration, may we not reasonably conclude, that they are the best disciplined troops in the known world? Is it not the best discipline that has the greatest tendency to annoy the enemy and save their own men? I apprehend that the Indian discipline is as well calculated to answer the purpose in the woods of America, as the British discipline in Flanders: and British discipline in the woods, is the way to have men slaughtered, with scarcely any chance of defending themselves.

Let us take a view of the benefits we have received, by what little we have learned of their art of war, which cost us dear, and the loss we have sustained for want of it, and then see if it will not be well

worth our while to retain what we have, and also to endeavour to improve in this necessary branch of business. Though we have made considerable proficiency in this line, and in some respects outdo them, viz : as marksmen, and in cutting our rifles, and keeping them in good order ; yet, I apprehend, we are far behind in their manœuvres, or in being able to surprise. May we not conclude, that the progress we had made in their art of war, contributed considerably towards our success, in various respects, when contending with Great Britain for liberty ? Had the British king attempted to enslave us before Braddock's war, in all probability he might readily have done it, because, except the New Englanders, who had formerly been engaged in war with the Indians, we were unacquainted with any kind of war ; but after fighting such a subtle and barbarous enemy as the Indians, we were not terrified at the approach of British red-coats. Was not Burgoyne's defeat accomplished, in some measure, by the Indian mode of fighting ? And did not Gen. Morgan's riflemen, and many others, fight with greater success, in consequence of what they had learned of their art of war ? Kentucky would not have been settled at the time it was, had the Virginians been altogether ignorant of this method of war.

In Braddock's war the frontiers were laid waste for above three hundred miles long, and generally about thirty broad, excepting some that were living in forts, and many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, killed or made captives, and horses, and all kinds of property carried off : but, in the next Indian war, though we had the same Indians to cope with, the frontiers almost all stood their ground, because they were by this time, in some measure, acquainted with their manœuvres ; and the want of this in the first war, was the cause of the loss of many hundreds of our citizens, and much treasure.

Though large volumes have been written on morality, yet it may be all summed up in saying, do as you would wish to be done by : so the Indians sum up the art of war in the following manner :

The business of the private warriors is to be under command, or punctually to obey orders : to learn to march abreast in scattered order, so as to be in readiness to surround the enemy, or to prevent being surrounded ; to be good marksmen, and active in the use of arms ; to practise running ; to learn to endure hunger and hardships with patience and fortitude ; to tell the truth at all times to their officers, but more especially when sent out to spy the enemy.

Concerning Officers.—They say that it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried—that all officers should be advanced only according to merit ; that no one man should have the absolute command of an army ; that a council of officers are to determine when, and how an attack is to be made ; that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy ; to ambush and surprise them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprised themselves. It is the duty of officers to prepare and deliver speeches to the men, in order to animate and encourage them ; and on the march, to prevent the men,

at any time, from getting into a huddle, because if the enemy should surround them in this position, they would be exposed to the enemy's fire. It is likewise their business at all times to endeavour to annoy their enemy, and save their own men, and therefore ought never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men; and if at any time they should be mistaken in this, and are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat, and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy, without the danger of losing so many men. Their conduct proves that they act upon these principles; therefore it is, that from Braddock's war to the present time, they have seldom ever made an unsuccessful attack. The battle at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa is the greatest instance of this: and even then, though the Indians killed about three for one they lost, yet they retreated. The loss of the Virginians in this action was seventy killed, and the same number wounded. The Indians lost twenty killed on the field, and eight, who died afterwards of their wounds. This was the greatest loss of men that I ever knew the Indians to sustain in any one battle. They will commonly retreat if their men are falling fast; they will not stand cutting like the Highlanders or other British troops; but this proceeds from a compliance with their rules of war rather than cowardice. If they are surrounded they will fight while there is a man of them alive, rather than surrender. When Col. John Armstrong surrounded the Cattanyan town, on the Allegheny river, Captain Jacobs, a Delaware chief, with some warriors took possession of a house, defended themselves for some time, and killed a number of our men. As Jacobs could speak English, our people called on him to surrender. He said, that he and his men were warriors, and they would all fight while life remained. He was again told that they should be well used if they would only surrender; and if not, the house should be burnt down over their heads. Jacobs replied, he could eat fire; and when the house was in a flame, he, and they that were with him, came out in a fighting position, and were all killed. As they are a sharp, active kind of people, and war is their principal study, in this they have arrived at considerable perfection. We may learn of the Indians what is useful and laudable, and at the same time lay aside their barbarous proceedings. It is much to be lamented, that some of our frontier riflemen are too prone to imitate them in their inhumanity. During the British war, a considerable number of men from below Fort Pitt, crossed the Ohio, and marched into a town of friendly Indians, chiefly Delawares, who professed the Moravian religion. As the Indians apprehended no danger, they neither lifted arms nor fled. After these riflemen were some time in the town, and the Indians altogether in their power, in cool blood they massacred the whole town, without distinction of age or sex. This was an act of barbarity beyond any thing I ever knew to be committed by the savages themselves.

Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens? No! We are not above borrowing language from them, such as homony, pone, tomahawk, &c., which is of little or no use to us. I apprehend, that the reasons why we have not improved more in this respect are as follow; no important acquisition is to be obtained but by attention and diligence; and as it is easier to learn to move and act in concert, in close order, in the open plain, than to act in concert in scattered order in the woods, so it is easier to learn our discipline than the Indian manœuvres. They train up their boys in the art of war from the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; whereas, the principal chance our people had of learning was, by observing their manœuvres when in action against us. I have been long astonished that no one has written upon this important subject, as their art of war would not only be of use to us in case of another rupture with them; but were only part of our men taught this art, accompanied with our continental discipline, I think no European power, after trial, would venture to show its head in the American woods.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF JOHN M'CULLOUGH, ESQ.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN ABRIDGMENT OF WHAT THE NARRATOR HAS SUFFERED AND SEEN, DURING UPWARDS OF EIGHT YEARS CAPTIVITY WITH THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA. HIS DESIGN IN THIS ESSAY IS, TO ILLUSTRATE FACTS AS THEY OCCURRED, CAREFULLY AVOIDING TO EXAGGERATE ANY THING THAT HAS COME UNDER HIS OBSERVATION; NEITHER IS IT HIS DESIGN TO GIVE A GEOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY HE PASSED THROUGH, THAT HAVING BEEN DONE ALREADY BY ABLER PENS.

HIS ENDEAVOUR THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE IS TO MAKE IT INTELLIGIBLE TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY; WHEREVER HE HAS DEEMED IT NECESSARY TO RETAIN INDIAN WORDS, HE HAS DIVIDED THEM INTO SYLLABLES, IN ORDER TO GIVE THE READER AN IDEA OF THE PRONUNCIATION.

I was born in Newcastle county, in the state of Delaware. When I was five years old my father moved his family from thence to the back parts of then Cumberland (now Franklin) county, to a place well known by the name of Conococheague settlement, where he made a purchase of a tract of land at sheriff's sale, about a year before what has been generally termed Braddock's war. Shortly after the commencement of the war, he moved his family into York Co., where he remained until the spring of 1756, when we ventured home; we had not been long at home until we were alarmed again; we then fled down to Antietam settlement, where we remained until the beginning of harvest, then ventured home to secure our crops; we stopped about three miles from home, where we got a small cabin to live in until my father went home and secured the grain. On the 28th day of July, 1756, my parents and my oldest sister went home to pull flax, accompanied by one John Allen, a neighbor, who had business at Fort Loudon, and promised to come that way in the evening to accompany them back. Allen had proceeded but about two miles toward Loudon until he heard the Indians had killed a man that morning, about a mile and a half from where my parents were at work; he then, instead of going back to accompany them home agreeably to his promise, took a circuitous rout of about six or seven miles, for fear of the Indians. When he came home, my brother and I were playing on the great road, a short distance from the house; he told us to go immediately to the house, or the Indians would catch us, adding, at the same time, that he supposed they had killed our father and mother by that time.

We were small, I was about eight years old, my brother was but five; we went to the house, the people were all in a bustle, making ready to go to a fort about a mile off. I recollect of hearing them say, that somebody should go and give my parents notice; none would venture to go; my brother and I concluded that we would

go ourselves ; accordingly we laid off our trowsers and went off in our shirts, unnoticed by any person, leaving a little sister about two years old sleeping in bed ; when we got in sight of the house we began to halloo and sing, rejoicing that we had got home ; when we came within about fifty or sixty yards of the house, all of a sudden the Indians came rushing out of a thicket upon us ; they were six in number, to wit, five Indians and one Frenchman ; they divided into two parties ; three rushed across the path before, and three behind us. This part of the scene appears to me yet, more like a dream than any thing real : my brother screamed aloud the instant we saw them ; for my part, it appeared to me that the one party were Indians and the other white people ; they stopped before us, I was making my way betwixt two of them, when one of the hind party pulled me back by my shirt ; they instantly ran up a little hill to where they had left their baggage ; there they tied a pair of moccasins on my feet ; my brother at that instant broke off from them, running towards the house, screaming as he went ; they brought him back, and started off as fast as I was able to run along with them, one of them carrying my brother on his back. We ran along side of the field where my parents were at work, they were only intercepted from our view by a small ridge in the field, that lay parallel to the course we were running ; when we had got about seventy or eighty perches from the field, we sat down in a thicket of bushes, where we heard our father calling us ; two of the Indians ran off towards the house, but happily missed him, as he had returned back to the field, supposing that we had gone back again. The other four started off with us as fast as I was able to travel along with them, jumping across every road we came to, one catching by each arm and slinging me over the road to prevent our tracks from being discovered.

We travelled all that day, observing still when we came to an eminence, one of them would climb up a tree, and point out the course they should take, in order, I suppose, to avoid being discovered. It came on rain towards evening ; we travelled on till a good while after night ; at last we took up our lodging under a large tree ; they spread down a blanket for us to lie on, and laid another over us ; an Indian laid down on each side of us on the edge of our cover, the rest laid down at our head and feet. At break of day we started again ; about sun-rise we heard a number of axes at a short distance from us, we also discovered where logs had been dragged on the ground the day before ; they immediately took the alarm and made off as quick as possible. Towards evening we stopped on the side of a mountain ; two of the Indians and the Frenchman, went down into the valley, leaving one to take care of us : they were not long gone till we heard them shooting, in a short time they came back, carrying a parcel of hogs on their backs, and a fowl they had killed ; also a parcel of green apples in their bosoms ; they gave us some of the apples, which was the first nourishment we got from the time we were taken. We then went down the mountain into an obscure

place, where they kindled a fire and singed the hair off the hogs and roasted them, the fowl they roasted for us ; we had not been long there till we heard the war halloo up the run from where we had our fire, the two Indians came to us, whom I mentioned had ran towards the house when they heard my father calling us ; they had a scalp with them, by the color of the hair I concluded it had been my father's, but I was mistaken, it was the scalp of the man they killed the morning before they took us ; the scalp they made two of, and dried them at the fire. After roasting the meat and drying the scalps, we took to the mountain again, when we had got about half way up, we stopped and sat down on an old log—after a few minutes rest they rose up one after another and went to the sides of rocks and old logs and began to scrape away the leaves, where they drew out blankets, bells, a small kettle, and several other articles which they had hidden when they were coming down. We got over the mountain that evening ; about sunset we crossed a large road in sight of a waste house ; we went about a quarter of a mile further and encamped by the side of a large run ; one of them went about two or three hundred yards from the camp and shot a deer and brought it to the camp on his back. I had been meditating my escape from the time we crossed the road. Shortly after dark we laid down, I was placed next to the fire, my brother next, and an Indian laid down on the edge of the blanket behind us ; I awoke some time in the night, and roused my brother, whispering to him to rise, and we would go off, he told me that he could not go, I told him that I would go myself, he replied that he did not care. I got up as softly as I could, but had not got more than three or four yards from the fire till the Indian who lay at our backs raised his head and said, "*Where you go ?*" I told him I was going to p—s ; he said, "*make haste, come sleep.*" I went and laid down again.

Next morning four of the Indians and the Frenchman went off on a scout, leaving one to take care of us. About the middle of the day, they came running the way we came the evening before—they hallooed as soon as they came in sight ; by the time they got to the camp, the one who took care of us had all their things thrown on their blankets ; the one who took care of us took me on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about a quarter of a mile, then threw me down, broke a twig and switched me along until we got on the mountain again ; about an hour after, we began to gather whortleberries, as they were very plenty on the mountains ; lucky indeed for us, for I verily believe we would have starved, had it not been for the berries, for we could not eat the meat without bread or salt. We got off the mountain that evening and encamped in a thicket ; it rained that night and the next morning ; they had made a shade of some of their spare blankets ; we were long in starting the next morning. Whilst we were sitting about the fire, we heard the report of two guns at a little distance directly the way we came the evening before ; they started up in an instant, and picked up their blankets and other articles : the one who carried me before took me

on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about half a mile, then threw me down and whipped me along as they had done the day before. It must be observed that they always carried my brother time about; for my part it was the only two rides I got from the day I was taken, till we got to Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg).—I must pass over many occurrences that happened on our way to Pittsburg, excepting one or two. The morning before we came to *Kee-ak-kshee-man-nit-toos*, which signifies Cut Spirit, an old town at the junction of *La-el-han-neck*, or Middle Creek, and *Quin-nim-mough-koong*, or *Can-na-maugh*, or Otter Creek, as the word signifies. The morning before we got there, they pulled all the hair out of our heads, except a small spot on the crown, which they left. We got to the town about the middle of the day, where we got some squashes to eat; the next morning we set out for Fort Duquesne—the morning after that we came to several Indian camps—they gave us some bread, which was the first we tasted from the time we were taken. About a mile or two before we came to the fort, we met an old Indian, whose dress made him appear very terrifying to us; he had a brown coat on him, no shirt, his breast bare, a breech-clout, a pair of leggins and moccasins, his face and breast painted rudely with vermilion and verdigris, a large bunch of artificial hair, dyed of a crimson color, fixed on the top or crown of his head, a large triangle piece of silver hanging below his nose, that covered almost the whole of his upper lip; his ears (which had been cut according to their peculiar custom) were stretched out with fine brass wire, made in the form (but much larger) of what is commonly fixed in suspenders, so that, perhaps, he appeared something like what you might apprehend to be a likeness of the devil. As he approached toward us, the rest said something to him,—he took hold of me by the arm, and lashed me about from side to side, at last he threw me from him as far as he was able, then he took hold of my brother, and served him the same way. Shortly after that, they stopped and painted us, tying or fixing a large bunch of hawk's feathers on the top of each of our heads, then raised the war halloo, viz: one halloo for each scalp, and one for each prisoner, still repeating at certain intervals; we met several Indians who came running out to meet us—we were taken to the middle of their encampment into one of their chiefs' huts; after they had given a narrative of their adventure, the old chief drew out a small bag from behind his bed and took out a large belt of wampum and fixed it around my neck; we then started down to the fort, a great number of Indians of both sexes were paraded on each side of the path to see us as we went along; some of them were shoving in little fellows to strike us, and others advising me to strike them, but we seemed to be both afraid of each other; we were taken into a French house, where a number of Indians were sitting on the floor; one of the chiefs took my brother by the hand and handed him to a Frenchman who was standing at a room door, which was the last sight I had of him: after that he took me by the hand, and made a speech for about half an hour, then handed

me to an Indian who was sitting on the hearth smoking his pipe; he took me between his legs, (he could talk very good English,) and asked me several questions, telling me that I was his brother, that the people had killed a brother of his about a year before, and that these good men (meaning the warriors who took us) had gone and brought me to replace his deceased brother; he also told me that he had been raised amongst the white people, and that he had been taught to read when he was young, but that he had almost forgot it. I believe he was telling me the truth, for he knew all the letters and figures. He then took me by the hand and led me to the *Al-lee-ge-eon-ning* or Allegheny river, which signifies an impression made by the foot of a human being; for, said they, the land is so rich about it that a person cannot travel through the lands adjoining it without leaving the mark of their feet. We got in a canoe and went across the river, where a great number of Indians were encamped. He led me through their encampment; towards evening we came back.—Shortly after our return two young fellows took me by the hand and led me to the river, we got into a canoe and paddled about thirty or forty yards from the shore, when they laid down their paddles and laid hold of me by the wrists, and plunged me over head and ears under the water, holding me down till I was almost smothered, then drew me up to get breath. This they repeated several times. I had no other thought, but that they were going to drown me. I was at every interval pleading with them not to drown me; at last one of them said, "*me no killin, me washim.*" I pleaded with them to let me into shallow water, and I would wash myself, accordingly they did—I then began to rub myself; they signified to me to dive; I dipped my face into the water and raised it up as quick as I could; one of them stepped out of the canoe and laid hold of me on the back of my neck, and held me down to the bottom, till I was almost smothered, before he let me go. I then waded out; they put a new ruffled shirt on me, telling me that I was then an Indian, and that they would send me away to the rest of their friends. Accordingly I was sent off the next day with a female friend, to an uncle of my adopted brother's, who lived at a town called *She-nang-go*, on Beaver creek. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey, excepting several falls that I got off a young horse I was set on to ride. On the third or fourth night we arrived in *She-nang-go*, about an hour after dark: after the female friend whom I was sent with had informed the family who I was, they set up a lamentable cry, for some time: when their lamentation was over, they came to me one after another and shook me by the hand, in token that they considered me to stand in the same relationship to them as the one in whose stead I was placed. The next morning I was presented to my uncle, with whom I lived about a year. He was blind of one eye—a very good natured man. In the beginning of winter he used to raise me up by day light every morning, and make me sit down in the creek up to my chin in the cold water, in order to make me hardy, as he said, whilst he would sit on the bank smoking his pipe,

until he thought I had been long enough in the water; he would then bid me dive. After I came out of the water he would order me not to go near the fire until I would be dry. I was kept at that till the water was frozen over, he would then break the ice for me and send me in as before. Some time in the winter, perhaps not long before Christmas, I took very sick; I lay all winter at the fire side, and an old squaw attended me (what little attendance I got); she used to go out in the snow and hunt up herbs by the old tops; the roots of which she would boil and make a kind of drink for me.—She would never suffer me to taste cold water, or any kind of flesh, or any thing that was sweet or salt. The only nourishment that I was suffered to take, was honey, or dumplings, made of coarse Indian meal boiled in water. As I said before, I lay all winter at the fire side; I had nothing but a small blanket to cover me, part of which I drew under me for my bed, my legs drew up so that I was obliged to crawl when I had occasion to go out of doors. I remained in that situation till corn planting time, when I began to get better. They anointed my knees and hams with bear's oil, and made me keep my knees stretched out as tight as I could bear them, by which means I got the use of my joints in about a month's time.

Shortly after I got able to run about, a dreadful accident happened in my hands, in the following manner: The most of the Indians of the town were either at their corn-fields or out a fishing—my uncle had been unwell for some time—he was below the town at the creek side, where he had an Indian doctor sweating him and conjuring out his disorder. He had a large pistol, which he had hung up by the guard at the head of his bed,—there were two brothers, relations of ours, the oldest was perhaps about my own age, the other about two years younger. The oldest boy took down the pistol and cocked it, threatening for diversion to shoot his brother: the little fellow ran off from us—I assisted him to let down the cock of the pistol, which he held in his left hand with the muzzle towards his body, and his right hand against the cock; I would then (after cautioning him to turn the muzzle past his body) draw the trigger, and he would let down the cock slowly. I advised him several times to lay by the pistol, which he would do; but as soon as his brother would come back to us, he would get it again. At last his brother got afraid and would not come near us any more. He then threatened to shoot me; I fled out of the house from him. The town lay in a semi-circular form, round a bend of the creek; there happened to be a woman at the upper end of the town (as we lived at the lower end,) that had observed me when I fled out of the house from him—he immediately called me back to assist him to let down the cock; I refused to go, unless he would turn the butt of the pistol to me, which he did, I went in, in haste (and forgot to caution him to hold the muzzle to one side) and drew the trigger; the consequence was, the pistol went off and shot him in the stomach, the pistol flew out of our hands; he laid his hands across his breast and ran out of the house, screaming aloud as he

ran; I ran out of the house and looked after him, he went towards their own door, (about forty or fifty yards off,) he quit screaming before he fell;—it was late in the evening; his mother and grandmother were coming from their cornfield at that instant; his grandmother just cast her eye towards him, as she came past him, and came to me where I was standing; before they got near me, I told her that *Watook*, (for that was his name,) had shot himself; she turned away from me without saying any thing. In a short time all the Indians in the town collected about me, examining me, and getting me to show them what way he took to shoot himself; I told them that he took the pistol in his left hand and held the muzzle to his stomach, whilst he pushed the trigger from him with his thumb: I held to the one story. At last the woman (whom I mentioned had seen me when I fled out of the house from him) came and told them that she was standing out of doors looking at me across the bend of the creek, at the time she heard the report of the pistol, and that I was standing a considerable distance from the house at the time—at which they all dispersed.

There was something very singular in this affair, as the same woman and her husband, about a year after the above accident, was the means of saving my life when I was apparently drowned, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

It happened to be the first funeral that I had seen amongst them, and not being acquainted with their customs, I was put to a terrible fright; shortly after dark they began to fire their guns, which they always do when any one dies. As all the family had gone to the wake, I was left by myself in the house; when the firing began I concluded that they were about to take my life; I therefore crept under a bed that was set upon forks drove into the ground, a considerable height off the floor, where I lay as close to the wall as I could get, till about break of day, when I was roused by the report of their guns again. I did not go near the corpse—however I heard them say, that he bled none, as the coling and the blaze of the powder had followed the ball into his body. There were several young squaws who had seen us running about with the pistol; they frequently charged me with being the cause of the boy's death, which I always denied, but *Queek-queek-co-mooch-que* a little white girl, (a prisoner,) who lived with the family that the deceased belonged to, was like to be the worst evidence against me,—she told them that she saw me have the pistol in my hands several times—but the woman's evidence overruled the whole of them; however their minds were not entirely divested of the thoughts that I had taken his life, as they often cast it up to me afterwards, that I had shot *Watook*; especially when I would happen to get into a quarrel with any of the little fellows, they would tell me that I had killed one of them already, and that I wanted to kill another; however I declared the thing was merely accidental.

When I reflect on the above accident, and the circumstances attending it, my mind flows with gratitude to that Almighty Being

whose wise providence directs the affairs of the world ; I do not say that a lie is justifiable in the sight of God, yet I am led to believe that the woman was guided by providence in telling a manifest falsehood, which, perhaps, was the means of prolonging my days ; as I am led to believe, had the true circumstances of the case been known to them, I never should have seen the light of another day ; nor should I have expected that my body would have been laid under the ground, but that I would rather have been thrown into the creek, to be devoured by fish, or left above ground to be devoured by vermin, as I knew to be the case with two men, which I shall mention before I close this narrative.

Sometime in the summer following, we went to a treaty with the French at Presquile. On our way there, we went by an Indian town at or near where Meadville now stands : just as we got to the town, we observed a number of batteaux coming down French Creek ; the French came to the shore where they were ; one of them offered to purchase me from the Indians ; he offered for me an old spade, wanting the handle, (which, perhaps, was the lowest value that ever was set upon me,) they laughed scornfully at him for his folly : however, they decamped immediately, for fear the French might come and steal me away by night. When we got to Presquile, I was given up to my Indian mother whom I had never seen before. After the treaty was over, my old uncle returned to Shenanggo, and left me with my old mother and two brothers something older than myself ; we had a step-father also, who hunted for us. We moved from Presquile near to fort *Le Bœuf*, where my mother had raised a small patch of corn ; we lived there till the fall, occasionally going to the fort to draw rations, as the French constantly supplied the Indians with provisions whilst they lay about the fort. The French always observed to fire off a swivel, as a salute, when the Indians came to the fort with prisoners or scalps.

Towards fall my old brother (I call him old because he was the oldest of the family—he was not more than twenty-two or three) came to us, I had not seen him from the time I was given to him at fort Duquesne (or Pittsburgh) till then ; he came to take us to Shenanggo to live amongst the rest of our friends. We had but one horse to carry our provisions, our apparel we carried on our backs like the terrapin, so that we had to travel on foot. We were a long time on the way, as they frequently stopped three or four days at a place to hunt. We arrived at Shenanggo in the beginning of winter. Not long after our arrival, I took a severe turn of the pleurisy, and lay very ill for about twenty days ; my old mother and an old aunt paid great attention to me ; observing, with regard to my drink and diet, as my former attendant had done before.

The next summer I had like to lose my life ; all the Indians of the town, excepting one man and a woman, were out at their corn fields, leaving the young ones to take care of their houses. About ten o'clock of the day, four of the little fellows and I went into the creek to bathe ourselves ; the creek is perhaps about sixty or seventy

yards wide; there is a ridge of rocks that reaches across the stream, where I had often observed the Indians wading across, the water being deep at each side: I ventured to wade over, and made out very well, until I got about a rod off the shore on the opposite side; when the water began to get too deep for me, I turned about, proud of my performance. When I had got about half way back I missed my course, and all at once stepped over the edge of the rocks, and went down over head and ears; I made a few springs as high as I could above the water, at last I swallowed so much water, and not having yet learned to swim, I was obliged to give over. When the little fellows who came to bath along with me, saw that I had given myself up, they raised the scream. The woman whom I mentioned before, came running to the bank to see what was the matter; they told her that *Isting-go-weh-king* (for that was the name they gave me) was drowned. She immediately ran to the house and awaked her husband, who came as quick as possible (as they told me afterwards) to my relief; as I kept afloat all the time, he waded up to his chin before he could get a hold of me by the leg, he then trailed me through the water until he got to the rocks that I had stepped over, he then laid me on his shoulder and brought me out to the bank, where he threw me down, supposing that I was dead. It happened that my head was down hill; the water gushed out of my mouth and nose; they had previously sent off one of the little boys to inform my friends of the accident. After some time I began to show some signs of life. He then took me by the middle, clasping his hands across my belly, and shook me, the water still running plentifully out of my mouth and nose. By the time my friends arrived, I began to breathe more freely. They carried me up to the bank to a *weik-a-waum*, or house, and laid me down on a deer skin, where I lay till about the middle of the afternoon; at last I awoke out of sleep and was surprised to see a great number of Indians of both sexes standing around me. I raised my head, my old brother advanced toward me, and said, "*au moygh-t-ha-heeh a-moigh*," that is, rise, go and bathe yourself. I then recollected what I had been doing. He told me that if he would see me in the creek again he would drown me outright; however the very next day I was paddling in the water again. Some time whilst we resided at *Shenang-go*, (perhaps in the latter end of November,) about thirty warriors returned through *Shenang-go*, from a tour; they were of the Mingo nation: they had a number of scalps with them, and a prisoner, a man of about twenty-five years of age; one of the party had got wounded in the body; the prisoner had a large bundle of blankets tied up and slung on his back, with a *hap-pees*, for the wounded Indian to sit on. I make no doubt, but that he had carried him the whole way from where he received the wound, which, I presume, could not be less than two hundred miles; they tarried about two hours in town, then started off again;—the prisoner had to take the wounded Indian on his back again and march off; I understood they had to go a considerable distance beyond Presquile, which I presume could not be less than

three hundred and fifty or four hundred miles, that the poor unfortunate prisoner had to carry the wounded Indian on his back, before they would get to their destination:—however he had one advantage of what other prisoners had to undergo, that was, he was exempt from a severe beating, at every town they went through before they got to their destination, which every grown person has to suffer, as I shall relate hereafter. I understood by them, that it was a general custom among all their nations, that if any one happened to get wounded, that the rest would do their utmost to take a prisoner, or prisoners, to carry their wounded.

We lived about two years and a half in Shenango: we then moved to where they were settling a new town, called *Kseek-he-ooing*, that is, a place of salt, a place now well known by the name of Salt Licks, on the west branch of Beaver, where we lived about one year: we moved there about the time that General Forbes took Fort Du Quesne from the French. My brother had been about three years married; they had a young son whom they thought a great deal of; my sister-in-law was very cross to me, when my brother was absent; he had heard of it, and asked me when we were by ourselves, if his wife did not strike me sometimes, when he was absent,—I told him she did,—he bid me to let him know if ever she would strike me again; not long after, my brother being absent, she went to the corn field to work, and left her son in my care; as soon as she left us, I began to divert myself with a foot ball; the little fellow was running after me crying aloud, and his mother heard him. While I was engaged in my diversions, she came behind me unnoticed, and knocked me down with the handle of a billhook. I took the first opportunity to inform my brother how she had treated me; he advised her not to treat me so any more, telling her what the consequence would be if she did. She was highly affronted at him, and went off and left us. About three days after, she came back, attended by a female cousin of hers, to carry off her moveables; whilst she was gathering up her goods, my brother stepped out, and began to try the strength of some small branches that had been recently chopped off a green tree; at seeing that, she fled out of the house and ran as fast as she was able,—he pursued her, and whipped her severely; she ran back to the house for protection, and squatted down behind his mother, who had occasionally come to see us; it put the thoughts of leaving us out of her head: neither did she ever strike me afterwards.

Sometime while we resided at *Kseek-he-ooing*, or Salt Licks, *Mos-sook-whese*, or Ben Dickson, invented a kind of punishment to inflict on boys who would do mischief, such as quarrelling, plundering watermelon or cucumber patches, &c., in the following manner:—there is a kind of fish that abounds in the western waters, called a gar, that has a very long bill, and long sharp teeth; he took the bill of one of those fish, and wrapped a thin rag round it, projecting the teeth through the rag. He took any one who would do any kind of mischief, and after wetting their thighs and legs, he would score them

from the hip down to the heel, three or four times on each thigh and leg, and sometimes, if they were found guilty a second or third time, he would score them from the top of the shoulder down to the wrists, and from the top of the shoulder, on the back, to the contrary hip, crossways. It happened once, that a nephew of his, a very mischievous boy, threw the entrails of a turtle in my face, then ran off as quick as he could from me round the house; I picked up a stone and pursued him, and threw it after him; it happened to light on the top of his head and knocked him down, and cut his head badly, or, it is probable, he would have concealed it, as he well knew what the consequence would be; for his back, arms, thighs and legs were almost constantly raw, by the frequent punishments he got for his mischief.

However, Mos-sooh-whese happened to be out a fishing at the time; he was informed when he came home of what had taken place; I was apprehensive of what would be my doom, and was advised by my friends to hide myself; accordingly I got into a small addition to the house, where a number of bales of deer skin and fur were piled up: I had not been long there until I heard him enquiring for me; they told him that I had gone down to the creek, and was not returned yet: he therefore ordered one of my brothers, (who had been with him a fishing the day before,) to stand up until he would score him; as my brother was partly man grown, he refused; a struggle ensued—however, my brother was obliged to give up.—The reason he gave for punishing others who were not present at the time the mischief was done, was, that if they should be present at the time that any one was promoting mischief, he should do his best endeavour to prevent it, or inform against those who had done it—as the informer was always exempted from the punishment aforesaid. I then heard him say, that, if I was to stay away a year he would score me; he then went to the creek on the hunt of me; after he was gone, they told me that I might as well come out as conceal myself; accordingly I did. In a short time he came back, grinning and showing his teeth as if he had got a prize; he ordered me to stand up at the side of a post; I obeyed his orders—he then took and wet my thighs and legs, to prevent the skin from tearing: he took the gar's bill, and gave me four scores, or scrapes, with it, from the point of the hip down to the heel—the mark of which I will carry to my grave.

My oldest brother was from home at the time the above punishment was inflicted on us; he came home that same night; I scarcely ever saw him more out of humour, than when he found the way we had been treated. He said, (whether he was in earnest or not, I cannot tell,) that if he had been at home, he would have applied his *tim-ma-keek-can*, to Mos-sook-whese's head, rather than suffer such an ignominious punishment, as he conceived it, to be inflicted on any of his family. However, he told *Mus-sooh-whese*, never to do the like again without his consent.

I was very near being innocently punished, about a year afterwards,

notwithstanding I had more than a dozen of witnesses to prove that I was not, in the course of that day, where the mischief was done ; which was only the plundering of a watermelon patch.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he-ooing*, one Andrew Wilkins, a trader, came to the town, and was taken ill while there—he sent me to the other end of the town with some beads, to purchase a fowl for him, to work off a physic with ; when I came back, he was sitting alone in the house : as he could talk the Indian tongue tolerably well, he began to question me about where I was taken from ; I told him from *Conocoheague*—he asked my name ; I told him. As soon as he returned to *Shippensburg*, (which was his place of residence,) he informed my father that he had seen me, which was the first account they received of me, from the time I was taken. The next spring, we moved to a town about fifteen miles off, called *Mo-hon-ing*, which signifies a lick. Some time in the summer following, my father came to *Mo-hon-ing*, and found me out. I was shy in speaking to him, even by an interpreter, as I had at that time forgot my mother tongue. My Indian brother not being at home, my father returned to *Pittsburgh* and left me.

My brother was gone to *Tru-ca-la-ways*, about forty or fifty miles off, to see and hear a prophet that had just made his appearance amongst them ; he was of the Delaware nation ; I never saw nor heard him. It was said, by those who went to see him, that he had certain hieroglyphics marked on a piece of parchment, denoting the probation that human beings were subjected to, whilst they were living on earth, and also, denoting something of a future state. They informed me that he was almost constantly crying whilst he was exhorting them. I saw a copy of his hieroglyphics, as numbers of them had got them copied and undertook to preach, or instruct others. The first, (or principal doctrine,) they taught them, was to purify themselves from sin, which, they taught, they could do by the use of emetics, and abstinence from carnal knowledge of the different sexes ; to quit the use of fire arms, and to live entirely in the original state that they were in before the white people found out their country ; nay, they taught that that fire was not pure that was made by steel and flint, but that they should make it by rubbing two sticks together, which I have frequently assisted to do, in the following manner : take a piece of red cedar, have it well seasoned, get a rod of bortree, well seasoned, gouge out a small bit with the point of a knife, cut off the cedar about an eighth of an inch from the edge, set the end of the bortree in it, having first stuck a knife in the side of the cedar, to keep the dust that will rub out by the friction ; then take it between the hands, and rub it, pressing hard on the cedar and rubbing as quick as possible ; in about half a minute the fire will kindle. It was said, that their prophet taught them, or made them believe, that he had his instructions immediately from *Keesk-she-la-mil-lang-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being, and that by following his instructions, they would, in a few years, be able to drive the white people out of their country.

I knew a company of them, who had secluded themselves for the purpose of purifying from sin, as they thought they could do; I believe they made no use of fire-arms. They had been out more than two years before I left them; whether they conformed rigidly to the rules laid down to them by their prophet, I am not able to say with any degree of certainty,—but one thing I know, that several women resorted to their encampment; it was said, that they made use of no other weapons than their bows and arrows: they also taught, in shaking hands, to give the left hand in token of friendship, as it denoted that they gave the heart along with the hand,—but I believe that to have been an ancient custom among them, and I am rather of opinion, that the practice is a caution against enemies—that is, if any violence should be offered, they would have the right hand ready to seize their *tim-ma-keek-can*, or tomahawk, or their *paughk-sheek-can*, or knife, to defend themselves, if necessary.

The fall following, my father went out to fort Venango, or French Creek, along with Wilkins. Wilkins sent a special messenger to Mohoning, for my brother to take me to Venango, telling him that my father would purchase me from him; accordingly he took me off without letting me know his intention, or, it is probable, I would not have gone with him. When we got to Venango, we encamped about a mile from the garrison; my brother went to the garrison to bargain with my father for me, but told me nothing of it. The next morning my father and two others came to our camp, and told me that my brother wanted to see me at the fort; I went along with them; when we got there he told me that I must go home with my father, to see my mother and the rest of my friends; I wept bitterly—all to no purpose; my father was ready to start; they laid hold of me and set me on a horse—I threw myself off; they set me on again, and tied my legs under the horse's belly, and started away for Pittsburgh; we encamped about ten or fifteen miles from Venango; before we lay down, my father took his garters and tied my arms behind my back; however, I had them loose before my father lay down; I took care to keep it concealed from them by keeping my arms back as if they were tied. About midnight, I arose from between my father and John Simeons, who was to accompany us to Pittsburgh; I stepped out from the fire and sat down as if I had a real necessity for doing so; my father and Simeons arose and mended up the fire; whilst they were laying the chunks together, I ran off as fast as I could; I had got near a hundred yards from the camp, when I heard them hunting a large dog, which they had along with them, after me; I thought the dog would certainly overtake me; I therefore climbed up a tall tree, as fast as I could; the dog stopped at the root of the tree, but as they continued to hunt him on, he ran off again—they came past the tree: after they passed by me, I climbed further up, until I got to some limbs, where I could rest myself; the dog came back to the tree again,—after a short time they came back and stood a considerable time at the root of the tree—then returned to the fire; I could see them distinctly from where I

was ; I remained on the tree about an hour ; I then went down and steered through the woods till I found the road ; I went about two or three miles along it, and the wolves were making a hideous noise all around me : I went off the road a short distance and climbed up a dogwood sapling, and fixed myself on the branches of it, where I remained till break of day ; I then got on the road again ; I ran along as fast as I was able, for about five miles, where I came to an Indian camp : they told me that I had better not keep the road, alledging that I would certainly be pursued ; I took their advice and went off the road immediately, and steered through the woods till I got to where my friends were encamped ; they advised me to take along the road that we came, when we came there ; telling me that they were going to return home that day ; I made no delay, but went on about ten miles, and there waited till they came up with me.—Not long after I left them, my father came to the camp ; they denied that they had seen me—supposing that I had gone on to Mohoning by myself, telling him that if I had, that they would take me to Pittsburg that fall.

Soon after we got home to Mohoning, instead of taking me to Pittsburg, agreeable to their promise, they set out on their fall hunt, taking me along with them ; we staid out till some time in the winter before we returned.

We lived about a mile out of Mohoning ; there were some traders at *Kseek-he-ooing*, or Salt Licks, early in the spring. A nephew of my adopted brother's had stole a horse from one Tom Green, a trader ; he pursued the thief to Mohoning ; he was gone out a trapping when Green came after him. Green waited three days on the Indian's return with the horse. The third night, about midnight, there came an alarm, which was notified by hallooing *Qua-ah!* still repeating four halloos at a time, at certain intervals. When we heard the alarm, my oldest brother went off to the town, to see what was the matter. In about two hours he returned ; Green asked him what was the matter—he told him that it was some foolish young fellows that had done it, for diversion. Green did not seem to be satisfied with the answer. However, about sun-rise *Mus-sough-whese*, (an Indian, my adopted brother's nephew, known by the name of Ben Dickson, among the white people,) came to our house ; he had a pistol and a large scalping knife, concealed under his blanket, belted round his body. He informed *Ket-too-ha-lend*, (for that was my adopted brother's name,) that he came to kill Tom Green ; but *Ket-too-ha-lend* endeavoured to persuade him off it. They walked out together, and Green followed them, endeavouring, as I suppose, to discover the cause of the alarm the night before ; in a short time they returned to the house, and immediately went out again. Green asked me to bring him his horse, as we heard the bell a short distance off ; he then went after the Indians again, and I went for the horse. As I was returning, I observed them coming out of a house, about two hundred yards from ours ; *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* was foremost, Green in the middle ; I took but slight notice of them, until I heard

the report of a pistol ; I cast my eyes towards them, and observed the smoke, and saw Green standing on the side of the path, with his hands across his breast ; I thought it had been him that shot ; he stood a few moments, then fell on his face across the path ; I instantly got off the horse, and held him by the bridle, *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* sunk his pipe tomahawk into his skull ; *Mus-souh-whese* stabbing him under the arm-pit with his scalping knife ; he had shot him between the shoulders with his pistol. The squaws gathered about him, stripped him naked, trailed him down the bank, and plunged him into the creek ; there was a fresh in the creek, at the time, which carried him off.—*Mus-souh-whese* then came to me, (where I was holding the horse, as I had not moved from the spot where I was when Green was shot,) with the bloody knife in his hand ; he told me that he was coming to kill me next ; he reached out his hand and took hold of the bridle, telling me that that was his horse ; I was glad to parley with him on the terms, and delivered the horse to him. All the Indians in the town immediately collected together, and started off to the Salt Licks, where the rest of the traders were, and murdered the whole of them, and divided their goods amongst them, and likewise their horses. My adopted brother took two horse loads of beaver skin, and set off with them to *Tus-ca-law-ways*, where a number of traders resided, and sold the fur to them. There happened to be an old Indian, who was known amongst the traders by the name of Daniel ; he cautioned the traders not to purchase the fur from him, assuring him that he had murdered some traders—to convince them, he showed them that the skins were marked with so many different marks, which convinced him in his opinion ; however, either through fear or some other motive, they exchanged goods for the fur ; the same evening, old Daniel offered his service to them, assuring them that he would endeavour to conduct them safe into Pittsburg, adding that if they would not take his advice, he was sure they would be all murdered by day light the next morning ; they took his advice, and as they lived about a mile out of town, they had an opportunity of going away without being discovered ; they started shortly after dark, as was conjectured by the Indians, leaving all their merchandise behind them ; how many there were of them, I do not recollect of hearing ; however, as I heard, they went on safe until they got to *Ksack-hoong*, an old Indian town at the confluence of the Beaver and Ohio, where they came to an Indian camp unawares ; probably the Indians had discovered them before they reached the camp, as they were ready for them ; as soon as they made their appearance, the Indians fired on them—the whole of them fell, excepting old Daniel, and one Calhoun, who made his escape into Pittsburg ; old Daniel had a bullet shot into his saddle, close behind him, the mark of which I frequently saw, after he made his escape back to his friends.

Mohoning lay on the frontier, as they had evacuated all their towns to the north of it, when the war commenced. Shortly after the commencement of the war, they plundered a tanyard near to Pitts-

burg, and carried away several horse loads of leather, they also committed several depredations along the Juniata; it happened to be at a time when the small-pox was in the settlement where they were murdering, the consequence was, a number of them got infected, and some died before they got home, others shortly after; those who took it after their return, were immediately moved out of the town, and put under the care of one who had had the disease before. In one of their excursions, they took some prisoners—amongst them was one of the name of Beaty, whom they beat unmercifully, when they took him to Mohoning; they set him to make bridles for them, (that is to fill old bits.) of the leather they took from Pittsburg; he appeared very cross; he would often run at the little fellows with his knife or awls, when they came to look at him where he was at work: however, they soon took him off to *Cay-a-haw-ga*, a town not far distant from Lake Erie.

We remained in Mohoning till shortly after the memorable battle at Brushy Run; we then moved to *Cay-a-haw-ga*; the day before we got there, they began to be alarmed at Beaty's behavior; they held a council and agreed to kill him, lest he should take some of their lives. They led him about fifty or sixty perches out of the town, some walking before and some behind him; they then shot him with arrows! I went out the evening after we got there, along with some little fellows, to see him; he was a very disagreeable sight to behold; they had shot a great number of arrows into his body—then went off and left him exposed to the vermin!

The same year that Beaty was taken, *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* was their *Moy-a-sooh-whese*, or foreman, of a party consisting of nine Indians; they came to a house where there were two men and a woman who had killed a hog, and had a large pot of water on the fire, making ready to scald it—*Ket-tooh-ha-lend* rushed into the house—the rest stopped at the outside; he seized the woman and shoved her out of the door, and told the rest to take care of her; one of the men broke out of the house and made off, whilst the other caught hold of *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* by the arm, and endeavored to put him into the pot of boiling water, shoving him back to the corner of the house, where two guns were standing—he said he frequently called on the rest to come in to assist him, but none of them would venture in. The man was constantly looking about, either for assistance or fear of the rest of the Indians; he therefore, after he was almost exhausted, watched his opportunity, and suddenly putting his hand up behind the man's back, and catching hold of his queue, jerked his head back, by which means he got his other arm disengaged, and drew his *Tim-ma-heek-can*, or tomahawk, and knocked him on the head. But to his great mortification, when he came out, he found the woman whom he had shoved out of the door, lying dead and scalped.

We stayed but a short time in *Cay-a-haw-ga*, then moved across the country to the forks of *Moosh-king-oong*, which signifies clear eyes, as the river abounds with a certain kind of fish that have very

clear eyes: from thence we took up the west branch to its source, and from thence I know not where.

Nothing remarkable happened during our peregrinations, excepting what we suffered by hunger, it being in the winter; we sometimes had to make use of the stems of turkey quills for food, by running them under hot embers till they would swell and get crisp. We have subsisted on gum bark, and sometimes on white plantain; but the greater part of our time on a certain kind of root that has something of the resemblance of a potatoe.

In the spring we returned to the west branch of *Maosh-king-oong*, and settled in a new town which he called *Kta-ho-ling*, which signifies a place where roots have been dug up for food. We remained there during the summer.

Sometime in the summer, whilst we were living at *Kta-ho-ling*, a great number of Indians collected at the forks of *Moos-king-oong*; perhaps there were three hundred or upwards; their intention was to come to the settlement and make a general massacre of the whole people, without any regard to age or sex; they were out about ten days when the most of them returned; having held a council, they concluded that it was not safe for them to leave their towns destitute of defence. However, several small parties went on to different parts of the settlements: it happened that three of them, whom I was well acquainted with, came to the neighborhood of where I was taken from—they were young fellows, perhaps none of them more than twenty years of age.—they came to a school house, where they murdered and scalped the master and all the scholars, excepting one, who survived after he was scalped, a boy about ten years old, and a full cousin of mine. I saw the Indians when they returned home with the scalps; some of the old Indians were very much displeased at them for killing so many children, especially *Neep-paugh-whese*, or Night Walker, an old chief, or half king.—he ascribed it to cowardice, which was the greatest affront he could offer them.

In the fall we were alarmed by a report that the white people were marching out against them, which, in a short time, proved to be true; Col. Bouquet, with an army, was then actually marching out against them. As the Delaware nation was always on the frontier, (which was the nation I was amongst,) they had the first notice of it, and immediately gave the alarm to the other nations adjoining them. A council was called: the result was, that they were scarce of ammunition, and were not able to fight him; that they were then destitute of clothing; and that, upon the whole, it was best to come on terms of peace with the white people. Accordingly they sent off special messengers to meet the army on their march, in order to let them know that they were disposed to come on terms of peace with them. The messengers met the army at Tuscalaways. They crept up to the camp after dark, and informed the guard that they were sent by their nation to sue for peace. The commander of the army sent for them to come into camp; they went and delivered their mission. The Colonel took care to take hostages for their fidelity; the

remainder were suffered to return; but he told them he would march his army on to *Moosh-king-oong*, where he expected to meet their chiefs and warriors, to come on terms of peace with him, assuring them at the same time, that he would not treat with them, but upon condition, that they would deliver up all the prisoners they had in their possession. The messengers returned, and gave a narrative of their mission. The *Sha-a-noo-wack*, or Shawanese, were not satisfied with the terms; however—as the Delawares had left hostages with the commander of the army, the Shawanese acquiesced to come on terms of peace, jointly with the other tribes. Accordingly the army marched on to *Moosh-king-oong*. The day they arrived there, an express was sent off to one of their nearest towns, to inform them that they were ready to treat with them. We then lived about ten miles from *Moosh-king-oong*; accordingly they took all the prisoners to the camp, myself among the rest, and delivered us up to the army. We were immediately put under a guard,—a few days after, we were sent under a strong guard to Pittsburg. On our way two of the prisoners made their escape, to wit, one Rhoda Boyd and Elizabeth Studibaker, and went back to the Indians. I never heard whether they were ever brought back or not.—There were about two hundred of us—we were kept a few days in Pittsburg. There was one John Martin, from the Big Cove, came to Pittsburg after his family, who had been taken by the Indians the fall before I was taken: he got leave from the Colonel to bring me down along with his family. I got home about the middle of December, 1764, being absent (as I heard my parents say) eight years, four months, and sixteen days. Previous to my return, my father had sold his plantation, where I was taken from, and bought another about four miles from the former, where I have resided ever since.

When I reflect on the various scenes of life I came through during my captivity, methinks I see the hand of Providence, remarkably conspicuous, throughout the whole. First, What but the hand of Providence directed them to take us alive, when our scalps might have answered the same purpose? or that they should, when apparently in danger, risk their lives by the incumbrance of us, by carrying us on their backs? Secondly, That they should not have drowned me outright, when they washed me in the Allegheny river?—Thirdly, That they took any care of me, when I was apparently on the point of death, by two severe fits of sickness? Fourthly, That they should have taken any notice of me, when I was, to all appearance, drowned at Shenango? Nay, I have often thought that the hand of Providence guided me in making my escape from my father, as, in all probability, I would have been at the school, where the master and scholars were murdered, as I had two cousins among the number, one of whom was scalped, and who, I believe, is yet alive;—or even when *Mus-sough-uhese* came to me, after he had murdered Green, with the bloody knife in his hand. I say, methinks I see the hand of Providence remarkably displayed throughout the whole.

How often are we exposed to dangers, which we have neither had

knowledge of nor power to prevent? I could have related many dangers that I was exposed to, during my captivity, which I have thought proper to omit in the foregoing narrative; as I am conscious that there are numbers, who never have had the trial of what they were able to undergo, would be ready to charge me with falsehood, as I have often observed what other narrators have met with.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF
 RICHARD BARD, ESQ.
 LATE OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENN. DECEASED, WITH HIS
 WIFE AND FAMILY, AND OTHERS.

COLLECTED FROM HIS PAPERS BY HIS SON, ARCHIBALD BARD.

My father, Richard Bard, lived in York County, now Adams, and owned the mill now called Marshall's mill, in what is called Carroll's tract, where, on the morning of the 13th of April, 1758, his house was invested by a party of nineteen Indians. They were discovered by a little girl called Hannah M'Bride, who was at the door, and on seeing them, screamed, and ran into the house. At this time there were in the house, my father, mother, and lieutenant Thomas Potter, (brother of general Potter) who had come the evening before (being a full cousin) together with a child of about 6 months old, and a bound boy. The Indians rushed into the house and one of them, with a large cutlass in his hand, made a blow at Potter, but he so managed it as to wrest the sword from the Indian, and return the blow, which would have put an end to his existence, had not the point struck the ceiling, which turned the sword so as to cut the Indian's hand. In the mean time, Mr. Bard (my father) laid hold of a horseman's pistol that hung on a nail, and snapped it at the breast of one of the Indians, but there being tow in the pan it did not go off; at this, the Indians seeing the pistol, ran out of the house. By this time one of the Indians at the door had shot at Potter, but the ball took him only in the little finger. The door was now shut and secured as well as possible; but finding the Indians to be very numerous, and having no powder or ball, and as the savages might easily burn down the house by reason of the thatched roof, and the quantity of mill wood piled at the back of the building, added to the declarations of the Indians, that they would not be put to death, determined them to surrender; on which a party of the Indians went to a field and made prisoners Samuel Hunter, and Daniel M'Manimy. A lad of the name of William White coming to the mill, was also made a prisoner. Having secured the prisoners, they took all the

valuable effects out of the house, and set fire to the mill. They then proceeded towards the mountain, and my mother enquiring of the Indians who had care of her, was informed that they were of the Delaware nation. At the distance of about seventy rods from the house, contrary to all their promises, they put to death Thomas Potter, and having proceeded on the mountain about three or four miles, one of the Indians sunk the spear of his tomahawk into the breast of the small child, and after repeated blows scalped it. After crossing the mountain, they passed the house of Mr. Halbert T—— and seeing him out, shot at him, but without effect. Thence, passing late in the evening M'Cord's old fort, they encamped about half a mile in the gap. The second day, having passed into the Path Valley, they discovered a party of white men in pursuit of them; on which they ordered the prisoners to hasten, for should the whites come up with them, they should be all tomahawked. Having been thus hurried, they reached the top of the Tuskarora mountain and all had sat down to rest, when an Indian, without any previous warning, sunk a tomahawk into the forehead of Samuel Hunter, who was seated by my father, and by repeated blows put an end to his existence. He was then scalped, and the Indians, proceeded on their journey, encamped that evening some miles on the north of Sideling Hill. The next day they marched over the Allegheny mountain, through what is now called Blair's gap. On the fifth day, whilst crossing Stoney Creek, the wind blew a hat of my father's from the head of the Indian in whose custody he was. The Indian went down the stream some distance before he recovered it. In the mean time my father had passed the creek, but when the Indian returned, he severely beat my father with the gun, and almost disabled him from travelling any further. And now, reflecting that he could not possibly travel much further, and that if this was the case, he would be immediately put to death, he determined to attempt his escape that night. Two days before this, the half of my father's head was painted red. This denoted that a council had been held, and that an equal number were for putting him to death and for keeping him alive, and that another council was to have taken place to determine the question. Being encamped, my parents, who before this had not liberty to speak to one another, were permitted to assist each other in plucking a turkey, and being thus engaged, the design of escaping was communicated to my mother. After some of the Indians had laid down, and one of them was amusing the others, with dressing himself with a gown of my mother's, my father was called to go for water. He took a quart and emptying it of what water it contained, steeped about six rods down to the spring. My mother perceiving this, succeeded so well in confining the attention of the Indians to the gown, that my father had got about one hundred yards, when the Indians from one fire, cried to those of another, *your man is gone*. They ran after him, and one having brought back the quart, said, *here is the quart, but no man*. They spent two days in looking after him, while the prisoners were confined in

the camp; but after an unsuccessful search, they proceeded down the stream to the Alleghany river, thence to fort Du Quesne, now Fort Pitt. After remaining there one night and a day, they went about twenty miles down the Ohio, to an Indian town, on entering which a squaw took a cap off my mother's head, and with many others severely beat her. Now almost exhausted with fatigue, she requested leave to remain at this place, but was told she might, if she preferred being scalped to proceeding. They then took her to a town called Cususkey. On arriving at this place, Daniel M'Manimy was detained outside of the town, but my mother, the two boys and girls, were taken into the town, at the same time having their hair pulled, faces scratched, and beaten in an unmerciful manner. Here I shall extract from my father's papers the manner and circumstances of M'Manimy's death. This account appears to have been obtained from my mother, shortly after her return, who received it from those who had been eye witnesses of the tragical scene. The Indians formed themselves into a circle, round the prisoner, and commenced by beating him; some with sticks, and some with tomahawks. He was then tied to a post near a large fire, and after being tortured sometime with burning coals, they scalped him, and put the scalp on a pole to bleed before his face. A gun barrel was then heated red hot, and passed over his body, and with a red hot bayonet they pierced his body with many repetitions. In this manner they continued torturing him, singing and shouting, until he expired. Shortly after this, my mother set out from this place, leaving the two boys and girl, whom she never saw again, until they were liberated. She was now distressed beyond measure; going she knew not where, without a comforter, without a companion, and expecting to share the fate of M'Manimy in the next town she would reach. In this distressed situation she met a number of Indians among whom was a captive woman. To her my mother made known her fears, on which she was informed that her life was not in danger, for that belt of wampum, said she, about your neck, is a certain sign, that you are intended for an adopted relation. They, soon after, arrived at a town, and being taken into the council-house, two squaws entered in—one stepped up and struck my mother on the side of the head. Perceiving that the other was about to follow this example, she turned her head and received a second blow. The warriors were highly displeased at such acts in a council-house, being contrary to the usage. Here a chief took my mother by the hand, and delivered her to two Indian men, to be in the place of a deceased sister. She was put in charge of a squaw in order to be cleanly clothed. She had remained here, with her adopted friends near a month, when her party began to think of removing to the head waters of the Susquehanna, a journey of about two hundred miles. This was very painful to my mother, having already travelled about two hundred miles over mountains and swamps until her feet and legs were extremely swollen and sore. Fortunately, on the day of their setting out, a horse was given to her by her adopted brother; but before they

had travelled far, one of the horses in the company died, when she was obliged to surrender hers to supply its place. After proceeding on her journey some miles, they were met by a number of Indians one of whom told her not to be discouraged, as a peace was about to take place shortly, when she would have leave to return home. To this information she was the more disposed to give credit, as it came from one who was a chief counsellor in the Delaware nation with whom she was a prisoner. Having arrived near the end of her journey, to her great surprise, she saw a captive dead by the road side, having been tomahawked and scalped. She was informed that he had endeavored to escape, but was overtaken at this place. On arriving at the place of destination, having in all travelled near five hundred miles, the fatigue which she had undergone, with cold and hunger, brought on a severe fit of sickness, which lasted near two months. In this doleful situation, having no person to comfort, or sympathize with her, a blanket was her only covering, and her bed was the cold earth, in a miserable cabin; boiled corn was her only food. She was reduced to so weak a state as to consider herself as approaching the verge of dissolution. But recovering from her sickness, she met with a woman with whom she had been formerly acquainted. This woman had been in captivity some years, and had an Indian husband by whom she had one child. My mother reproved her for this, but received for answer, that before she had consented, they had tied her to a stake in order to burn her. She added, that as soon as their captive woman could speak the Indian tongue, they were obliged to marry some one of them or be put to death. This information, induced her to determine never to learn the Indian language, and she adhered to this determination all the time she remained with them, from the day of her captivity to that of her releasement, a space of two years and five months. She was treated during this time, by her adopted relations, with much kindness; even more than she had reason to expect.

I shall now return to the narration of facts respecting my father, after he had made his escape from the Indians as before stated.

The Indians, as soon as he was missed, gave chase. Finding himself closely pursued, he hid in a hollow log until they had gone by and out of hearing. when, turning in a different direction, he resumed his flight. Two days, it has been said, were spent by the Indians in search of him; in the meantime, with much fatigue and suffering, he came to a mountain four miles across, and at the top covered with snow. By this time he was almost exhausted, having travelled nearly constantly for two days and nights, and being without food, except a few buds plucked from the trees as he went along; his shoes were worn out; and the country he travelled through being extremely rough and in many places covered with briars of a poisonous nature, his feet were very much lacerated and swollen. To add to his difficulties the mountain was overgrown with laurel, and the snow lodged upon its leaves so bent it down that he was unable in many places to get along in his weak condition,

except by creeping upon his hands and knees under the branches. Three days had now elapsed since his escape; and although he feared that the Indians were still in pursuit of him, and that by travelling along the mountain they would find his tracks in the snow and by that means be led to his place of concealment, yet he found himself so lame that he could proceed no farther. His hands also, by crawling upon them in the snow, became almost as much swollen as his feet. He was therefore compelled to lie by, without much prospect indeed of ever proceeding any farther on his journey. Besides the danger of being overtaken by his savage pursuers, he was in fact in a starving condition, not having tasted food since his escape, except the buds already mentioned, plucked as he journeyed on from the bean-wood or red-bud tree, as it is called. On the fifth day, however, as he was creeping on his hands and knees (not being able yet to walk) in search of buds or herbs to appease his hunger, he was fortunate enough to see a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. After lying by three or four days, he allayed the swelling of his feet, by puncturing the festered parts with a thorn; he then tore up his breeches, and with the pieces bound up his feet as well as he could. Thus prepared, he again set out upon his journey, limping along with great pain; but he had no other alternative, except to remain where he was and die. He had gone but a few miles when, from a hill he had just ascended, he was startled by the welcome sound of a drum; he called as loud as he could, but there was no one to answer; it was but a delusion of the imagination. Sad and disappointed he journeyed on again, and on the eighth day crossed the Juniata by wading it, which, on account of his lameness, he accomplished with great difficulty. It was now night and very cold, and his clothes being wet, he was so benumbed that he was afraid to lie down lest he should perish; and he, therefore, lame and wearied as he was, determined to pursue his journey, although it was very dark. Providential circumstance! for in the course of the night as he wandered on, he scarcely knew whither, he was attracted by the sight of a fire apparently abandoned the day before, probably by a party of the settlers who were out in pursuit of the savages. Remaining here till morning, he discovered a path leading in the direction of the settlements, which he followed with as much speed as he was able. This was the ninth day since his escape, during which time a few buds and four snakes were all he had to subsist on. In the afternoon of this day he was alarmed by suddenly meeting at a turn of his path three Indians; but they proved friendly, and instead of killing him, as he expected when he first saw them, they conducted him in a few hours to Fort Littleton. (in Bedford county,) a place well known to him, where he remained a few days, until sufficiently recruited in strength to proceed home.

Some time after my father's return home, he went to Fort Pitt, which was then in the hands of the English, and a number of Indians being on the opposite side of the river, about to form a treaty, he one evening went over, to make inquiry concerning my mother.

My father observed among them several who were present when he was taken prisoner; to these he discovered himself. But they professed not to know him, on which he enquired of them if they did not recollect having been at the taking of nine persons, referring them to the time and place. They then acknowledged it, and enquired of him how he got home, &c., after which he made enquiry concerning my mother, but they said they knew nothing of her, but promised to give him some information by the time of his return the next day. He then returned to the fort. Shortly after this, a young man, who had been taken by the Indians when a child, followed him, and advised him not to return, for that when he had left them he had heard them say, that they never had a stronger desire for any thing than to have sunk the tomahawk into his head, and that they had agreed to kill him on his return next day. After this man had requested my father not to mention any thing of his having been with him, or of the subject of their conversation, he returned to camp.

I may here state that from the time that my father was taken by the Indians, until my mother was released, he did little else than wander from place to place in quest of information respecting her, and after he was informed where she was, his whole mind was bent upon contriving plans for her redemption. Desiring, with this view, to go again to Pittsburg, he fell in with a brigade of wagons, commanded by Mr. Irvine; with them he proceeded as far as Bedford, but finding this a tedious way of travelling, he spoke to the commanding officer of the place to get captain White Eyes, who commanded a party of Indians, to promise to accompany him to Pittsburg. This was accordingly done, and the Indians having agreed to take him safe to Pitt, my father set out with them, having a horse and a new rifle. They had proceeded but about two miles, when an Indian turned off the road and took up a scalp which that morning had been taken off one of the wagoners. This alarmed my father not a little; but having proceeded about ten miles further, the Indians again turned off the road, and brought several horses and a keg of whiskey which had been concealed. Shortly after this, the Indians began to drink so as to become intoxicated. White Eyes then signified to my father that as he had ran off from them, he would then shoot him, and raised his gun to take aim; but my father, stepping behind a tree, ran round it while the Indian followed. This for a time gave great amusement to the bystanders, until a young Indian stepped up, twisted the gun out of the hands of White Eyes, and hid it under a log.—The Indians became considerably intoxicated, and scattered, leaving White Eyes with my father. White Eyes then made at him with a large stick, aiming at his head, but my father threw up his arm, and received so severe a blow as to blacken it for weeks. At this time an Indian of another nation, who had been sent as an express to Bedford, came by. Captain White Eyes applied to him for his gun to shoot my father, but the Indian refused, as they were about making peace, and the killing of my father would bring on another war: (being of different nations they were obliged to speak in English.) By

this time my father, finding himself in a desperate situation, resolved at all events to attempt an escape; he said to captain White Eyes, our horses are going away, and went towards them, expecting every minute to receive a ball in his back, but on coming up to his horse, he got him and took to the road; he had gone but a short distance when he saw the Indian who had taken the gun out of White Eyes hand sleeping at a spring, and I have often heard him say, had it been any other of the Indians, he would have shot him. Fearing pursuit, he rode as fast as his horse could go, and, having travelled all night, he got to Pittsburg the next morning shortly after sun-rise, and he was not there more than three hours until the Indians were in after him: but from a fear of injury being done my mother, should he kill them, he suppressed his anger, and passed the matter by.— Here he had an opportunity of writing her a letter, requesting her to inform her adopted friends, that if they would bring her in, he would pay them forty pounds. But having waited for an answer until he became impatient, he bargained with an Indian to go and steal her away. But the night before he was to start he declined, going saying that he would be killed if he went. In this situation he resolved at all hazards to go himself and bring her; for which purpose he set out and went to a place on the Susquehannah, I think it was called Shomoken, not far from what is called the Big Cherry Trees. From here he set out on an Indian path, along which he travelled until evening, when he was met by a party of Indians who were bringing in my mother; the Indians passed him by, and raised the war halloo—my mother felt distressed at their situation, and my father perceiving the Indians not to be in a good humor, began to promise them their pay, as he had promised by letter, when they would come to Shomoken, but the Indians told him that if he got them among the whites he would then refuse to pay them, and that they would then have no redress; finding they were thus apprehensive, he told them to keep him as a hostage out in the woods and send his wife into town, and he would send an order for the money to be paid them, and that if it was not done they might do with him as they pleased. This had the desired effect,—they got quite good humored and brought them in, on doing which the money was paid agreeably to promise. Before my father and mother left Shomoken, he requested an Indian who had been an adopted brother of my mother, if ever he came down amongst the white people to call and see him. Accordingly, some time afterwards the Indian paid him a visit, he living then about ten miles from Chambersburg. The Indian having continued for some time with him, went to a tavern, known by the name of M'Cormack's, and there became somewhat intoxicated, when a certain Newgen, (since executed in Carlisle for stealing horses,) having a large knife in his hand, struck it into the Indian's neck, edge foremost, designing thereby to thrust it between the bone and throat, and by drawing it forwards to cut his throat, but he partly missed his aim, and only cut the forepart of the wind-pipe. On this Newgen had to escape from justice; otherwise the law would have

been put in force against him. And it has been remarked, that ever after he continued to progress in vice until his death. A physician was brought to attend the Indian; the wound was sewed up, and he continued at my father's house until he had recovered, when he returned to his own people, who put him to death, on the pretext of his having, as they said, joined the white people.

In August, 1764, (according to the best accounts of the time,) my father and his family, from fear of the Indians, having moved to my grandfather Thomas Poe's about three miles from his own place, he took a black girl with him to his own place to make some hay—and being there at his work, a dog which he had with him began to bark and run towards and from a thicket of bushes. Observing these circumstances he became alarmed, and taking up his gun, told the girl to run to the house, for he believed there were Indians near. So they made toward the house, and had not been there more than an hour, when from the loft of the house they saw a party, commanded by Capt. Potter, late Gen. Potter, in pursuit of a party of Indians who had that morning murdered a school master of the name of Brown, with ten small children, and scalped and left for dead one by the name of Archibald McCullough, who recovered and was living not long since. It was remarkable that with but few exceptions, the scholars were much averse to going to school that morning. And the account given by McCullough is, that when the master and scholars met at the school, two of the scholars informed him that on their way they had seen Indians, but the information was not attended to by the master, who ordered them to their books; soon afterwards two old Indians and a boy rushed up to the door. The master seeing them, prayed them only to take his life and spare the children; but unfeelingly the two old Indians stood at the door whilst the boy entered the house and with a piece of wood, made in the form of an Indian maul, killed the master and scholars, after which the whole of them were scalped.*

* The following letter from A. B. RANKIN, Esq., to Mr. RUFF, details the result of exhuming the remains of the murdered school and teacher:

GREEN CASTLE, January 23, 1845.

"In compliance with your request, I cheerfully furnish you the following:

Exhumation of the bones of the murdered school, comprising ten scholars and teacher.

"On the 4th of August 1843, the following persons, viz: Dr. William Grubb, Dr. James K. Davidson, Dr. Chas. Michaels, Messrs. James Mitchell, George Sites, James Johnson, Jacob Mowrer, John Osbroch, George Shert, Christian Koser, James Burk, John Rowe, Jr., William Osbroch, Col. David Dietrich, Adam Shirry, Thomas Atherton, and two youths, Mr. Irwin and Isaac Heichert, repaired to the farm of Christian Koser, about three miles north of Green Castle, in the township of Antrim, where tradition said, the bodies of the murdered victims were buried, at the foot, and on the south side of a large hill, near a spring. Mr. Koser pointed out to them, a small plat of ground, unmarked by any thing, save the grass and briars that distinguished it from the land around it—the spot is in an open field, and the land around it cultivated. Some of the party soon commenced removing the earth; and after digging to the depth of four feet and a half, found some rotten wood, and several rusty nails of ancient construction. After digging a little deeper, part of a skeleton was found; the bones were much decayed—and when the skull was handled, it crumbled into dust. The teeth, however, were sound. Near by the side of the skeleton, there was discovered another, which from its size, was a man, full grown—it was in a much better state of preservation, and from the relics found in close contact, which were a large metal button, some small ones, part of an iron box, which seemed to have been a tobacco box—it was manifest that it was the skeleton of the teacher. Several other smaller skeletons were discovered. The skeletons were found lying with feet and head in opposite directions.

"I remember, when a youth, forty-five years ago, to hear it stated, that the teacher and

NARRATIVE OF LIEUT. MOSES VAN CAMPEN.*

DURING THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My first service was in the year 1777, when I served three months under Col. John Kelley, who stationed us at Big Isle, on the west branch of the Susquehanna. Nothing particular transpired during that time, and in March, 1778, I was appointed lieutenant of a company of six-month's men. Shortly afterward, I was ordered by Col. Samuel Hunter to proceed with about twenty men to Fishing Creek, (which empties into the north branch of the Susquehanna about twenty miles from Northumberland,) and to build a fort about three miles from its mouth, for the reception of the inhabitants in case of an alarm from the Indians. In May, my fort being nearly completed, our spies discovered a large party of Indians making their way towards the fort. The neighboring residents had barely time to fly to the fort for protection, leaving their goods behind. The Indians soon made their appearance, and having plundered and burnt the houses, attacked the fort, keeping a steady fire upon us during the day. At night they withdrew, burning and destroying every thing in their route. What loss they sustained we could not ascertain, as they carried off all the dead and wounded, though, from the marks of blood on the ground, it must have been considerable. The inhabitants that took shelter in the fort had built a yard for their cattle at the head of a small flat a short distance from the fort, and one evening in the month of June, just as they were milking them, my sentinel called my attention to some movement in the brush, which I soon discovered to be Indians, making their way to the cattle yard. There was no time to be lost; I immediately selected ten of my

* This narrative was sent by the author to Congress, in the winter of 1838, accompanied by a petition for a pension, which was granted.

scholars were all buried in the same grave, being put into a large, rudely constructed box, with their clothing on, as they were found after being murdered. The relics found prove the truth of the tradition. The foul murder was perpetrated by the Indians, in August 1784, (July 26, I. D. R.) just 78 years before the exhumation took place. The name of the teacher was Brown, and three of the scholars were said to be named Taylor, Hart and Hale.

"The relics above mentioned are now in the possession of those who were present, when they were found. Some of the citizens of Green Castle and vicinity, to render sacred, and perpetuate this spot, where lie the bones of the innocent victims of Indian ferocity, design in the course of the ensuing summer, to raise a mound upon it, and inscribe its history upon a stone to be placed at the side.

"Some of the remains of the school house still exist and mark the place of its location. It was truly a solitary one, and would be considered so at this day. It was situated on the brow of a hill. In the front of it, there is a ravine, deep and dismal—on the north and west, the surrounding hills are covered with a thick growth of underwood and pine. At the foot of the hill issues a clear spring, where rest in silence the bones and dust of the murdered school."

sharp-shooters, and under cover of a rise of land, got between them and the milkers. On ascending the ridge we found ourselves within pistol-shot of them ; I fired first, and killed the leader, but a volley from my men did no further execution, the Indians running off at once. In the mean time the milk pails flew in every direction, and the best runner got to the fort first. As the season advanced, Indian hostilities increased, and notwithstanding the vigilance of our scouts, which were constantly out, houses were burnt and families murdered. In the summer of 1778 occurred the great massacre of Wyoming, after which the governors of Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania petitioned Congress to adopt speedy measures for the protection of the western frontier, which subject was referred to a committee of Congress and General Washington. The committee recommended that the war should be carried into the enemy's country, and a company of rangers raised for the defence of the frontier. In 1779 Gen. Sullivan was sent with an army into their country. The provisions for the supply of the army were purchased in the settlements along the waters of the Susquehanna, and deposited in store-houses. I was appointed, under the title of quarter-master, to superintend this business, and about the middle of July, by means of boats, had collected all the provisions, at Wyoming, where Gen. Sullivan with his army lay waiting for them. About the last of July our army moved for Tioga Point, while a fleet of boats ascended the river parallel with the army. We reached Tioga Point early in August, where we halted for Gen. Clinton to join us with his brigade, which came by the way of the Mohawk river, and so into Lake Otsego. During this time the Indians were collecting in considerable force at Chemung, a large Indian village about eleven miles distant. As they became very troublesome neighbors, Gen. Clinton contemplated an attack upon them, but wished to ascertain their numbers and situation, and selected me for that dangerous enterprise. I prepared myself an Indian dress, breech-cloth, leggins, and moccasins. My cap had a good supply of feathers, and being painted in Indian style, I set off with one man, dressed in the same manner. We left the camp after dark, and proceeded with much caution until we came to the Chemung, which we supposed would be strongly guarded. We ascended the mountain, crossed over it and came in view of their fires, when having descended the hill, we waited quietly until they lay down and got to sleep. We then walked round their camp, counted the fires and the number of Indians at some of the fires, thus forming an estimate of their number, which I took to be about six or seven hundred. I returned, and having made my report to the general early next morning, I went to my tent, spread down my blanket, and had a refreshing sleep. In the afternoon Major Adam Hoopes, one of the general's aids, requested me to wait upon the general, which I obeyed. The latter requested, as I had learnt the way to Chemung, that I would lead the advance, he having selected Gen. Samuel Hand, of the Pennsylvania line, to make them a visit with eleven hundred men. I accepted the service, and we took up

our line of march after sundown. When we came to the Narrows I halted, according to order, until the main body came up, when the general ordered us to enter the Narrows, observing, "Soldiers, cut your way through." We did so, and entered the Indian village and camp at day-break, but found that the birds had flown. We halted a few minutes for our men to refresh, set fire to their village, and having discovered from the trail that they had gone up the river, followed it about two miles. Here our path lay up a narrow ridge, called Hogback Hill, which we remarked seemed formed by nature for an Indian ambuscade. Accordingly, every eye was fixed on the hill, and as we began to ascend, we saw the bushes tremble, and immediately rifles were presented, and we received a deadly fire, by which sixteen or seventeen of the advance were killed or wounded. We that stood sprang under cover of the bank, and for a moment reserved our fire. Six or seven stout fellows rushed out with tomahawk and knife to kill and scalp our comrades. It was now our turn to fire: every shot counted one: they fell. Gen. Hand now came on at quick step, advanced within a few rods of them, and ordered his men to fire and then charge them at the point of the bayonet; they were soon routed and put to flight. We returned with our dead and wounded the same night to our former camp. We had no further opportunity of coming to a brush with them, until we were joined by our whole force under Gen. Clinton. We were opposed by the enemy's whole force, consisting of Indians, British and Tories, to whom we gave battle a little below Newtown Point. Our loss was trifling.

On the return of the army I was taken with the camp fever, and was removed to the fort which I had built in '78, where my father was still living. In the course of the winter I recovered my health, and my father's house having been burnt in '78 by the party which attacked the before-mentioned fort, my father requested me to go with him and a younger brother to our farm, about four miles distant, to make preparations for building another, and raising some grain. But little apprehension was entertained of molestations from the Indians this season, as they had been so completely routed the year before. We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farms about four or five days, when, on the morning of the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war-spear, his throat was cut and he was scalped, while my brother was tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrank from the spear, the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settle-

ments of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upson, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rodgers. We were now marched off up Fishing Creek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntingdon, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians and fled to a house; the Indians only fired on them and wounded a Capt. Ranson, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us and five on the other; in the morning they pursued their course, and, leaving the waters of Fishing Creek, touched the head waters of Hemlock Creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife and child. Pike was made prisoner, but his wife and child, they painted and told *Joggo squaw*, go home. They continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions, and surmounted the greatest dangers. I then decided that these fellows must die; and thought of the the plan to despatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow prisoners; they treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to despatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantages that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners that would be taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn, that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death; we had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and having encamped for the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes; they had descended the river and run their canoes upon Little Tunkhannock creek, so called; they crossed the river and set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestion to my companions to despatch them that night, and urged they must decide the question. They agreed to make the trial; but how shall we do it, was the question. Disarm them, and each take a tomahawk, and come to close work at once.—There are three of us: plant our blows with judgment and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. They agreed to disarm them, and after that, one take possession of the guns and fire, at the one side of the four, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and despatch them. I observed that would be a very uncertain way; the first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns, Pike and myself to tomahawk; we cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire; the prisoners were tied and laid in their places; after I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it at my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it: they all lay down and fell asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in sound sleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose and handed him the knife; he did the same

for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose; in a minute's time we disarmed them. Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations; I was to tomahawk three on the right wing, and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up; here Pike proved a coward, and laid down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost; their heads turned up fair; I despatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and as I was about to despatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence shot and did good execution; there was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach; his name was Mohawke, a stout, bold, daring fellow.—In the alarm he jumped off about three rods from the fire; he saw it was the prisoners that made the attack, and giving the war-whoop, he darted to take possession of the guns; I was as quick to prevent him; the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk, he turned quick to jump from me; I followed him and struck at him, but missing his head, my tomahawk struck his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck; he pitched forward and fell; at the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side; we clinched; his arm was naked; he caught me round my neck, at the same time I caught him with my left arm around the body, and gave him a close hug, at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it.

In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out. My head was under the wounded shoulder, and almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring, and broke from his hold: we both rose at the same time, and he ran; it took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes; my tomahawk got covered up and I could not find it in time to overtake him; he was the only one of the party that escaped. Pike was powerless. I always have had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray—he ought to fight; we were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovering the scalps of my father, brother, and others, I strung them all on my belt for safe keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point; we got all our plunder on it, and set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft gave way, when we made for land, and we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land; we reached Wylusing late in the afternoon. Came to the Narrows; discovered a smoke below, and a raft laying at the shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them or go over the mountain: the snow on the north side of the hill was deep; we knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small; we had two rifles each; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To

know the worst of it we agreed that I should ascertain their number and give the signal for the attack ; I crept down the side of the hill, so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal ; they came and threw their packs on to the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber ; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in ; they fired, their shots did no injury ; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles ; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold ; we landed on an island and found a sink hole in which we made our fire ; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust ; Pike supposed the Indians had got on to the island, and was for calling for quarters ; to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life ; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire ; I kept a watch, and soon a noble raccoon came under the light. I shot the raccoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarters, gentlemen : quarters, gentlemen." I took my game by the leg and threw it down to the fire, "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us ; we rested one day, and it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my little cousin, we descended the river by night ; we came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Col. Kelly and about one hundred men encamped out of the fort ; he came across from the west branch by the heads of Chillisquaka to Fishing Creek, the end of the Nob Mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed ; he had buried my father and uncle ; my brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Col. Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Col. Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me ; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one too, that she supposed was killed.

The day after I went to Sunbury, where I was received with joy ; my scalps were exhibited, the cannons were fired, &c. Before my return a commission had been sent me as ensign of a company to be commanded by Capt. Thomas Robinson ; this was, as I understood, a part of the quota which Pennsylvania had to raise for the continental line. One Joseph Alexander was commissioned as lieutenant, but did not accept his commission. The summer of 1780 was spent in the recruiting service ; our company was organized, and was retained for the defence of the frontier service. In February, 1781, I was promoted to a lieutenantcy, and entered upon the active duty of an officer by heading scouts, and as Capt. Robinson was no woodsman nor marksman, he preferred that I should encounter the danger and

head the scouts ; we kept up a constant chain of scouts around the frontier settlements, from the north to the west branch of the Susquehanna, by the way of the head waters of Little Fishing Creek, Chillisquaka, and Muncy, &c. In the spring of 1781 we built a fort on the widow M'Clure's plantation, called M'Clure's fort, where our provisions were stored. In the summer of 1781 a man was taken prisoner in Buffalo Valley, but made his escape ; he came in and reported there were about three hundred Indians on Sinnemahoning, hunting and laying in a store of provisions, and would make a descent on the frontiers ; that they would divide into small parties, and attack the whole chain of the frontier at the same time, on the same day. Col. Samuel Hunter selected a company of five to reconnoitre, viz: Capt. Campell, Peter and Michael Groves, Lieut. Cramer, and myself ; the party was called the Grove Party. We carried with us three week's provisions, and proceeded up the west branch with much caution and care ; we reached the Sinnemahoning, but made no discovery except old tracks ; we marched up the Sinnemahoning so far that we were satisfied it was a false report. We returned, and a little below the Sinnemahoning, near night, we discovered a smoke ; we were confident it was a party of Indians, which we must have passed by or they got there some other way ; we discovered there was a large party, how many we could not tell, but prepared for the attack.

As soon as it was dark we new primed our rifles, sharpened our flints, examined our tomahawk handles, and all being ready, we waited with great impatience, and till they all lay down ; the time came, and with the utmost silence we advanced, trailed our rifles in one hand and the tomahawk in the other. The night was warm ; we found some of them rolled in their blankets a rod or two from their fires.— Having got among them, we first handled our tomahawks ; they rose like a dark cloud ; we now fired our shots, and raised the war-yell ; they took to flight in the utmost confusion, but few taking time to pick up their rifles. We remained masters of the ground and all their plunder, and took several scalps. It was a party of twenty-five or thirty, which had been as low down as Penn's Creek, and had killed and scalped two or three families ; we found several scalps of different ages which they had taken, and a large quantity of domestic cloth, which was carried to Northumberland and given to the distressed who had escaped the tomahawk and knife. In December, 1781, our company was ordered to Lancaster ; we descended the river in boats to Middletown, where our orders were countermanded, and we were ordered to Reading, Berks county, where we were joined by a part of the third and fifth Pennsylvania regiments, and a company of the Congress regiment. We took charge of the Hessians taken prisoners by Gen. Burgoyne. In the latter part of March, at the opening of the campaign in 1782, we were ordered by Congress to our respective stations. I marched Robinson's company to Northumberland, where Mr. Thomas Chambers joined us, who had been recently commissioned as an ensign of our company. We halted at North-

umberland two or three days for our men to wash and rest; from thence ensign Chambers and myself were ordered to Muncy, Samuel Wallis's plantation, there to make a stand and rebuild Fort Muncy, which had been destroyed by the enemy. We reached that station, and built a small block-house for the storage of our provisions; about the 10th or 11th of April, Capt. Robinson came on with Esquire Culbertson, James Dougherty, William M'Grady and a Mr. Barkley; I was ordered to select twenty or twenty-five men with these gentlemen, and to proceed up the west branch to the Big Island, and thence up the Bald Eagle Creek, to the place where a Mr. Culbertson had been killed. On the 15th of April, at night, we reached the place, and encamped for the night; on the morning of the 16th we were attacked by eighty-five Indians. It was a hard-fought battle; Esquire Culbertson and two others made their escape; I think we had nine killed, and the rest of us were made prisoners. We were stripped of all our clothing excepting our pantaloons. When they took off my shirt they discovered my commission; our commissions were written on parchment, and carried in a silk case hung with a ribbon in our bosom; several got a hold of it, and one fellow cut the ribbon with his knife, and succeeded in obtaining it. They took us a little distance from the battle-ground, made the prisoners sit down in a small ring, the Indians forming another around us in close order, each with his rifle and tomahawk in his hand. They brought up five Indians we had killed, and laid them within their circle. Each one reflected for himself; our time would probably be short, and respecting myself, looking back upon the year '80, at the party I had killed, if I was discovered to be the person, my case would be a hard one. Their prophet, or chief warrior, made a speech; as I was informed afterwards by the British Lieutenant who belonged to the party, he was consulting the Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives: he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed; we were then divided amongst them according to the number of fires: packs were prepared for us, and they returned across the river at the Big Island in bark canoes: they then made their way across hills, and came to Pine Creek, above the first forks, which they followed up to the third fork, and took the most northerly branch to the head of it, and thence to the waters of the Genesee river. After two days travel down the Genesee river, we came to a place called the Pigeon Woods, where a great number of Indian families, old and young, had come to catch young pigeons; there we met a party of about forty warriors, on their way to the frontier settlements: they encamped some little distance apart, the warriors of the two parties holding a council at our camp. I soon perceived that I was the subject of their conversation; I was seized and dragged to the other camp, where the warriors were sitting on one side of a large fire; I was seated alone on the opposite side. Every eye was fixed upon me; I perceived

they were gathering around in great numbers ; in a short time I perceived a man pressing through the crowd ; he came to me and sat down ; I saw he was a white man painted, in Indian dress. He examined me on the situation of the frontiers, the strength of our forts, the range of our scouts, &c. After he got through, he observed that there was only one beside himself there that he knew. "Do you know me, sir?" said I. "I do : you are the man that killed the Indians." I thought of the fire and the stake ; he observed that he was a prisoner and a friend ; that his name was Jones, and he had been taken prisoner in the spring of '81, with Capt. John Boyde, in Bedford county ; that he would not expose me, and if I could pass through undiscovered and be delivered up to the British, I would be safe ; if not, I would have to die at the stake.

The next morning they moved down the river ; two days afterwards they came to the Canecadia village, the first on the Genesee river, where we were prepared to run the Indian gauntlet ; the warriors don't whip—it is the young Indians and squaws. They meet you in sight of your council-house, where they select the prisoners from the ranks of the warriors, bring them in front, and when ready the word *joggo* is given ; the prisoners start, the whippers follow after, and if they out run you, you will be severely whipped. I was placed in front of my men ; the word being given, we started. Being then young and full of nerve, I led the way ; two young squaws came running up to join the whipping party, and when they saw us start, they halted, and stood shoulder to shoulder with their whips ; when I came near them I bounded and kicked them over ; we all came down together ; there was considerable kicking amongst us, so much so that they showed their under dress, which appeared to be of a beautiful yellow colour ; I had not time to help them up. It was truly diverting to the warriors ; they yelled and shouted till they made the air ring. They halted at that village for one day, and thence went to Fort Niagara, where I was delivered up to the British. I was adopted, according to the Indian custom, into Col. Butler's family then the commanding officer of the British and Indians at that place. I was to supply the loss of his son, Capt. Butler, who was killed late in the fall of 1781, by the Americans. In honor to me as his adopted son, I was confined in a private room, and not put under a British guard. My troubles soon began ; the Indians were informed by the Tories that knew me that I had been a prisoner before, and had killed my captors ; they were outrageous, and went to Butler and demanded me, and as I was told, offered to bring in fourteen prisoners in my place. Butler sent an officer to examine me on the subject ; he came and informed me their Indians had laid heavy accusations against me ; they were informed that I had been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and that they had demanded me to be given up to them, and that his colopel wished to know the fact. I observed, "Sir, it is a serious question to answer ; I will never deny the truth ; I have been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and returned to the service of my country ; but, sir, I consider myself to be a prisoner

of war to the British, and I presume you will have more honor than to deliver me up to the savages. I know what my fate will be; and please to inform your colonel that we have it in our power to retaliate." He left me, and in a short time returned and stated that he was authorized to say to me that there was no alternative for me to save my life but to abandon the rebel cause and join the British standard; that I should take the same rank in the British service as I did in the rebel service. I replied, "No, sir, no; give me the stake, the tomahawk, or the knife, before a British commission; liberty or death is our motto;" he then left me. Some time after a lady came to my room, with whom I had been well acquainted before the Revolution; we had been school mates; she was then married to a British officer, a captain of the queen's rangers; he came with her. She had been to Col. Butler, and she was authorized to make me the same offer as the officer had done; I thanked her for the trouble she had taken for my safety, but could not accept of the offer; she observed how much more honorable would it be to be an officer in the British service. I observed that I could not dispose of myself in that way; I belonged to the Congress of the United States, and that I would abide the consequence; she left me, and that was the last I heard of it. A guard was set at the door of my apartment.

In about four days after I was sent down Lake Ontario to a place called Carlton Island: from thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was placed in prison, and found forty or fifty of our American officers, and where we had the honor to look through the iron grates. The fourth of July was drawing near; ten of us combined to celebrate the political birth-day of our country; we found ways and means to have some brandy conveyed in to us unknown to the British guard, and we had a high day, after making a compromise with the guard. It was highly offensive to the British officer, and we ten were taken out and sent to Quebec, thence down the St. Lawrence, and put on the Isle of Orleans, where we remained until the last of September; a British fleet sailed about that time and bound for New York; we were put on board of that fleet; when we came to New York there was no exchange for us. Gen. Carlton then commanded the British army at New York; he paroled us to return home.

In the month of March, 1783, I was exchanged, and had orders to take up arms again. I joined my company in March at Northumberland; about that time Capt. Robinson received orders to march his company to Wyoming, to keep garrison at Wilkesbarre Fort.—He sent myself and Ensign Chambers with the company to that station, where we lay till November, 1783. Our army was then discharged, and our company likewise: poor and penniless, we retired to the shades of private life.



Brandt.



SKETCHES*

OF THE

LIFE, MILITARY AND HUNTING ADVENTURES OF

CAPT. SAMUEL BRADY.

Who has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—Of his perilous adventures by field and flood?—Of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach?—Of his chivalrous courage?—Of his unmatched personal activity?—Yet where do we read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or peradventure from a time-worn Ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion, such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career, but hitherto without success.—At length an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquaintance with Capt. Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest, that others will contribute their mite, and that an historian will be found to place Brady of the Rangers by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee of the Legion, and other distinguished patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resource in the hour of danger. His the step that faltered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears, and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurance that the broad Allegheny, the dividing line between the Indians and Whites, was watched by the gallant captain and his Rangers; and to their apprehensions of death or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly,—“they dare not move on the river, for there lies Brady and the Rangers.”

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the state of Delaware, A. D., 1738. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland. At a very early period Hugh Brady settled within five miles of where Shippensburg now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere and religious. Many anecdotes are collected, evincive of this, but they would be out of place here.

* These sketches were originally written in numbers, for a country newspaper, (the Blairsville Record.) The division of the numbers is marked by a ———.

During the French and Indian wars, that part of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and several other young men had been active against them, and as a mark and reward of merit, he was appointed captain in the provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigly, and Samuel, their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, A. D. 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the Captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected, saying, "Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer."

While the riflemen lay in the "Leaguer of Boston," frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered to select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive out some cattle belonging to the British. He considered Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the Captain's astonishment Brady was the second man on the island and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his Captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the Captain in his arms and raised him saying with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, Samuel Brady was appointed a first lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the west under General Broadhead. On their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on the 9th day of August, 1778. He remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburg and joined his Regiment.

Shortly after he had arrived at Pittsburg, he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind. Here commenced his western exploits, which must be the subject of another paper.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Col. Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far; they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge, that it tore out. He dashed on,—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on. He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions, Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to head quarters.

In 1780 a small fort within the present limits of Pittsburg, was the head quarters of Gen. Broadhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to Gen. Broadhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

Gen. Broadhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Capt. Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprize. But he saw the anxiety of the father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen, neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its branches by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "stratagie," and, dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy.— However he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on, until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions of his country he courted death and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ.— But he was surrounded by his three hundred Spartans, and cheered by the Spartan battle hymn, mingled in concert with the sweet tones of the flute.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands; and when at the bridge of Lodi he snatched the tri-colour from its terrified bearer, and uttering the war cry of his enthusiastic soldiers, "Vive la Republic," he breasted the fire of thirty pieces of Austrian cannon, and planted it in the midst of its enemies, he was seen and followed by the gallant remains of the consular guard, and lauded with the cries and tears of his whole army.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country. An enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire; adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause o'er such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features.

The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapt in sleep; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One grey horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Broadhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was.—The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had went but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and gave them a general fire. He sprang to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said "why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child saying, "Jenny Stapes, I am Capt. Brady, follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the whites, at least with Rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort M'Intosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to quit the place when the yell of a

pet Indian that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered. The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut brushes and stuck them into the ground; but the brushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep; with all his implements of war about him.

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his powder-horn and pouch about him.”

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him and the scalp from the head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Captain Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father, and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburg by water, where they were received with military honor. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburg and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When Gen. Broadhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival at Pittsburg, the General acknowledged that the Capt. had accepted the command with much diffidence.

Thus far I have followed the information of one who, I apprehend, had the best means of acquiring it. I now introduce an incident related to me of this same expedition, by a relative of Capt. Brady, who had it from the Captain's own mouth. The respectability of the person who mentioned it to me, assures me of its correctness.

A few days after Brady left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occasionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. “I will stop” said Brady “and shoot the dog and then we can get along better.”

He selected the root of a tall chesnut tree which had fallen west-

ward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprang into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class.

His success as a partizan had acquired for him its usual results—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the Commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction.—At length an open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service, abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickly settlement, committing the most barbarous murders, of men women and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else.—The alarm was brought to Pittsburg, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers, dispatched for the protection of the settlements, and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded: but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from the commander to take a small party for the purpose of "catching the Indians;" but was refused. By dint of importunity, however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the command of *five men*; to this he added his *pet* Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving toward Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburg and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the south east. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank.—He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were drawn to its upper or north eastern bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough

and mountainous; and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance, on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickly a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the *law of arms*, came frequently down to him, and occasioned the party no little trouble.—The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian, but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, as likely to put to hazard a more decisive and important achievement.

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the Captain determined to pay them a closer visit; and if in doing so, he met with a ludicrous adventure, gentle reader, it is no fault of mine.

He got quite near their fires; his *pet* Indian had caught him by the hair and gave it a pluck, intimating the advice to retire, which he would not venture to whisper; but finding Brady regardless of it, he crawled off; when the Captain, who was scanning their numbers, and the position of their guns, observed one throw off his blanket and rise to his feet. It was altogether impracticable for Brady to move, without being seen. He instantly decided to remain where he was and risk what might happen. He drew his head slowly beneath the brow of the bank, putting his forehead to the earth for concealment. His next sensation was that of *warm water* poured into the hollow of his neck, as from the spout of a *tea pot*, which, trickling down his back over the chilled skin, produced a feeling that even his iron nerves could scarce master. He felt quietly for his tomahawk, and had it been about him, he probably would have used it; but he divested himself even of that, when preparing to approach the fires, least by striking against the stones or gravel, it might give alarm. He was compelled, therefore, "*nolens volens*," to submit to this very unpleasant operation, until it should please his warriorship to refrain; which he soon did, and returning to his place, wrapped himself up in his blanket, and composed himself for sleep as if nothing had happened.

Brady returned too, and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting doubtless, in the scalps they had taken; the plunder they had acquired; and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy; short-lived triumph; the *avenger of blood* was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well known war cry was heard, his party was among them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly

fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems to have succeeded in staunching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered, by the wounded man, and the pursuit was again renewed. A second time the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburg, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

The incursions of the Indians had become so frequent, and their outrages so alarming, that it was thought advisable to retaliate upon them the injuries of war, and carry into the country occupied by them, the same system of destructive warfare with which they had visited the settlements. For this purpose an adequate force was provided, under the immediate command of General Broadhead, the command of the advance guard of which was confided to Capt. Brady.

The troops proceeded up the Allegheny river, and had arrived at the flat of land near the mouth of Redbank creek, now known by the name of Brady's Bend, without encountering an enemy. Brady and his rangers were some distance in front of the main body, as their duty required, when they suddenly discovered a war party of Indians approaching them. Relying on the strength of the main body, and its ability to force the Indians to retreat, and anticipating, as Napoleon did in the battle with the Mamelukes, that when driven back they would return upon the same route they had advanced on, Brady permitted them to proceed without hindrance, and hastened to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river; where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approached the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers.

In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Broadhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foes, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the winds of heaven,
The *Indians* appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle cry
Are maddening in the rear."

Indeed I have been told by an officer of the American army, who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Walter Scott's description of the battle of "Beal An Duine," from which I have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, &c.

Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were again broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Our aged friend Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

After they had crossed the river, Brady was standing on the bank wiping his rifle,—an Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat, and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well known and abhorred enemy of his race, commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call *blackguarding*—calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like—and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When the main army arrived, a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen.—They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast and said "I am a man." It was Brady's wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, "I am a man,"—"Yes," said an Irishman who was along,—“By J— you're a purty boy”—and before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian's brain.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians' corn, and ravaging the Kenjua flats, returned to Pittsburg.

In No. 1 of these sketches it has been stated that Captain John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel, had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine; that his son John was also wounded there, (who was but a lad of sixteen at the time,) and, that in consequence of their wounds, both had permission to return to their home, which was on the west branch of the Susquehanna. It was farther stated, that Captain John Brady and one of his sons were killed by the Indians, soon after Samuel had left home for Bedford or Pittsburg.

Although not immediately connected with the personal adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, I propose giving a sketch of events on the Susquehanna, prior and up to the death of his father and brother.

Those who read these sketches may perceive, from their nature and antiquity, that they are compiled from the statements, oral and written, of persons acquainted with the facts disclosed, either personally or by hearsay. Allowance will be made, therefore, for the want of chronological order, observable throughout, seeing that I am dependent upon different persons, residing in different parts of the

country, for what I have been enabled to put forth. Some of these persons are old and infirm, and have particular facts more deeply registered in the memory than others of more seeming importance; and it requires inquiry and examination to elicit other facts to supply or correct the narrative; and that all these have been hastily thrown together and published without even an examination of the proof sheet.

The transactions on the Susquehanna have, it is true, this connexion with the biography of Capt. Samuel Brady, that, on hearing of the murder of his youngest brother, and that of his father, by the Indians there, he did, it is said, raise his hand on high and vow—"Aided by Him who formed yonder sun and heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father and brother: nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians, of any tribe."—This exclamation, uttered in a moment of anguished feeling, the recital of his brother's sufferings being fresh in his mind, has been assigned as the principal cause of his daring and unparalleled courage and address in the various conflicts he had with the Indians afterwards.

This representation has rather obscured his character than otherwise. He has been considered a devoted man-killer, reckless of all sympathy, and destitute of all humanity towards the Indian race.—This is by no means true. Brady, as I have been informed by one who became acquainted with him on the occasion of his being indicted for the murder of certain Indians in time of peace, was a gentlemanly, fine looking man, possessed of a noble heart, and intellect of a high order. His conduct on that occasion, when investigated, was found to be correct; and that he had used his influence, as far, probably, as was safe with an infuriated band, to protect the Indians with whose murder he was charged. But of this hereafter.

Another cause than blind revenge might be assigned for that heroic devotedness of courage—that eagerness to solicit dangerous commands—that contempt for all that is allied to fear; by which he was distinguished. But it is of little moment now, further than to authorize the assertion that it was honorable in its origin, though unpropitious in its termination.

After having pursued our statement of the occurrences at Susquehanna, and retaining in his mind the intimation contained in the above lines, the reader will be satisfied that the excitement which prompted the vow, was not of that *savage* character it has generally been supposed to bear. But that it was the unpremeditated exclamation of one

"Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death was hourly breaking,
Who slept with head upon the sword
His severed hand must grasp in waking."

When Captain John Brady left Shippensburg, he located himself at the Standing Stone, a celebrated Indian town at the confluence of the Standing Stone creek and the Juniata river; the present town of Huntingdon, in Huntingdon county, stands in part on the site of the

Standing Stone. From thence he removed to the west branch of Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg or Derrtown, in Union county, stands. If I mistake not, the tract settled on by him, now belongs to George Kremer, Esq.,—Derr had a small mill on the run that empties into the river below the town, and a trading house, from whence the Indians were supplied with powder, lead, tobacco and rum. In the commencement of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, Brady discovered that the Indians were likely to be tampered with by the British. The Seneca and Muncy tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming creeks were navigable almost to the State line for canoes. Fort Augusta had been built on the east side of the north branch, immediately where it connects with the west, about a mile above the present town of Sunbury. It was garrisoned by a "fearless few," and commanded by Captain afterwards Major Hunter, a meritorious officer. He had under his command about fifty men. In the season for tillage some attention was paid to farming, but the women and children mostly resided in the fort, or were taken there on the slightest alarm. It was known that the Wyoming Flats were full of Indians, of the Delaware and Shamokin tribes.—The latter, since extinct, was then a feeble people, and under the protection of the Delawares. In this state of affairs Capt. John Brady suggested to his neighbors and comrades, under arms at Fort Augusta, the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes; knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares.—This course was approved of, and petitions sent on to the proper authorities praying the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty.—Commissioners were appointed, and Fort Augusta was designated as a place of conference; and notice of ~~the~~ it, and of the time fixed for the arrival of the commissioners, was directed to be given to the two tribes. Captain John Brady and two others were selected by the people in the fort to seek the Senecas and Muncies and communicate to them the proposal.

The Indians met the "ambassadors" of the settlers, to wit, Capt. John Brady and his companions, in a very friendly manner: the chiefs listened with apparent pleasure to the proposal for a treaty, and after smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, led our men out of their camp, and, shaking hands with them cordially, parted in seeming friendship.

Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning with his company from that they had gone, and arrived safe at home.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared, with their wives and children. There were about one hundred men, all warriors, and dressed in war costume. Care had been taken that the little fort should look as fierce as possible, and every man was on the alert.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here: but finding the fort too poor to give any thing of value, [and an Indian never trusts,] all efforts to form a

treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor, and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes proceeded homeward. The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against the anticipated attacks of the Indians. Late in the day, Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and foreboding evil from that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the north branch he rode with all possible speed. On his way home he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe the river, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work canoes over to this side of the river; and that when they landed, they made for thickets of sumach, which grew in abundance on his land to the height of a man's head, and very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks and knives into the sumach thickets, and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians brutally drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door, with the head out. He instantly overset it, and spilled the rum, saying to Derr, "My God. Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied, "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet town on de fort, so I dinks as I gif um one here, als he go home in bease."

One of the Indians, who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady he would one day rue the spilling of that barrel. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of his offence, and was constantly on his guard for several years.

Next day the Indians started off. They did not soon attack the settlements, but carried arms for their allies, the English, in other parts. Meanwhile emigration to the west branch continued; the settlement extended, and Freelyng's or Freelan's Fort was built, near the mouth of Warrior Run, about eight miles above Derr's trading house.

Contrary to expectation, the tomahawk remained at rest for several years on the Susquehanna. Fort Freelyng was the rallying point in case of alarm. Spies were out in the wilderness and margin of the settlements, and even ventured a great distance into the Indian country without discovering signs of hostility.—The cloud that for a while had threatened and then rolled away, was about to return, however, darker than before, and charged with destructive fury.

One evening a scouting party came in who had seen signs of Indians making their way toward the Susquehanna. The neighborhood was alarmed, and fled for safety to the fort. A council of war was held, and a decision made, that all the women and children should be sent down the river to Fort Augusta, immediately, and spies sent out to observe the approaching force. The spies soon returned with intelligence that the enemy were near two hundred strong, and that there were *white men* among them.

Fort Freelyng was commanded by Captain Dougherty, (then whom no braver man ever lived,) who had under his command about sixty men. After hearing the force of the enemy, the officers agreed upon evacuating that fort, and retiring to Fort Augusta, where, on uniting the whole force of the country, it was there determined to make a last and desperate defence. The Indians had been seen skulking around the fort, and the men were preparing for a march, when an *old tory*, who was in the fort, exclaimed—"Captain Dougherty, I always knew the continental troops would not fight." Dougherty was a man of impetuous feeling: he instantly replied—"You d—d old rascal, we will show you we can fight; and if the fort is betrayed, and I survive, I will sacrifice you."

The Indians attacked the fort early in the morning, on the upper side. On the lower was a kind of glade, covered over thickly with large bushes, from six to seven feet high, having a small path through to the river. The fire of the Indians was of no great account, as they chose to keep at a safe distance. The fire from the fort was well directed, by the best marksmen, and proved very gallant. A British officer was seen busily engaged directing the Indians; but a lad in the fort taking deliberate aim at him, fired, and he was seen to fall—supposed to be killed or badly wounded. The attack was suspended from a little before sunset till the next morning. The Indians during the night had hid themselves in the bushes in order to draw the men out of the fort, but finding the little band too circum-spect for the snare, came again to the attack with a most tremendous yell. They finally succeeded in getting into the fort, when a dreadful massacre ensued. Captain Dougherty kept his eye on the *old tory*, and finding all was over, sent a bullet through him, with the imprecation—"Damn the traitor!"

Every man sold his life as dear as possible; none escaped but Captain Dougherty and Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John Brady and uncle to Captain Samuel. They left the fort together, pursued by a host of Indians. The hazle bushes being so thick on the side of the fort at which they came out, it was impossible for the enemy to follow them. Captain Dougherty, who was an uncommonly active man, could load his rifle whilst under the cover of the brush, and when he heard the noise of an Indian he could leap high enough to see and fire upon him. Samuel Brady (known in his day as uncle Sam.) had made his way through the large thicket and came upon a plain below. He thought it best, as he was heard to say afterwards, to "*make his eternal escape.*"

He had already run a considerable distance, when on looking back he beheld two Indians in pursuit, one of them, a large, dangerous looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renerved his speed, and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole, and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost and armed. But Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The little warrior thinking, perhaps, there were more rifles about, wheeled and made

for the fort. At the edge of the thicket it was his fortune to meet Captain Dougherty, who split his skull with the butt of his rifle, and ran on. These two only, Dougherty and Brady, survived that day's massacre, and brought the news to Fort Augusta. It may be supposed that that night was one of gloom and sorrow in the little fortress. The reader can sketch the picture according to his own fancy.

The massacre at Fort Freelyng cast a damp on the settlement at the West Branch, but the hardy settlers prepared for the worst, by such measures of precaution as their means afforded. The Indians, after committing some further depredations, and murdering some families in Buffalo Valley, retreated. The settlement progressed and had reached the Muncy Hills. A fort was built at the mouth of Muncy Creek, near where Pennsboro' now stands, the command of which was given to Captain John Brady.

Frequent skirmishes took place between the whites and Indians, who resumed their old practice of harassing the settlers by dividing themselves into small squads; taking some prisoners, scalping others, and carrying away or destroying the cattle and moveable property of their victims. Brady, it appears, left the fort for the regular service, prior to the battle of Brandywine.

Shortly after the return from camp of Captain Brady and his son, a company of men formed for the purpose of aiding a friend to cut his oats, near the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek. James Brady, son of Captain John, and a younger brother of Captain Samuel of the Rangers, went along. According to a custom in those days, which was, that if no commissioned officer were present the company selected a leader, whom they styled "Captain," and readily obeyed as such; James was selected leader or Captain of this little band, of about twenty men. After arriving on the ground, they placed two sentinels at opposite sides of the field; the other sides having clear land around, were not thought to require any. The guns were all placed together at one side of the field, and the order was, that, in case of alarm, all were to run to the rifles.

The first day, which was spent in cradling the oats, nothing remarkable happened; during the night a strict watch was kept. The next day, in the evening, one of the sentinels fired, and cried "Indians." The young Captain, without looking around for his men, ran for his rifle. When near the guns he was fired upon by a *white man*, with a pistol. Happening to stumble over a sheaf of oats, he fell, and the ball missed him. The Indians, supposing him dead, ran to secure his scalp. He fell within reach of the guns, and seizing one, he shot the first Indian who approached him. He now discovered that his men had fled and left him to contend with the savages alone. Despair rendered him but the more determined to die gallantly. He caught another gun, and brought down the second Indian. They then rushed in upon him in numbers; he was a stout, active man and struggled with them for some time. At length one of them struck his tomahawk into his head. He was stunned with the blow,

and for a time, remained altogether powerless, yet, strange as it may seem, he retained his senses. They tore the scalp from his head as he lay in apparent death, and it was quite a trophy to them; for he had long red hair.

After they had scalped him, as he related afterwards, a little Indian was called and made to strike the tomahawk into his head in four separate places; then leaving him for dead, they took the guns and fled to the woods.

After coming to himself he attempted, between walking and creeping, to reach a little cabin, where was an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. On hearing the report of the guns the old man had hid himself, but when he saw Brady return, he came to him. James begged the old man to fly to the fort, saying, "The Indians will soon be back and will kill you." The old man refused to leave him. Brady then requested to be taken down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He still begged the old man to leave him, and save himself, but he would not. He next directed his old friend to load the gun that was in the cabin, which was done, and put into his hands; he then lay down and appeared to sleep. A noise was suddenly heard on the bank above them; he jumped to his feet and cocked the gun. It was soon discovered that the noise was made by some troops who had come from the fort on horseback in pursuit of the Indians. They carried the brave young "Captain" to the fort, where he lived for five days.—The first four days he was delirious; on the fifth his reason returned, and he described the whole scene he had passed through, with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the Seneca tribe, and amongst them were two chiefs: that one of those two chiefs was a very large man, and by the description he was supposed to be CORN-PLANTER; the other he personally knew to be the celebrated chief "Bald Eagle," from whom certain creeks, and the Ridge so called, in Centre and Huntingdon counties, have their name. "The Bald Eagle's nest," as his camp was called, was for part of the year at the mouth of the creek called "Bald Eagle," which empties into the Susquehanna near the Great Island, and about thirty miles, by water, from the scene of action.

On the evening of the fifth day, the young Captain died, deeply regretted by all within the fort. Vengeance, "not loud but deep," was breathed against the Bald Eagle; but he laughed it to scorn till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny.

War with the Indians again broke out all along the frontier, and men of activity and courage were sent to the forts on the West Branch, and every precaution taken for the security of the settlements. It became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain John Brady, taking with him a wagon team, and guard, went himself and procured what could be had; on his return, in the afternoon, riding a fine mare, and within a short distance from the fort, where the road forked, and being some distance behind the team and guard, and in conversation with a man

named Peter Smith, he recommended it to Smith not to take the road the wagon had done, but the other, as it was shorter. They travelled on together till they came near a run where the same road joined. Brady observed "This would be a good place for Indians to secrete themselves."—Smith said, "Yes." That instant three rifles cracked and Brady fell; the mare ran past Smith who threw himself on her, and was carried in a few seconds to the fort. The people in the fort heard the rifles, and seeing Smith on the mare coming at full speed, all ran to ask for Captain Brady, his wife along, or rather before the rest. To their question, where is Captain Brady? Smith replied, "In Heaven, or Hell, or on his way to Tioga,"—meaning, he was either dead or a prisoner to the Indians.

The men in the fort ran to the spot; the wagon guard had also been attracted by the firing. They found the Captain lying on the road, his scalp taken off, his rifle gone, but the Indians were in such haste that they had not taken either his watch or his shot-pouch.

Samuel Brady, Captain of the Rangers, or Spies, for the people called him by both names, was in Pittsburg when he heard of his father's death, as mentioned before.

It chanced that the party of Indians, one hundred strong, he encountered at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny,—mentioned in No. 5,—several years after the death of his father and his brother James, was a war party of Senecas, under the command of Cornplanter, on their march to the Bald Eagle's nest; and that the Bald Eagle himself was in company with them.

Captain Samuel Brady recognized the Bald Eagle on that day in the pass, and fired at him, but with what effect he knew not till afterwards. When the battle was over he searched for the Eagle's body and found it: a ball had pierced his heart; and the blood of the young "Captain" at Loyalsock, was found to have been fatally avenged by the hand of his brother, on the bank of the Allegheny.

Captain Brady had returned from Sandusky, perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought.—Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of his honoured Captain bore traces of deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said.—"Gabtain, was ails you?" Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, "I have been thinking about the red skins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to pay them a visit.—Now if I get permission from the General to do so, will you go along?" Phouts was a stout thick Dutchman of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised himself on tiptoe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder und lightning, I would rader

go mit you. Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddings in tis guntry."—Brady told him to keep quiet and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know any thing of the expedition except General Broadhead—bidding Phouts call at his tent in an hour. He then went to the General's quarters, whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The General gave his consent, at parting took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the General's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him *with tears in his eyes*, and repaired to his tent, where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the General, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning their guns, preparing their ammunition, and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together, and slept soundly until about two hours before day break. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the "deadly rifle," and whilst all but the sentinels were wrapt in sleep, they left the little fort, and in a short time found themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of the river they reached a small creek that put in from the Pittsburg side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek, a run comes into it, upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer. They placed themselves in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to their fire, and during the night *jerked* a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of *jerked*, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and travelled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees, near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighborhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburg where they encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him; telling him at the same time, "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made by them, be they whom they may."

Accordingly they hid themselves amongst fallen timber, and remained so till about ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the cows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts accompanied him.— They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had went about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "no, by George, I will see too." They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the Capt. of the Spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent.— He determined on knowing more in the morning; and forcing Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it. Here he found a large *trail* of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny; to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two days before.— Upon seeing this he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create, if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single handed, without doing him further "scathe," and carry him off to Pittsburg. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the "old man of the woods," till within

a few feet, then raising himself up, he made a spring like a panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian, hard and fast by the throat. The old man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the grip of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner, he bade him surrender, as he valued his life.—The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner. On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburg, and would be kindly treated, he shewed them a canoe which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day light appeared, the captain started to where their jerk was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long, till the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phout's composition there was a much larger proportion of *kindness* than of *fear*. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the eye of the other was not upon him, he sprung to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked, and at his breast, whereupon he let out a most magnificent *roar* and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle, and the yell of Phouts; and supposing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done?"—"Yust look, Gabtan," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d—d black b—h vas apout;"—holding up to view the hole in his belt. He then related what has been stated with respect to his untieing the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him.—They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburg, the fourth day after their departure.

The Captain related to the General what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians whose camp he had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement.—The General was of the same opinion, and was much affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon the country for men, and had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade

and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenceless by their absence.

The injuries inflicted on the Indians by the troops under General Brodhead quieted the country for some time; he kept spies out, however, for the purpose of watching their motions, and guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of these parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French creek country assigned as their field of duty.

The Captain had reached the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of Beaver, without seeing any signs of Indians; here, however, he came on an Indian trail in the evening, which he followed till dark without overtaking the Indians. The next morning he renewed the pursuit and overtook them while they were engaged at their morning meal.

Unfortunately for him, another party of Indians were in his rear; they had fallen upon his trail, and pursued him doubtless with as much ardour as characterized his pursuit, and at the moment he fired upon the Indians in his front, he was, in turn, fired upon by those in his rear. He was now between two fires, and vastly outnumbered. Two of his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell was given by the party in his rear, and loudly returned and repeated by those in his front.

There was no time for hesitation, no safety in delay, no chance of successful defence in their present position; the brave Captain and his Rangers had to flee before their enemies, who pressed on their flying footsteps with no lagging speed.

Brady ran towards the creek. He was known by many, if not all of them, and many and deep were the scores to be settled between him and them. They knew the country well; he did not; and from his running towards the creek they were certain of taking him prisoner. The creek was, for a long distance above and below the point he was approaching, washed in its channel to a great depth.—In the certain expectation of catching him there, the private soldiers of his party were disregarded, and throwing down their guns, and drawing their tomahawks, all pressed forward to seize their victim.

Quick of eye, fearless of heart, and determined never to be a captive to the Indians, Brady comprehended their object and his only chance of escape the moment he saw the creek; and by one mighty effort of courage and activity, defeated the one and effected the other. He sprang across the abyss of waters, and stood, rifle in hand, on the opposite bank, in safety. "As quick as lightning," says my informant, "his rifle was primed, for it was his invariable practice to prime first; the next minute the powder-horn was at the gun's muzzle, when, as he was in this act, a large Indian who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and with the manliness of a generous foe, who scorns to undervalue the qualities of an enemy, said in a loud voice, and tolerable English, "Blady make good jump.'"

It may indeed be doubted whether the compliment was uttered in derision, for the moment he had said so he took to his heels, and as if fearful of the return it might merit, ran as crooked as a worm fence: sometimes leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down, he appeared no way certain that Brady would not answer from the mouth of his rifle, but the rifle was not yet loaded.

The Captain was at the place afterwards, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was twenty feet deep.

Brady's next effort was to gather up his men; they had a place designated at which to meet in case they should happen to be separated; and thither he went and found the other three. They immediately commenced their homeward march, and returned to Pittsburg about half defeated. Three Indians had been seen to fall from the fire they gave them at breakfast.

The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the whites, and early that fall moved off to their friends, the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Brodhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady, three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for the supply of the garrison. These companies were respectively commanded by Captains Harrison, Springer, and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither whites nor Indians ventured to hunt, and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The Captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man Wilson coming home in a great hurry, and that as he met his squaw he gave her a kick without saying a word, and began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots, which she had gathered; which, after washing them clean, she put into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked up the muzzle of his gun and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock. Brady knowing the Indians were very "superstitious" as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came to the Captain and said, in reply, that his gun had been very sick, that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a vomit, and she was now well. Whether the vomit helped the gun, or only strengthened Wilson's nerves, the Captain could not tell, but he avowed that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

ADVENTURES OF THE W H E T Z E L S . *

I AM about detailing detached narratives of a family by the name of Whetzel, who were among the first white men that settled about Wheeling, in Virginia. This was then the outside verge of our western frontier; where written laws were unknown, and consequently men were governed by their passions and inclinations.—Mr. Macpherson, in his remarks on the poems of Ossian, says, “The nobler passions of the mind never shoot forth more free and unrestrained, than in the times we call barbarous. That irregular manner of life, and those manly pursuits, from which barbarity takes its name, are highly favorable to strength of mind unknown in polished times. In advanced society the characters of men are more uniform and disguised. The human passions lie in some degree confined behind forms and artificial manners; and the powers of the soul, without an opportunity of exerting them, lose their vigor.”

From our first acquaintance with the history of man to the present time, the art of war has been held in more veneration than any other profession. Were the accounts of destroying life, by murders, by persecutions, by private and public wars, blotted from our books, our libraries could be stowed away in small book-cases. The history of man appears to be a history of revolution, blood and carnage. Were it not for wars, how many names, which now shine with peculiar lustre, would have been lost in oblivion? War has rendered conspicuous the names of Joshua, David, Cyrus, Alexander, Romulus, Marius, Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal, Constantine, Cromwell, Washington, and last, though not least, Napoleon; with a host of others, all of whom are rendered illustrious, by marching boldly to the temple of fame through rivers of blood.

It is a natural impulse of the human mind, to be informed of the condition and doings of man in every age, circumstance and situation in which he appears to have been placed by Providence. In no situation can he appear more interesting, than in the first settling of empires. Those philanthropists who have, by their studies and labor, either in the retirement of the closet, the workshop, or in the cultivation of the earth, richly merited the gratitude of mankind, have been generally passed by as plodding grovellers, unworthy of distinction. If men are careless in commemorating the names of philosophers, chemists, and mechanics, who have brought to such perfection the arts and sciences, by which the condition of man in

* Written for the Western Christian Advocate, by John M'Donald, of Ohio.

all the walks of public and private life have been so much improved ; the warrior at least has no cause of complaint, as mankind appears anxious, as if by common consent, to place in the front pages of history the fiery, impetuous soldier. Then, as the whole world cannot be supposed to be in error, and to the military profession has been awarded the most dignified station, we will even let it be so ; as a disregard to custom, and a long settled public opinion, always betrays a stubborn, or a weak, or an ill-regulated mind. While the historians who have gone before, have recorded the achievements of those generals who have commanded the strength of empires in the battle field, I will endeavor to give a true narrative of the brilliant exploits of some of the old pioneers, who fought frequently single-handed, without pay or the prospect of emolument, but merely for the sake of fighting.

As the aboriginals of our country held peaceable possession of it from time immemorial, it would almost appear unjust to dispossess them. But the practice of the world, from the earliest times, appears to have established the principle, that the most powerful have a right to govern ; the right of conquest, then, appears to be a legitimate right, sanctioned by the laws of God and man.

Our border war was of a distressing, destructive character—it was a war of extermination. When our frontier men went on scouts or campaigns, their services were wholly voluntary, and their supplies were furnished by themselves. " Campaigns begun and ended, without even a newspaper notice ; as a printing press was then unknown in the country."

" Let the imagination of the reader pursue the track of the adventurer into the solitary wilderness, bending his course towards the setting sun ; over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees, and wading through rank weeds and grass which covered the earth ;—now viewing from the top of a hill the winding course of a creek, he ascertained the cardinal points of north and south by the thickness of the moss and bark on the north side of the ancient trees ; now descending into a valley, and perceiving his approach to a river, by seeing the large ash, sycamore, and sugar tree, beautifully festooned with grape vines. Watchful as Argus his restless eye catches every thing around him. In an unknown region, and surrounded with dangers, he is the sentinel of his own safety, and relies on himself alone for protection. The toilsome march of the day being ended, at the fall of night he seeks for safety some narrow, sequestered hollow ; and by the side of a log builds a fire, and after eating his coarse and scanty meal, wraps himself up in his blanket, and lays him down on his bed of leaves, with his feet to the fire, for repose."

Of the Whetzels there were four brothers. Their names were Martin, Lewis, Jacob and John. Their father was a German, and was one of the first white men who settled near Wheeling, in Virginia. At which station or fort he located himself I cannot now recollect, although I have often heard the story in my youth. Old Mr. Whetzel, although it was in the hottest time in the Indian war, was

so rash as to build a cabin some distance from the fort, and move his family into it. How long he lived there before his fatal tragedy occurred, is not remembered. One day, in the midst of summer, (Martin, his eldest son, being out hunting, and John having been sent on some errand to the fort,) a numerous party of Indians surrounded the house, rushed in, and killed, tomahawked and scalped old Mr. Whetzel, his wife, and all his small children. Lewis and Jacob, being smart, active boys, were spared, and made prisoners. When the pirates gave Cæsar his liberty for a small ransom, they little knew the value of their prisoner. Could the Indians have had a prescience of the sad havoc these two youths would have made on their race, instead of carrying them off prisoners, they would have carried their scalps to their towns. It is happy for us, that God has veiled from us the future.

The following account of the escape of the Whetzels from captivity, is taken from "Doddridge's Notes:" "When about thirteen years of age, Lewis was taken prisoner by the Indians, together with his brother Jacob, about eleven years old. Before he was taken he received a slight wound in the breast, from a bullet, which carried off a small piece of the breast-bone. The second night after they were taken, the Indians encamped at the Big Lick, twenty miles from the river, on the waters of McMahon's Creek. The boy was not confined. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Lewis whispered to his brother Jacob that he must get up and go back home with him. When they had got about one hundred yards from the camp, they sat down on a log. 'Well,' said Lewis, 'we can't go home barefooted; I will go back and get a pair of moccasins for each of us;' and accordingly did so, and returned. After sitting a little longer, 'Now,' said he, 'I will go back and get father a gun, and then we will start.' This was effected. They had not travelled far on the trail by which they came before they heard the Indians after them. It was a moonlight night. When the Indians came pretty nigh them, they stepped aside into the bushes, and let them pass; then fell into the rear and travelled on. On the return of the Indians they did the same.—They were then pursued by two Indians on horseback, whom they dodged in the same way. The next day they reached Wheeling in safety, crossing the river on a raft of their own making. By this time Lewis had become almost spent from his wound."

After their return from captivity, and these lads began to grow to be men, (and the boys on the frontier, at a very early age, at least as soon as they could handle a gun, considered themselves men,) they took a solemn oath that they would never make peace nor truce with the Indians, whilst they had strength to wield a tomahawk, or sight to draw a bead; and they were as true to their oaths as was the illustrious and far-famed hero of Carthage. "These warriors esteemed the duty of revenge as the most precious and sacred portion of their inheritance." The blood of their murdered and mangled parents, and infant brothers and sisters, was always present to their minds, and strung their sinews to activity, and whetted their souls to

the highest pitch of resolution to bathe their hands in the blood of their enemies.

"The following narrative goes to show how much may be effected, by the skill, bravery, and physical activity of a single individual, in the partizan warfare carried on against the Indians, on the western frontier. Lewis Whetzel's education, like that of his cotemporaries, was that of the hunter and warrior. When a boy, he adopted the practice of loading and firing his rifle as he ran. This was a means of making him so destructive to the Indians afterwards."

"In the year 1783, after Crawford's defeat, Lewis Whetzel went with Thomas Mills, who had been in the campaign, to get a horse, which he had left near the place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian Spring, two miles above St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign. The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same time. Lewis fired first, and killed an Indian; the fire from the Indians wounded Mr. Mills, and he was soon overtaken and killed. Four of the Indians then singled out, dropped their guns and pursued Whetzel. Whetzel loaded his rifle as he ran. After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within eight or ten steps of him, Whetzel wheeled round and shot him down, ran on, and loaded as before.— After going about three quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that when he turned to fire, the Indian caught the muzzle of his gun, and as he expressed it, he and the Indian had a severe wringing for it; he succeeded, however, in bringing the muzzle to the Indian's breast, and killed him on the spot. By this time he, as well as the Indians, were pretty well tired; the pursuit was continued by the two remaining Indians. Whetzel, as before, loaded his gun, and stopped several times during the latter chase.— When he did so the Indians treed themselves. After going something more than a mile, Whetzel took the advantage of a little open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing, a short distance behind him, to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling, which was too small to cover his body. Whetzel shot, and broke his thigh; the wound, in the issue, proved fatal. The last of the Indians then gave a little yell, and said, "No catch dat man—gun always loaded," and gave up the chase; glad, no doubt, to get off with his life. This was a frightful and well managed fight. It is said that Lewis Whetzel, in the course of the Indian wars in this part of the country, (Wheeling,) killed twenty-seven Indians; besides a number mere, along the frontier settlements of Kentucky."

MARTIN WHETZEL.

In the year 1780, an expedition was set on foot, to proceed against and destroy the Indian towns situated on the Coshocton, a branch of the Muskingum river. The place of rendezvous for the troops was

Wheeling. The command of the expedition was conferred on Col. Brodhead, a soldier of some distinction in those days. Martin Whetzel was a volunteer in this campaign. The officers of the frontier armies were only nominally such; every soldier acted as seemed right in his own judgment. This little army, of four hundred men, went forward rapidly, in order to fall upon the Indian towns by surprise. They were secretly and actively pushed forward, till they surrounded one of their towns before the enemy was apprised of their danger. "Every man, woman and child were made prisoners, without the firing of a gun."

"Among the prisoners were sixteen warriors." "A little after dark a council of war was held, to determine on the fate of the warriors in custody. They were doomed to death, and by the order of the commander were bound, taken a little distance below the town, and despatched with tomahawks and spears, and then scalped." In this work of death, Martin Whetzel, with a kind of fiendish pleasure, sunk his tomahawk into the heads of the unresisting Indians.

"Early the next morning, an Indian presented himself on the opposite bank of the river, and asked for the 'Big Captain.' Colonel Brodhead presented himself, and asked the Indian what he wanted? To which he replied, 'I want peace.' 'Send over some of your chiefs,' said Brodhead. 'May be you kill,' said the Indian. He was answered, 'They shall not be killed.' One of the chiefs, a well-looking man, came over the river, and entered into conversation with the commander in the street; but while engaged in conversation, Martin Whetzel came up behind him with a tomahawk concealed in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and struck him on the back of the head. The poor Indian fell, and immediately expired." This act of perfidy and reckless revenge, the commander had no power, if he had the disposition, to punish, as probably two-thirds of the army approved the vindictive deed.

"The next day the army commenced its retreat from Coshocton. Col. Brodhead committed the prisoners to the militia. They were about twenty in number. After they marched about half a mile, the men commenced killing them." Martin Whetzel's tomahawk upon this occasion was crimsoned with the blood and brains of the unresisting Indians. Such was the indomitable spirit of revenge for the murder of his parents and infant brothers and sisters, that no place nor circumstance was sacred enough to preserve the life of an Indian, when within his vindictive grasp. "In a short time they were all despatched except a few women and children, who were spared and taken to Fort Pitt, and after some time exchanged for an equal number of their prisoners."

Some years after the foregoing action took place, Martin Whetzel was surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, and remained with them a considerable length of time; till by his cheerful disposition, and apparent satisfaction with their mode and manner of life, he disarmed their suspicion, acquired their confidence, and was adopted into one of their families. How much his duplicity overreached the

credulity of those sons of the forest, the sequel will show. He was free, he hunted around the town, returned, danced, and frolicked with the young Indians, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his change of life. But all this time, although he showed a cheerful face, his heart was brooding on an escape, which he wished to render memorable by some tragic act of revenge upon his confiding enemies. In the fall of the year, Martin and three Indians set off to make a fall hunt. They pitched their camp near the head of Sandusky river. When the hunt commenced, he was very careful to return first in the evening to the camp, prepare wood for the night, and do all other little offices of camp duty to render them comfortable. By this means he lulled any lurking suspicion which they might entertain towards him. While hunting one evening, some distance from the camp, he came across one of his Indian camp mates. The Indians not being apprised that revenge was rampant in Whetzel's heart, was not the least alarmed at the approach of his friend the white man. Martin watched for a favorable moment, and as the Indian's attention was called in a different direction, he shot him down, scalped him, and threw his body into a deep hole, which had been made by a large tree torn up by the roots, and covered his body with logs and brush, over which he strewed leaves to conceal the body. He then hurried to the camp to prepare, as usual, wood for the night. When night came, one of the Indians was missing, and Martin expressed great concern on account of the absence of their comrade. The other Indians did not appear to be the least concerned at the absence of their companion; they all alleged that he might have taken a large circle, looking for new hunting ground, or that he might have pursued some wounded game till it was too late to return to camp. In this mood the subject was dismissed for the night; they eat their supper, and lay down to sleep. Martin's mind was so full of the thoughts of home, and of taking signal vengeance of his enemies, that he could not sleep; he had gone too far to retreat, and whatever he done, must be done quickly. Being now determined to effect his escape at all hazards, the question he had to decide was whether he should make an attack on the two sleeping Indians, or watch for a favorable opportunity of despatching them one at a time. The latter plan appeared to him to be less subject to risk or failure. The next morning he prepared to put his determination into execution.—When the two Indians set out on their hunt the next morning, he determined to follow one of them (like a true hunting dog on a slow trail,) till a fair opportunity should present itself of despatching him without alarming his fellow. He cautiously pursued him till near evening, when he openly walked to him, and commenced a conversation about their day's hunt. The Indian being completely off his guard, suspecting no danger, Martin watched for a favorable moment when the Indian's attention was drawn to a different direction, and with one sweep of his vengeful tomahawk laid him lifeless on the ground, scalped him, tumbled his body into a

sink-hole, and covered it with brush and logs; and then made his way for the camp, with a firm determination of closing the bloody tragedy by killing the third Indian. He went out, and composedly waited at the camp for the return of the Indian. About sunset he saw him coming, with a load of game that he had killed swung on his back. Martin went forward under the pretence of aiding to disencumber him of his load. When the Indian stooped down to be detached of his load, Martin, with one fell swoop of his tomahawk, laid him in death's eternal sleep. Being now in no danger of pursuit, he leisurely packed up what plunder he could conveniently carry with him, and made his way for the white settlements, where he safely arrived with the three Indian scalps, after an absence of nearly a year.

The frontier men of that day could not anticipate any end to the Indian war, till one of the parties were exterminated. Martin Whetzel's conduct upon this, as well as on every similar occasion, met with the decided approbation of his countrymen. Successful military achievements, which displayed unusual boldness and intrepidity in the execution, not only met the approbation of the men, but also, what was more grateful and soul-cheering to the soldier's feelings after returning from a successful Indian tour, he was sure of receiving the animating smiles of the fair sex. The soldier's arm was considered the life-guard of the country, and such were the Whetzel's in an eminent degree.

JOHN WHETZEL.

In the year 1791 or '92, the Indians having made frequent incursions into the settlements, along the river Ohio, between Wheeling and the Mingo Bottom, sometimes killing or capturing whole families; at other times stealing all the horses belonging to a station or fort, a company consisting of seven men, rendezvoused at a place called the Beech Bottom, on the Ohio river, a few miles below where Wellsburg has been erected. This company were John Whetzel, William M'Cullough, John Hough, Thomas Biggs, Joseph Hedges, Kinzie Dickerson, and a Mr. Linn. Their avowed object was to go to the Indian town to steal horses. This was then considered a legal, honorable business, as we were then at open war with the Indians. It would only be retaliating upon them in their own way. These seven men were all trained to Indian warfare, and a life in the woods from their youth. Perhaps the western frontier, at no time, could furnish seven men whose souls were better fitted, and whose nerves and sinews were better strung to perform any enterprise which required resolution and firmness. They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded with cautious steps, and vigilant glances on their way through the cheerless, dark, and almost impenetrable forest, in the Indian country, till they came to an Indian town, near where the head waters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers interlock. Here they made a fine haul, and set off homeward with about fifteen

horses. They travelled rapidly, only making a short halt, to let their horses graze, and breathe a short time to recruit their strength and activity. In the evening of the second day of their rapid retreat, they arrived at Wells Creek, not far from where the town of Cambridge has been since erected. Here Mr. Linn was taken violently sick, and they must stop their march, or leave him alone, to perish in the dark and lonely woods. Our frontier men, notwithstanding their rough and unpolished manners, had too much of my Uncle Toby's "sympathy for suffering humanity," to forsake a comrade in distress. They halted, and placed sentinels on their back trail, who remained there till late in the night, without seeing any signs of being pursued. The sentinels on the back trail returned to the camp, Mr. Linn still lying in excruciating pain. All the simple remedies in their power were administered to the sick man, without producing any effect. Being late in the night, they all lay down to rest, except one who was placed as guard. Their camp was on the bank of a small branch. Just before day-break the guard took a small bucket, and dipped some water out of the stream; on carrying it to the fire he discovered the water to be muddy. The muddy water waked his suspicion that the enemy might be approaching them, and were walking down in the stream, as their footsteps would be noiseless in the water. He waked his companions, and communicated his suspicion. They arose, examined the branch a little distance, and listened attentively for some time; but neither saw nor heard any thing, and then concluded it must have been raccoons, or some other animals, puddling in the stream. After this conclusion the company all lay down to rest, except the sentinel, who was stationed just outside of the light. Happily for them the fire had burned down, and only a few coals afforded a dim light to point out where they lay. The enemy had come silently down the creek, as the sentinel suspected, to within ten or twelve feet of the place where they lay, and fired several guns over the bank. Mr. Linn, the sick man, was lying with his side towards the bank, and received nearly all the balls which were at first fired. The Indians then, with tremendous yells, mounted the bank with loaded rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, rushed upon our men, who fled barefooted, and without arms. Mr. Linn, Thomas Biggs, and Joseph Hedges were killed in and near the camp. William M'Cullough had run but a short distance when he was fired at by the enemy. At the instant the firing was given, he jumped into a quagmire and fell; the Indians supposing that they had killed him, ran past in pursuit of others.—He soon extricated himself out of the mire, and so made his escape. He fell in with John Hough, and came into Wheeling. John Whetzel and Kinzie Dickerson met in their retreat, and returned together. Those who made their escape were without arms, without clothing or provision. Their sufferings were great; but this they bore with stoical indifference, as it was the fortune of war. Whether the Indians who defeated our heroes followed in pursuit from their towns, or were a party of warriors, who accidentally happened to fall in

with them, has never been ascertained. From the place they had stolen the horses, they had travelled two nights and almost two entire days, without halting, except just a few minutes at a time, to let the horses graze. From the circumstance of their rapid retreat with the horses, it was supposed that no pursuit could possibly have overtaken them, but that fate had decreed that this party of Indians should meet and defeat them. As soon as the stragglers arrived at Wheeling, Capt. John M'Cullough collected a party of men, and went to Wells Creek, and buried the unfortunate men who fell in and near the camp. The Indians had mangled the dead bodies at a most barbarous rate. Thus was closed the horse-stealing tragedy.

Of the four who survived this tragedy, none are now living to tell the story of their suffering. They continued to hunt and to fight as long as the war lasted. John Whetzel and Dickerson died in the country near Wheeling. John Hough died a few years since, near Columbia, Hamilton county, Ohio. The brave Captain William M'Cullough, fell in 1812, in the battle of Brownstown, in the campaign with Gen Hull.

JOHN WHETZEL AND VEACH DICKERSON.

John Whetzel and Veach Dickerson associated to go on an Indian scout. They crossed the Ohio at the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where the town of Steubenville has since been constructed.— They set off with the avowed intention of bringing an Indian prisoner. They painted and dressed in complete Indian style; and could talk some in their language. What induced them to undertake this hazardous enterprize is now unknown; perhaps the novelty and danger of the undertaking prompted them to action. No reward was given for either prisoners or scalps; nor were they employed or paid by government. Every man fought on his own hook, furnished his own arms and ammunition, and carried his own baggage. This was, to all intents, a democratic war, as every one fought as often and as long as he pleased; either by himself, or with such company as he could confide in. As the white men on the frontier took but few prisoners, Whetzel and Dickerson concluded to change the practice, and bring in an Indian to make a pet. Whatever whim may have induced them, they set off with the avowed intention of bringing in a prisoner, or losing their own scalps in the attempt. They pushed through the Indian country with silent treads and a keen look out, till they went near the head of the Sandusky river, where they came near to a small Indian village. They concealed themselves near to a path which appeared to be considerably travelled. In the course of the first day of their ambush, they saw several small companies of Indians pass them. As it was not their wish to raise an alarm among the enemy, they permitted them to pass undisturbed. In the evening of the next day, they saw two Indians coming sauntering along the road in quite a merry mood. They immediately stepped into the road, and with a confident air, as if they were meeting friends, went

forward until they came within reach of the enemy. Whetzel drew his tomahawk, and with one sweep knocked an Indian down; at the same instant Dickerson grasped the other in his arms, and threw him on the ground. By this time Whetzel had killed the other, and turned his hand to aid in fastening the prisoner. This completed, they scalped the dead Indian, and set off with the prisoner for home. They travelled all that night on the war-path leading towards Wheeling. In the morning they struck off from the path, and making diverse courses, and keeping on the hardest ground, where their feet would make the least impression, as this would render their trail more difficult to follow in case they should be pursued. They pushed along till they had crossed the Muskingum some distance, when their prisoner began to show a restive, stubborn disposition; he finally threw himself on the ground and refused to rise. He held down his head, and told them they might tomahawk him as soon as they pleased, for he was determined to go no farther. "They used every argument they could think of to induce him to proceed, but without any effect. He said 'he would prefer dying in his native woods, than to preserve his life a little longer, and at last be tortured by fire, and his body mangled for sport, when they took him to their towns.' They assured him his life would be spared, and that he would be well used and treated with plenty." But all their efforts would not induce him to rise to his feet. The idea that he would be put to death for sport, or in revenge, in presence of a large number of spectators, who would enjoy with raptures the scenes of his torture and death, had taken such a strong hold of his mind, that he determined to disappoint the possibility of their being gratified at his expense.—As it was not their wish to kill him, from coaxing, they concluded to try if a hickory well applied would not bend his stubborn soul.—This, too, failed to have any effect. He appeared to be as callous and indifferent to the lash, as if he had been a cooper's horse. What invincible resolution and fortitude was evinced by this son of the forest! Finding all their efforts to urge him forward ineffectual, they determined to put him to death. They then tomahawked and scalped him, and left his body a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, and to the birds of the air. Our heroes then returned home with their two scalps; but vexed and disappointed that they could not bring with them the prisoner.

JACOB WHETZEL AND SIMON KENTON.

Of Jacob Whetzel's history I can give but a meagre account, although I have heard of many of his exploits in the old Indian war. But my recollection of them is so indistinct and confused, that I will not attempt to relate but one of the numerous fights in which he was engaged. In that battle he had a comrade who was his equal in intrepidity, and his superior in that cautious prudence which constitutes the efficient warrior. That headstrong fury, with which many of our old frontier men rushed into danger, was the cause of many distress-

ing disasters. They frequently by their headlong course performed such successful actions, that if any military exploits deserve the character of sublime, theirs were eminently such. When the voice of mankind assigns eminence to any pursuit, men of high-toned ambition will soon engage in it with ardor. Whether it be a reform in government, or a reform in morals; whether it be high tariff, or a bank reform, or to take the greatest number of the scalps of enemies, men of lively, ardent temperaments, will rush into the contest for distinction; they will go as far as the foremost, or die in the struggle.

But to return to my subject: The following relation I had from Gen. Kenton:—Kenton and Whetzel made arrangements to make a fall hunt together; and for that purpose they went into the hilly country, near the mouth of the Kentucky river. When they arrived in that part of the country in which they intended to make their hunt, they discovered some signs of Indians having pre-occupied the ground. It would have been out of character in a Kenton and a Whetzel to retreat, without first ascertaining the description and number of the enemy. They determined to find the Indian camp, which they believed was at no great distance from them, as they had heard reports of guns late in the evening, and early the next morning, in the same direction. This convinced them that the camp was at no great distance from the firing. Our heroes moved cautiously about, making as little sign as possible, that they might not be discovered by the enemy. Towards evening of the second day after they arrived on the ground, they discovered the Indian camp. They kept themselves concealed, determined as soon as night approached to reconnoitre the situation and number of the enemy; and then govern their future operations as prudence might dictate. They found five Indians in the camp. Having confidence in themselves, and in their usual good fortune, they concluded to attack them boldly. Contrary to military rules, they agreed to defer the attack till light. In military affairs it is a general rule to avoid night fights, except where small numbers intend to assault a larger force. The night is then chosen, as in the darkness, the numbers of the assailants being uncertain, may produce panics and confusion, which may give the victory to far inferior numbers. Our heroes chose daylight and an open field for the fight.—There was a large fallen tree lying near the camp; this would serve as a rampart for defence and would also serve to conceal them from observation till the battle commenced. They took their station behind the log, and there lay till broad day light, when they were able to draw a clear bead. Jacob Whetzel had a double-barrelled rifle.—Their guns were cocked—they took aim, and gave the preconcerted signal—fired, and two Indians fell. As quick as thought, Whetzel fired his second load, and down fell the third Indian. Their number was equal, and they bounded over the log, screaming and yelling at the highest pitch of their voices, to strike terror into their remaining enemies; and were among them before they recovered from the sudden surprise. The two remaining Indians, without arms, took to their heels, and ran in different directions. Kenton pursued one,

whom he soon overhauled, tomahawked, and scalped, and then returned with the bloody trophy to the camp. Shortly after, Whetzel returned with the scalp of the fifth Indian. This was a wholesale slaughter, that but few except such men as a Kenton and a Whetzel, would have attempted.

LEWIS WHETZEL.

The first I recollect of seeing this distinguished warrior, was when he attached himself to a scouting party, about the year 1787 or '88. My father then lived on the bank of the Ohio, in Virginia, at a place known as the Mingo Bottom, three miles below Steubenville. A party of Indians had crossed the Ohio, not far from where we lived, and killed a family, and then made their escape with impunity. As the Indians had not crossed the Ohio in that neighborhood for a year or two previous, the settlers began to think they could live with safety in their cabins. This unexpected murder spread great alarm through the sparse settlements, and revenge was determined upon.—Some of the settlers who were in easy circumstances, in order to stimulate the young and active to take vengeance on the enemy, proposed to draw up a subscription, and give a handsome reward to the man who would bring the first Indian scalp. Upwards of one hundred dollars were subscribed. Major M'Mahan, who frequently led the hardy frontier men in those perilous times, soon raised a company of about twenty men, among whom was Lewis Whetzel. They crossed the Ohio, and pursued the Indians' trail with unerring tact, till they came to the Muskingum river. There the advance, or spies, discovered a party of Indians far superior to their own in number, camped on the bank of the river. As the Indians had not yet discovered the white men, Major M'Mahan retreated with his party to the top of the hill, where they might consult about their future operations. The conclusion of the conference was, "that discretion was the better part of valour," and a hasty retreat was prudently resolved on. While the party were consulting on the propriety of attacking the Indians, Lewis Whetzel sat on a log, with his gun laid across his lap, and his tomahawk in his hand; he took no part in the council. As soon as the resolution was adopted to retreat, it was without delay put in execution; and the party set off, leaving Lewis sitting on the log. Major M'Mahan called to him, and inquired if he was going with them. Lewis answered, "that he was not; that he came out to hunt Indians; they were now found, and he was not going home like a fool with his finger in his mouth. He would take an Indian scalp, or lose his own before he went home." All their arguments were without avail. His stubborn, unyielding disposition was such, that he never submitted himself to the control or advice of others; they were compelled to leave him, a solitary being in the midst of the thick forest, surrounded by vigilant enemies. Notwithstanding that this solitary individual appeared to rush into danger with the fury of a madman, in his disposition was displayed the cunning of a fox, as well as the boldness of the lion.

As soon as his friends had left him, he picked up his blanket, shouldered his rifle, and struck off into a different part of the country, in hope that fortune would place in his way some lone Indian. He kept aloof from the large streams, where large parties of the enemy generally camped. He prowled through the woods with a noiseless tread and the keen glance of the eagle, that day, and the next till evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up among the bushes. He crept softly to the fire, and found two blankets and a small copper kettle in the camp. He instantly concluded that this was the camp of only two Indians, and that he could kill them both. He concealed himself in the thick brush, but in such a position that he could see the number and motions of the enemy. About sunset, one of the Indians came in and made up the fire, and went to cooking his supper.—Shortly after, the other came in; they ate their supper; after which they began to sing, and amuse themselves by telling comic stories, at which they would burst into a roar of laughter. Singing, and telling amusing stories, was the common practice of the white and red men when lying in their hunting camps. These poor fellows, when enjoying themselves in the utmost glee, little dreamed that the grim monster, Death, in the shape of Lewis Whetzel, was about stealing a march upon them. Lewis kept a keen watch on their manœuvres. About nine or ten o'clock at night, one of the Indians wrapped his blanket around him, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand, and left the camp doubtless with the intention of going to watch a deer-lick. The fire and smoke would serve to keep off the gnats and musketoes. It is a remarkable fact, that deer are not alarmed at seeing fire, from the circumstance of seeing it so frequently in the fall and winter seasons, when the leaves and grass are dry, and the woods on fire. The absence of the Indian was the cause of vexation and disappointment to our hero, whose trap was so happily set, and he considered his game secure. He still indulged the hope, that the Indian might return to camp before day. In this he was disappointed. There were birds in the woods who chirped and chattered just before break of day; and like the cock, gave notice to the woodsman that day would soon appear. Lewis heard the wooded songster begin to chatter, and determined to delay no longer the work of death for the return of the Indian. He walked to the camp with a noiseless step, and found his victim buried in profound sleep lying upon his side. He drew his butcher-knife, and with all his force, impelled by revenge, he sent the blade through his heart. He said the Indian gave a short quiver, and a convulsive motion, and laid still in death's eternal sleep. He then scalped him, and set off for home. He arrived at the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions. He claimed, and as he should, received his reward.

Some time after General Harmer had erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum river, he prevailed on some white men to go with a flag among the nearest Indian tribes, and endeavour to prevail with them to come to the fort, and there to conclude a treaty of peace.

A large number of Indians came on the general invitation, and camped on the Muskingum river, a few miles above its mouth. Gen. Harmer issued a proclamation, giving notice that a cessation of arms was mutually agreed upon between the white and red men, till an effort for a treaty of peace should be concluded. As treaties of peace with the Indians had been so frequently violated, but little faith was placed in the stability of such treaties by the frontier men; notwithstanding that they were as frequently the aggressors as were the Indians. Half the frontier men of that day had been born in a fort, and grew to manhood, as it were, in a siege. The Indian war had continued so long, and was so bloody, that they believed war with them was to continue as long as one lived to make fight. With these impressions, as they considered the Indians faithless, it was difficult to inspire confidence in the stability of treaties. While General Harmer was diligently engaged with the Indians, endeavouring to make peace, Lewis Whetzel concluded to go to Fort Harmer, and as the Indians would be passing and repassing between their camp and the fort, would offer a fair opportunity of killing one.—He associated with himself in this enterprise a man by the name of Veach Dickerson, who was only a small grade below himself in restless daring. As soon as the enterprise was resolved on, they were impatient to put it in execution. The more danger, the more excited and impatient they were to execute their plan. They set off without delay, and arrived at the desired point, and sat themselves down in ambush, near the path leading from the fort to the Indian camp.—Shortly after they had concealed themselves by the way-side, they saw an Indian approaching on horseback, running his horse at full speed. They called to him, but owing to the clatter of the horse's feet, he did not hear, or heed their call, but kept on at a sweeping gallop. When the Indian had nearly passed, they concluded to give him a fire as he rode. They fired; but as the Indian did not fall, they thought they had missed him. As the alarm would soon be spread that an Indian had been shot at, and as large numbers of them were near at hand, they commenced an immediate retreat to their home. As their neighbors knew the object of their expedition, as soon as they returned, they were asked what luck? Whetzel answered, that they had bad luck—they had seen but one Indian, and he on horseback—that they fired at him as he rode, but he did not fall, but went off at full speed, scratching his back as if he had been stung by a yellow jacket. The truth was they had shot him through the hips and lower part of the belly. He rode to the fort and that night expired of his wound.

It was soon rumored to General Harmer, that Lewis Whetzel was the murderer. General Harmer sent a Captain Kingsbury with a company of men to the Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Whetzel, alive or dead—a useless and impotent order. A company of men could as easily have drawn old Horny out of the bottomless pit, as take Lewis Whetzel by force from the neighborhood of the Mingo Bottom. On the day that Captain Kingsbury arrived, there was a

shooting match at my father's, and Lewis was there. As soon as the object of Captain Kingsbury was ascertained, it was resolved to ambush the Captain's barge, and kill him and his company. Happily, Major M'Mahan was present, to prevent this catastrophe, and prevailed on Whetzel and his friends to suspend the attack till he would pay Captain Kingsbury a visit, and perhaps he would prevail with him to return without making an attempt to take Whetzel.— With a great deal of reluctance they agreed to suspend the attack till Major M'Mahan should return. The resentment and fury of Whetzel and his friends were boiling and blowing, like the steam from a scape-pipe of a steamboat. "A pretty affair this," said they, "to hang a man for killing an Indian, when they are killing some of our people almost every day." Major McMahan informed Captain Kingsbury of the force and fury of the people, and assured him that if he persisted in the attempt to seize Whetzel, he would have all the settlers in the country upon him; that nothing could save him and his company from massacre, but a speedy return. The Captain took his advice, and forthwith returned to Fort Harmer. Whetzel considered the affair now as finally adjusted.

As Lewis was never long stationary, but ranged at will along the river from Fort Pitt to the falls of the Ohio, and was a welcome guest and perfectly at home wherever he went, shortly after the attempt to seize him by Captain Kingsbury, he got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio to Kentucky. He had a friend by the name of Hamilton Carr, who had lately settled on the island near Fort Harmer. Here he stopped, with a view of lodging for the night. By some means which never were explained, Gen. Harmer was advised of his being on the island. A guard was sent, who crossed to the island, surrounded Mr. Carr's house, went in, and as Whetzel lay asleep, he was seized by numbers; his hands and feet were securely bound, and he hurried into a boat, and from thence placed in a guard-room, where he was loaded with irons. The ignominy of wearing iron hand-cuffs and hobbles, and being chained down, to a man of his independent and resolute spirit, was more painful than death. Shortly after he was confined, he sent for Gen. Harmer, and requested a visit. The General went. Whetzel admitted without hesitation, "that he had shot the Indian." As he did not wish to be hung like a dog, he requested the General to give him up to the Indians, as there were a large number of them present. "He might place them all in a circle, with their scalping knives and tomahawks—and give him a tomahawk, and place him in the midst of the circle, and then let him and the Indians fight it out in the best way they could." The General told him, "That he was an officer appointed by the law, by which he must be governed. As the law did not authorize him to make such a compromise, he could not grant his request." After a few days longer confinement, he again sent for the General to come and see him; and he did so. Whetzel said "he had never been confined, and could not live much longer if he was not permitted some room to walk about." The General ordered the

officer on guard to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum ; but to be sure to keep a close watch upon him. As soon as they were outside of the fort gate, Lewis began to caper about like a wild colt broke loose from the stall. He would start and run a few yards as if he was about making an escape, then turn round and join the guard. The next start he would run farther, and then stop. In this way he amused the guard for some time, at every start running a little farther. At length he called forth all his strength, resolution and activity, and determined on freedom or an early grave. He gave a sudden spring forward, and bounded off at the top of his speed for the shelter of his beloved woods. His movement was so quick, and so unexpected, that the guard were taken by surprise, and he got nearly a hundred yards before they recovered from their astonishment. They fired, but all missed ; they followed in pursuit, but he soon left them out of sight. As he was well acquainted with the country, he made for a dense thicket, about two or three miles from the fort. In the midst of this thicket, he found a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush were very close. Under this tree he squeezed his body. The brush were so thick that he could not be discovered unless his pursuers examined very closely. As soon as his escape was announced, General Harmer started the soldiers and Indians in pursuit. After he had laid about two hours in his place of concealment, two Indians came into the thicket, and stood on the same log under which he lay concealed ; his heart beat so violently he was afraid they would hear it thumping. He could hear them hallooing in every direction, as they hunted through the brush. At length, as the evening wore away the day, he found himself alone in the friendly thicket. But what should he do ? His hands were fastened with iron cuffs and bolts, and he knew of no friend on the same side of the Ohio to whom he could apply for assistance. He had a friend who had recently put up a cabin on the Virginia side of the Ohio, who, he had no doubt, would lend him any assistance in his power. With the most gloomy foreboding of the future, a little after night-fall, he left the thicket and made his way to the Ohio. He came to the river about three or four miles below the fort. He took this circuit, as he expected guards would be set at every point where he could find a canoe. How to get across the river was the all-important question. He could not make a raft with his hands bound. He was an excellent swimmer, but was fearful he could not swim the Ohio with his heavy iron handcuffs. After pausing some time, he determined to make the attempt. Nothing worse than death could happen ; and he would prefer drowning to again falling into the hands of Harmer and his Indians. Like the illustrious Cæsar in the storm, he would trust the event to fortune ; and he plunged into the river. He swam the greatest part of the distance on his back, and reached the Virginia shore in safety ; but so much exhausted, that he had to lay on the beach some time before he was able to rise. He went to the cabin of his friend, where he

was received with rapture. A file and hammer soon released him from his iron handcuffs. His friend (I have forgotten his name) furnished him a gun, ammunition and blanket, and he was again free, and prepared to engage in any new enterprise that would strike his fancy. He got into a canoe, and went to Kentucky, where he considered himself safe from the grasp of General Harmer.

Perhaps my readers may think me too minute in relating this affair. My apology is, that this transaction caused Whetzel more uneasiness, vexation and suffering, than all the other acts of his life. And besides, it shows in a conspicuous manner his indomitable spirit, in overcoming difficulties before which the bravest might quail.

Some time after Whetzel's escape, General Harmer moved his head quarters to Fort Washington. From there he issued a proclamation, offering a considerable reward for his capture and delivery at Fort Washington. But no Kentuckian could be induced, for any reward which could be given, to apprehend this prince of valiant soldiers.

Whetzel was engaged the most of his time on hunting parties, or on scouts after Indians. When he was not engaged in these perilous pursuits, he would amuse himself at Maysville and Washington, at shooting matches, foot racing, or wrestling with other hunters.

While engaged in one of his usual frolics, at Maysville, a Lieutenant Loller, of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Whetzel sitting in a tavern. Loller returned to his boat and got a file of soldiers, seized Whetzel, and dragged him aboard of the boat, and without a moment's delay pushed off, and that night delivered him to General Harmer at Fort Washington, where he again had to undergo the ignominy of having his hands and feet bound with irons. The noise of Whetzel's capture—and captured, too, for only killing an Indian—spread through the country like wild-fire. The passions of the frontier men were roused to the highest pitch of fury. Petitions for the release of Whetzel were sent from the most influential men to the General, from every quarter where the story had been heard. The General at first paid but little attention to these petitions. At length all the settlements along the Ohio, and some of the back counties, were preparing to embody in military array, to release him by force of arms. General Harmer, seeing the storm that was approaching, had Whetzel's irons knocked off, and set him at liberty.

Whetzel was once more a free man. He returned to his friends, and was caressed by young and old, with undiminished respect.—The vast number of scalps which he had taken, proved his invincible courage, as well as his prowess in war; the sufferings and persecutions by which he had been pursued by General Harmer, secured for him the sympathy of the frontier men. The higher he was esteemed the lower sank the character of General Harmer with the fiery spirits on the frontier.

LEWIS WHETZEL KILLING THREE INDIANS.

Many of the frontier men devoted their whole lives to war.—Should they happen to stay long at a station, or fort, without being excited by some frightful alarm, or animated by an Indian skirmish, they would appear listless—their time would appear irksome on their hands; and as the poet said—

“A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed;”

in passing off their time in the same dull sameness of stationary lives. Their happiness consisted in perpetual change of scenes. A life in the woods, with an occasional Indian fight, furnished them with subjects of discourse, till their stories grew stale by repetition; then away to the woods, risk their lives by “flood and field”—then return with a new cargo, which was related to as fond hearers as ever listened to a dramatic performance. Although a life in the woods, to those unaccustomed to such scenes, would be irksome and solitary in the highest degree; yet the hunter, when alone in the deep and dark forest, never feels solitary. His excitement is kept continually on the stretch, to take advantage of his game, or to circumvent his enemies. He has not, in his continual bustle, leisure to feel himself alone. In the long Indian war, many tragedies were acted by both red and white men, which for address and boldness, and even horrors in execution, throw the fabulous actions of romantic heroes completely into the shade. One more of Lewis Whetzel's tragedies, and I am done. He set off alone (as was frequently his custom) on an Indian hunt. It was late in the fall of the year, when the Indians were generally scattered in small parties on their hunting grounds.—He proceeded somewhere on the waters of the Muskingum river, and found a camp where four Indians had fixed their quarters for a winter hunt. The Indians, unsuspecting of any enemies prowling about them so late in the season, were completely off their guard, keeping neither watch nor sentinels. Whetzel at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking such overwhelming numbers. After some reflection, he concluded to trust to his usual good fortune, and began to meditate upon his plan of attack. He concluded their first sleep would be the fittest time for him to commence the work of death.—About midnight, he thought their senses would be the most profoundly wrapped in sleep. He determined to walk to the camp, with his rifle in one hand, and his tomahawk in the other. If any of them should happen to be awake, he could shoot one, and then run off in the darkness of the night, and make his escape; should they be all asleep, he would make the onset with his trusty scalping-knife and tomahawk. Now, reader, imagine that you see him gliding through the darkness, with the silent, noiseless motion of an unearthly demon, seeking mischief, and the keen glance of the fabled Argus, and then you can imagine to your mind Whetzel's silent and steady approach upon his sleeping enemies. On he went to the camp, the fire burning dimly, but affording sufficient light to distinguish the forms of his sleeping victims. With calm intrepidity he stood a moment, re-

flecting on the best plan to make the desperate assault. He set his rifle against a tree, determined to use only his knife and tomahawk; as these would not miss their aim, if properly handled with a well strung arm. What a thrilling, horrible sight! See him lean forward, with cool self-possession, and eager vengeance, as if he had been the minister of death; he stands a moment, then wielding his tomahawk, with the first blow leaves one of them in death's eternal sleep. As quick as lightning, and with tremendous yells, he applies the tomahawk to the second Indian's head, and sent his soul to the land of spirits. As the third was rising, confounded and confused with the unexpected attack, at two blows he fell lifeless to the ground. The fourth darted off, naked as he was, to the woods. Whetzel pursued him some distance, but finally he made his escape. This successful enterprise places our hero, for "deeds of noble daring," without a rival. From the pursuit he returned to the camp, scalped the three Indians, and then returned home. What Ossian said of some of his heroes, might with equal propriety be said of Whetzel—the western "clouds were hung round with ghosts." When he came home, he was asked what luck he had on his expedition? He replied, "Not very good; that he had treed four Indians, and one got away from him; that he had taken but three scalps, after all his pains and fatigue."

The number of scalps taken by the Whetzels in the course of the long Indian war, exceed belief. There is no doubt they were very little short of one hundred. War was the business of their lives. They would prowl through the Indian country singly, suffer all the fatigues in hasty marches in bad weather, or starvation laying in close concealment, watching for a favorable opportunity to inflict death on the devoted victims who would be so unfortunate as to come within their vindictive grasp.

Of Martin and John Whetzel, I have but a faint recollection of their personal appearance. Jacob Whetzel was a large man, of full habit, but not corpulent. He was about six feet high, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was a cheerful, pleasant companion, and in every respect as much of a gentleman in his manners as most of the frontier men. They were all dark skinned, and wore their hair curled, which was very long and thick, as no part of it was suffered to be cut off. Lewis Whetzel was about five feet nine inches high. He had a full breast, was very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large—his limbs were not heavy—his skin was darker than his brother's—his face was considerably pitted by the small pox—his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs—his eyes were remarkably black, and when excited (which was easily done,) they would sparkle with such a vindictive glance, as almost to curdle the blood to look at him. In his appearance and gait there was something different from other men. Like one of Homer's heroes—

"Thus stalked he dreadful, death was in his look."

Where he professed friendship, he was as true as the needle to the pole; his enmity was always dangerous. In mixed company he was a man of few words; but with his particular friends he was a social, and even a cheerful companion. Notwithstanding their numberless exploits in war, they were no braggadocios. When they had killed their enemies, they thought no more about it than a butcher would after killing a bullock. It was their trade.

It is not claimed that all the old frontier men were such dare-devils as were the Whetzels. If they had been, the country could never have been settled. The men who went forward with families, and erected block houses, and forts, and remained stationary to defend them, and to cultivate the earth, were the most efficient settlers.—The Whetzels, and others of the same grit, served as kind of outguards, who were continually ranging from station to station in search of adventure; so that it was almost impossible for large bodies of the enemies to approach the settlements, without being discovered by those vigilant, restless rangers, who would give the alarm to the forts. In this way all were useful; even the timid (for there were some such) would fight in defence of their fort.

Having now closed these narratives, I take my leave of the subject. Having concluded the reading public would be gratified with being presented with sketches of the doings of the old pioneer race, however coarsely they may be written; the sufferings, privations, and heroism of the old frontier men, who so nobly cleared the way for settling our western world, deserve, as they were the first actors, the first place in the history of our country. Many of these heroes bled and died in the cause; whilst others, by exposure and privations, contracted diseases which sent them into premature graves.—They knew nothing about the artificial technicalities of politics, or theology. But however destitute they were in the polish of science, they proved by their acts in a military point of view, that they had no superiors. If to perform successful and important enterprises, with small means, constitutes the essence of military greatness, then the splendid success of the men of whom I have written, should honor their names in all future time.

THE FRONTIER MEN.

GENERAL WAYNE—CAPTAIN WELLS.*

THERE are certain epochs in the history of every country, which the nation continues proud to perpetuate. The war for Independence, and the first settlement of the western country being simultaneous, the brilliant acts performed by our forefathers to effect those memorable objects, appear to form the critical era on which long hung in doubtful suspense the destiny of these United States. It will be admitted by all, that the old Indian war was a continuation of the war of the Revolution. As Thomas Paine eloquently said at that time, "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and sunshine patriot, will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it out now, deserves the love and thanks of mankind." In many scenes of the grand drama were tragedies performed, which for sublimity and boldness of execution, throw fiction and romance into the shade. The names and characters of numbers of the actors have found a place in the history of the country; but of many, very many, who have performed brilliant exploits, the names and memory are lost, whilst the names of others are only remembered in traditionary legends.

The humble writer of this narrative grew to manhood in the midst of those scenes of peril, and having a personal knowledge of subjects on which he writes, with truth for his guide, he has attempted to add his mite to the history of his country. It is possible that he claims more merit for the achievements of the old frontier men than the men of the present day are willing to admit. However that may be, he here presents to the reading public a few acts, which took place on the campaign with Gen. Wayne, in 1794.

Gen. Wayne had a bold, vigilant, and dexterous enemy to contend with. It became indispensable for him to use the utmost caution in his movements, to guard against surprise. To secure his army against a possibility of being ambuscaded, he employed a number of the best woodmen the frontier afforded, to act as spies or rangers. Capt. Ephraim Kibby, one of the first settlers at Columbia, eight miles above Cincinnati, who had distinguished himself as a bold and intre-

* By the author of the preceding.

pid soldier, in the infant settlement, commanded the principal part of the spies. The writer of this article, and his brother Thomas, were attached to Captain Kibby's company of rangers. This will account for the author's intimate knowledge of the subject of which he is giving a relation. A very effective division of the spies was commanded by Captain William Wells. Captain Wells had been taken prisoner by the Indians when quite a youth; he grew to manhood with them and consequently was well acquainted with all their wiles and stratagems. From causes not now remembered, about eighteen months previous to the time of which I am writing, he left the Indians, and returned to his relatives and friends in civilized life. Being raised by the Indians, well acquainted with the country which was about to be the theatre of action, talking several of their languages fluently, and withal, desperately brave, such a soldier was a real, effective acquisition to the army. Captain Wells was the same gentleman named by the Rev. O. M. Spencer, in the narrative of his capture by the Indians, and release from captivity. It was to Captain Wells that Mr. Spencer was primarily indebted for his liberty. I am particular in describing this corps of the army, as they performed more real service than any other. Attached to Captain Wells' command were the following men: Robert M'Lelland (whose name has been since immortalized by the graphic pen of Washington Irving, in his "Astoria,") was one of the most athletic and active men on foot, that has appeared on this globe. On the grand parade at Fort Greenville, where the ground was very little inclined, to show his activity, he leaped over a road-wagon with the cover stretched over; the wagon and bows were eight feet high. Next was Henry Miller. He and a younger brother, named Christopher, had been made captives by the Indians when young, and adopted into an Indian family. Henry Miller lived with them till he was about twenty-four years of age; and although he had adopted all their manners and customs, he at that age began to think of returning to his relatives among the whites. The longer he reflected on the subject, the stronger his resolution grew to make an attempt to leave the Indians. He communicated his intention to his brother Christopher, and used every reason he was capable of, to induce his brother to accompany him in his flight. All his arguments were ineffectual. Christopher was young when made captive—he was now a good hunter, an expert woodsman, and in the full sense of the word, a free and independent Indian. Henry Miller set off alone through the woods, and arrived safe among his friends in Kentucky. Captain Wells was well acquainted with Miller during his captivity, and knew he possessed that firm intrepidity which would render him a valuable companion in time of need. To these were added a Mr. Hickman, and Mr. Thorp, who were men of tried worth in Indian warfare.

Captain Wells and his four companions were confidential and privileged gentlemen in camp, who were only called upon to do duty upon very particular and interesting occasions. They were permitted a *carte blanche* among the horses of the dragoons, and when

upon duty went well mounted; whilst the spies commanded by Captain Kibby went on foot, and were kept constantly on the alert, scouring the country in every direction.

The head-quarters of the army being at Fort Greenville, in the month of June, Gen. Wayne dispatched Captain Wells and his company, with orders to bring into camp an Indian as a prisoner, in order that he could interrogate him as to the future intentions of the enemy. Captain Wells proceeded with cautious steps through the Indian country. He crossed the river St. Mary, and thence to the river Auglaize, without meeting any straggling party of Indians. In passing up the Auglaize they discovered a smoke; they then dismounted, tied their horses, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre the enemy. They found three Indians camped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush, or any under-wood. As it was open woods, they found it would be difficult to approach the camp without being discovered. Whilst they were reconnoitring, they saw, not very distant from the camp, a tree which had lately fallen. They returned and went round the camp, so as to get the top of the fallen tree between them and the Indians. The tree-top being full of leaves, would serve as a shelter to screen them from observation. They went forward upon their hands and knees, with the noiseless movement of the cat, till they reached the tree-top. They were now within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making other merry antics, little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them. Arrived at the fallen tree, their purpose of attack was soon settled; they determined to kill two of the enemy, and make the third prisoner. M'Lelland, it will be remembered, was almost as swift on foot as a deer of the forest; he was to catch the Indian, whilst to Wells and Miller was confided the duty of shooting the other two. One of them was to shoot the one on the right, and the other the one on the left. Their rifles were in prime order, the muzzles of the guns were placed on the log of the fallen tree, the sights were aimed for the Indians' hearts—whiz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke of the burnt powder had raised six feet, M'Lelland was running at full stretch, with tomahawk in hand, for the Indian. The Indian bounded off at the top of his speed, and made down the river; but by continuing in that direction he discovered that M'Lelland would head him. He turned his course, and made for the river. The river here had a bluff bank, about twenty feet high. When he came to the bank he sprang down into the river, the bottom of which was a soft mud, into which he sunk to the middle. While he was endeavoring to extricate himself out of the mud, M'Lelland came to the top of the high bank, and without hesitation sprang upon him, as he was wallowing in the mire.—The Indian drew his knife—M'Lelland raised his tomahawk—told him to throw down his knife, or he would kill him instantly. He threw down his knife and surrendered without any further effort at resistance. By the time the scuffle had ceased in the mire, Wells

and his companion came to the bank, and discovered M'Lelland and the Indian quietly sticking in the mire. As their prisoner was now secure, they did not think it prudent to take the frightful leap the other had done. They went to a place where the bank went down and dragged the captive out of the mud, and tied him. He was very sulky, and refused to speak either Indian or English. Some of the party went back for their horses, whilst others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When washed, he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak, or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off with their prisoner for head-quarters. Whilst on their return to Fort Greenville, Henry Miller began to admit the idea that it was possible their prisoner was his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians some years previous. Under this impression he rode along side of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound of his name he started, and stared round, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name. The mystery was soon explained—their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller! A mysterious providence appeared to have placed Christopher Miller in a situation in the camp, by which his life was preserved. Had he been standing on the right or left he would inevitably have been killed. But that fate which appears to have doomed the Indian race to extinction, permitted the white man to live, whilst the Indians were permitted to meet that "fate they cannot shun."

Captain Wells arrived safely with their prisoner at Fort Greenville. He was placed in the guard-house, where Gen. Wayne frequently interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Captain Wells and Henry Miller were almost constantly with Christopher in the guard-house, urging him to leave off the thought of living longer with the Indians, and to join his relatives among the whites. Christopher for some time was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed, if they would release him from confinement, that he would remain with the whites. Captain Wells and Henry Miller solicited Gen. Wayne for Christopher's liberty. Gen. Wayne could scarcely deny such pleaders any request they could make, and without hesitation ordered Christopher Miller to be set at liberty; remarking, that should he deceive them and return to the enemy, they would be but one the stronger.—Christopher was set at liberty, and appeared pleased with his change of situation. He was mounted on a fine horse, and otherwise well equipped for war. He joined the company with Captain Wells and his brother, and fought bravely against the Indians during the continuance of the war. He was true to his word, and upon every occasion proved himself an intrepid and daring soldier.

As soon as Captain Wells and company had rested themselves and recruited their horses, they were anxious for another *bout* with the red men. Time, without action, was irksome to such stirring spirits. Early in July they left Greenville; their company was then strengthened by the addition of Christopher Miller; their orders

were to bring in prisoners. They pushed through the country, always dressed and painted in Indian style; they passed on, crossing the river St. Mary, and then through the country near to the river Auglaize, where they met a single Indian, and called to him to surrender. This man, notwithstanding that the whites were six against one, refused to surrender. He levelled his rifle, and as the whites were approaching him on horseback, he fired, but missed his mark, and then took to his heels to effect his escape. The undergrowth of brush was so very thick that he gained upon his pursuers. M'Lelland and Christopher Miller dismounted, and M'Lelland soon overhauled him. The Indian finding himself overtaken by his pursuers, turned round and made a blow at M'Lelland with his rifle, which was parried. As M'Lelland's intention was not to kill; he kept him at bay till Christopher Miller came up, when they closed in upon him, and made him prisoner without receiving any injury.— They turned about for head-quarters, and arrived safely at Fort Greenville. Their prisoner was reputed to be a Potawotamie chief, whose courage and prowess was scarcely equalled. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the various actions performed by the spies attached to Gen. Wayne's army; although it would be a narrative most interesting to western readers. I have only selected a few of the acts performed by Captain Wells, and his enterprising followers, to show what kind of men they were. History, in no age of the world, furnishes so many instances of repeated acts of bravery as were performed by the frontier men of western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and Kentucky; yet these acts of apparent desperation were so frequently repeated by numbers, that they were scarcely noticed at the time as being any other than the common occurrences of the day.

I have no doubt that during General Wayne's campaign, Captain Wells, and the few men he commanded, brought in no less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. To show that desperate as they were in combat, that bravery was only a part of their merit, is demonstrated by the following circumstance: On one of Captain Well's peregrinations through the Indian country, as he came to the bank of the river St. Mary, he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted and concealed his men near the bank of the river, whilst he went himself to the bank, in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian style, and spoke to them in their own language, the Indians, not expecting an enemy in that part of the country, without any suspicion of danger went across the river. The moment the canoe struck the shore, Wells heard the cocks of his comrades' rifles cry "nick, nick," as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and another, with their children! As his comrades were coming forward

with their rifles cocked, ready to pour in the deadly storm upon the devoted Indians, Wells called upon them to hold their hands and desist. He then informed them who those Indians were, and solemnly declared, that the man who would attempt to injure one of them, would receive a ball in his head. He said to his men, "That that family had fed him when he was hungry, clothed him when he was naked, and kindly nursed him when sick; and in every respect were as kind and affectionate to him as they were to their own children." This short, pathetic speech, found its way to the sympathetic hearts of his leather hunting-shirt comrades. Although they would have made but a shabby appearance on being introduced to a fashionable tea-party, or into a splendid ball-room, amongst polished grandees, or into a ceremonious levee, to pass through unmeaning bows, and curtesies—the present was a scene of nature, and gratitude the motive; they, all at once, entered into their leader's feelings. I never knew a truly brave man who could hold back a tear of sympathy at the joy, grief, or sorrow of his fellow man; it is the timid coward who is cruel when he has the advantage. Those hardy soldiers approved of the motives of Captain Wells' lenity to the enemy. They threw down their rifles and tomahawks, went to the canoe, and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner. Captain Wells assured them they had nothing to fear from him; and after talking with them to dispel their fears, he said, "That Gen. Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do, was to make peace; that the white men did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father for the future to keep out of the reach of danger." He then bid them farewell; they appeared very grateful for his clemency. They then pushed off their canoe, and went down the river as fast as they could propel her. Captain Wells and his comrades, though perfect desperadoes in fight, upon this occasion proved they largely possessed that real gratitude and benevolence of heart which does honor to the human kind.

Early in the month of August, when the main army had arrived at the place subsequently designated as Fort Defiance, Gen. Wayne wished to be informed of the intentions of the enemy. For this purpose, Captain Wells was again dispatched to bring in another prisoner. The distance from Fort Defiance to the British fort, at the mouth of the Maumee river, was only forty-five miles, and he would not have to travel far before he would find Indians. As his object was to bring in a prisoner, it became necessary for him to keep out of the way of large parties, and endeavor to fall in with stragglers, who might be easily subdued and captured. They went cautiously down the river Maumee, till they came opposite the site on which Fort Meigs was erected by General Harrison, in 1813.—This was two miles above the British fort, then called Fort Campbell. On the west bank of the Maumee was an Indian village.—Wells and his party rode into the village as if they had just come from the British fort. Being dressed and painted in complete Indian

style, they rode through the village, occasionally stopping and talking to the Indians in their own language. No suspicion of who they were was excited, the enemy believing them to be Indians from a distance, coming to take a part in the battle which they all knew was shortly to be fought. After they had passed the village some distance, they fell in with an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to the town from hunting. This man and woman were made captives without resistance. They set off for Fort Defiance. As they were rapidly proceeding up the Maumee river, a little after dark, they came near a large encampment of Indians, who were merrily amusing themselves around their camp-fires. Their prisoners were ordered to be silent, under pain of instant death.— They went round the camp with their prisoners till they got about half a mile above it, where they halted to consult on their future operations. After consultation, they concluded to gag and tie their prisoners, and ride back to the Indian camp and give them a rally, in which each should kill his Indian. They deliberately got down, gagged, and fastened their prisoners to trees, rode boldly into the Indian encampment, and halted, with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. They inquired when they had last heard of Gen. Wayne, and the movements of his army; how soon, and where it was expected the battle would be fought? The Indians, who were standing around Wells and his desperadoes, were very communicative, answering all their interrogatories without suspecting any deceit in their visitors. At length an Indian, who was sitting some distance from them, said in an under tone, in another tongue, to some who were near him, that he suspected these strangers had some mischief in their heads. Wells overheard what he said, and immediately gave the pre-concerted signal, and each fired his rifle into the body of an Indian, and not more than six feet distance.— The Indian who had suspected them, the moment he made the remark, and a number of others, raised up with their rifles in their hands, but not before Wells and his party had each shot an Indian. As soon as Wells and his party fired, they put spurs to their horses, laying with their breasts to their horses' necks, so as to lessen the mark of the enemy to fire at. They had not got out of the light of the camp-fire before the Indians shot at them. As M'Lelland lay close on his horse's neck, he was shot, the ball passing under his shoulder-blade, and coming out at the top of his shoulder. Captain Wells was shot through the arm on which he carried his rifle; the arm was broken, and his trusty rifle fell. The rest of the party and their horses received no injury.

What confidence, what self-possession was displayed by these men, in this terrific encounter! They beat General Marion and his sergeants hollow! They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts, that their souls were callous to danger. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed to outdo their former exploits. To ride into the enemy's camp, and enter into conversation with them, without betraying the least appearance of trepidation, or con-

fusion, proves how well their souls were steeled. This action of real life even rivals the fictitious though sublime muse of the Grecian poet. Homer sends forth his invincible hero, protected by the invulnerable panoply of Jupiter, to make a night attack upon the enemy. Diomedes makes the successful assault upon sleeping foes. Not so our western heroes; they boldly went into the midst of the enemy, while their camp-fires were burning bright, and openly commenced the work of death. After having performed this military act of supererogation, they rode at full speed to where their captives were confined, mounted them on horses, and set off for Fort Defiance.— Captain Wells and M'Lelland were severely wounded; and to Fort Defiance a distance of about thirty miles, they had to travel, before they could rest or receive the aid of a surgeon. As their march would be slow and painful, one of the party was dispatched at full speed to Fort Defiance, for a guard and a surgeon. As soon as Capt. Well's messenger arrived at Fort Defiance, with the tidings of the wounds and perilous situation of these heroic and faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifested in the minds of all. Gen. Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldier was at all times quick and sensitive: we can then imagine how intense was his solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of his confidential and chosen band.— Without a moment's delay he dispatched a surgeon, and a company of the swiftest dragoons, to meet, assist, and guard these brave fellows to head-quarters. Suffice to say, they arrived safely in camp, and the wounded recovered in due course of time.

As the battle was fought, and a brilliant victory won a few days after this affair took place, Captain Wells, and his daring comrades, were not engaged in any further acts of hostility till the war with the Indians was auspiciously concluded by a lasting treaty of peace.

A new and happy era was about dawning upon the west. A cruel and exterminating war, of nearly fifty years' continuance, was closed by a general peace with the red men of the forest. The names and memories of these brave men, whose march was in the front of danger, should be held in veneration, by the millions who now repose in peace and quiet on the territory they acquired at the risk of their lives, in a thousand battles.

It is very natural for the reader to inquire, what became of these men after the war terminated? What became of Thorp, Hickman, and the two Millers. I have never learned; but if alive, they probably reside in some smoky cabin in the far distant west, unknown and unhonored. The last I heard of the brave, hardy, and active M'Lelland, he had just returned to St. Louis, in 1812. from an expedition across the Rocky Mountains. He had been to the Pacific ocean, at the mouth of the Columbia river. Such a tour, through uncultivated, unpeopled oceans of the prairie, and then to labor through the tempestuous bursts of snow and sleet, which whirl in almost continual storms around the heights of the frightful world of rocks which compose the dreary Rocky Mountains, where winter eternally reigns—this enterprise was equal to the daring genius of the man.

The fate of the brave and lamented Captain Wells was sealed during the late war, on the 15th of August, 1817, near Fort Dearborne, at the mouth of the Chicago river, on the banks of Lake Michigan, where he was slain in an unequal combat; where sixty-four whites were attacked by upwards of four hundred Indian warriors. Then fell as bold a spirit as ever shouldered a rifle, or wielded a tomahawk.

In attempting to describe the awful catastrophes, and frightful combats which took place on the western frontier, we sometimes meet with scenes to which language is not equal. "The conception is too bulky to be born alive, and in the struggle for expression, every finger tries to be a tongue," when we reflect upon the bold assault, or ingenious, masterly retreats of the old frontier men, the patient fortitude with which they endured fatigue and hunger. It is evident that man little knows, till he is tried, what calamities and hardships he can endure. The dangers from their enemies, though great, were only an item in the catalogue of their sufferings. They had to travel through thick woods, without road or path, scratched with briars, stung by nettles, or torn by thorns. When night approached, no shelter to protect them against "the peltings of the pitiless storm," or comfortable couch on which to repose their weary bodies; the moist earth was their bed, the firmament of heaven their covering. Tormented with gnats and mosquitoes, their nights were sleepless. When morning light returned, their cares and watchfulness were resumed, to guard against the danger of being surprised by their vigilant, bold, and dexterous enemy.

PRIVATE INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

The late William Kennan, of Fleming county, Ky., at that time a young man of eighteen, was attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from fort Washington, he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light corps. On the evening preceding the action, his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning, he observed about thirty Indians within one hundred yards of the guard fire, advancing cautiously towards the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear. Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not superior in number to the rangers, he sprang forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment, but that the rangers would maintain their position, and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses, that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of

his danger. Fortunately, the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself in the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprang to his feet and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was already more than one hundred yards in front. Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army, but several Indians who had passed him before he arose from the grass, threw themselves in the way, and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions, he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one young chief, (probably Meashawa,) who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take, the race continued for more than four hundred yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish. Each, for the time, put his whole soul into the race. Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuers, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle of his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair almost lifted his cap from his head, when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him, when he recommenced the race, but the idea of being without arms, lent wings to his flight, and for the first time he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuers too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet. The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate.—He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting all his energies into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush, and every thing else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed) where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed.—No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and was maintained for three hours, with unabated fury.

When the retreat commenced, Kennan was attached to Major Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the flight commenced, but exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horsemen in the flight. Here he beheld a private in his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground, with his thigh broken, and in tones of the most piercing distress, imploring each horseman who hurried by to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up on foot, he stretched out his arms, and called aloud upon him to save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but seizing him in his arms, he placed him upon his back, and ran in that manner for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden.—At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast, that Kennan saw their death certain, unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend, that he had used every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain—that he must relax his hold around his neck or they would both perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions until the foremost of the enemy (armed with tomahawks alone) were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in perfect helplessness, and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved of his burden he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety, in order to attend to that of others. The late Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the corps which defended themselves so honorably at Raisin, a man who united the most amiable temper to the most unconquerable courage, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army, and being a man of infirm constitution, was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and was now sitting down calmly upon a log, awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him, and enquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk further and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately, the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistible attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men, endured without interruption through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming county, and continued for

many years a leading member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1827.

Lieutenant Col. Darke's escape, was almost miraculous. Possessed of a tall, striking figure, in full uniform, and superbly mounted, he headed three desperate charges against the enemy, in each of which he was a conspicuous mark. His clothes were cut in many places, but he escaped with only a slight flesh wound. In the last charge, Ensign Wilson, a youth of seventeen, was shot through the heart, and fell a few paces in the rear of the regiment, which was then rather rapidly returning to their original position. An Indian, attracted by his rich uniform, sprung up from the grass, and rushed forward to scalp him. Darke, who was at that time in the rear of his regiment, suddenly faced about, dashed at the Indian on horseback, and cleft his skull with his broad sword, drawing upon himself, by the act, a rapid discharge of more than a dozen rifles. He rejoined his regiment, however, in safety, being compelled to leave the body of young Wilson to the enemy.





Daniel Boone.

COL. DANIEL BOONE.*

Of Boone's early youth, nothing is known. He has modestly forbore to say any thing of himself, except so far as he is connected with the settlement of Kentucky. He was borne in Virginia, but instigated by that roving spirit which distinguished him throughout life, he emigrated at an early period to North Carolina, and lived, until his fourteenth year, upon the banks of the Yadkin. In 1767, Findley† returned from his adventurous journey, and brought with him a report of a large tract of fertile country, totally unoccupied and abounding in every variety of game, from the beaver to the buffalo. To a man like Boone, fond of hunting, and naturally attached to a roving and adventurous life, such a scene presented irresistible charms. Accordingly, in 1769, he left his family upon the Yadkin, and in company with five others, of whom Findley was one, he moved in a western direction, being determined to explore that country, of which he had heard so favorable an account.

On the 7th of June, they reached Red River, and from a neighboring eminence, were enabled to survey the vast plain of Kentucky.—Here they built a cabin, in order to afford them a shelter from the rain, which had fallen in immense quantities on their march, and remained in a great measure stationary until December, killing a great quantity of game immediately around them. Immense herds of buffalo ranged through the forest in every direction, feeding upon the leaves of the cane or the rich and spontaneous fields of clover.

On the 22d of December, Boone and John Stuart, one of his companions, left their encampment, and following one of the numerous paths which the buffalo had made through the cane, they plunged boldly into the interior of the forest. They had as yet seen no Indians, and the country had been reported as totally uninhabited.—This was true in a strict sense, for although the southern and north-western tribes were in the habit of hunting here as upon natural ground, yet not a single wigwam had been erected, nor did the land bear the slightest mark of having ever been cultivated. The different tribes would fall in with each other, and from the fierce conflicts which generally followed these casual rencontres, the country had been known among them by the name of "*the dark and bloody ground!*" The two adventurers soon learned the additional danger to which they were exposed. While roving carelessly from canebrake to canebrake, and admiring the rank growth of vegetation, and

* By McClung.

† Findley is said to have been the first white man who ever visited Kentucky,—but of him nothing is known save the simple fact that he *did* visit Kentucky—first alone, and afterwards in company with Boone.

the variety of timber which marked the fertility of the soil, they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a party of Indians, who, springing from their place of concealment, rushed upon them with a rapidity that rendered escape impossible. They were almost instantly seized, disarmed and made prisoners. Their feelings may be readily imagined. They were in the hands of an enemy who knew no alternative between adoption and torture, and the numbers and fleetness of their captors, rendered escape by open means impossible, while their jealous vigilance seemed equally fatal to any secret attempt.—Boone, however, was possessed of a temper admirably adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Of a cold and saturnine, rather than an ardent disposition, he was never either so much elevated by good fortune or depressed by bad, as to lose for a moment the full possession of all his faculties. He saw that immediate escape was impossible, but he encouraged his companion, and constrained himself to follow the Indians in all their excursions, with so calm and contented an air, that their vigilance insensibly began to relax.

On the seventh evening of their captivity, they encamped in a thick canebrake, and, having built a large fire, lay down to rest. The party whose duty it was to watch, were weary and negligent, and about midnight Boone, who had not closed an eye, ascertained from the deep breathing all around him, that the whole party, including Stuart, was in a deep sleep. Gently and gradually extricating himself from the Indians who lay around him, he walked cautiously to the spot where Stuart lay, and having succeeded in awakening him, without alarming the rest, he briefly informed him of his determination, and exhorted him to arise, make no noise, and follow him. Stuart, although ignorant of the design, and suddenly roused from sleep, fortunately obeyed with equal silence and celerity, and within a few minutes they were beyond hearing. Rapidly traversing the forest, by the light of the stars and the barks of the trees, they ascertained the direction in which the camp lay, but upon reaching it on the next day, to their great grief, they found it plundered and deserted, with nothing remaining to show the fate of their companions; and even to the day of his death, Boone knew not whether they had been killed or taken, or had voluntarily abandoned their cabin and returned. Here in a few days they were accidentally joined by Boone's brother and another man, who had followed them from Carolina, and fortunately stumbled upon their camp. This accidental meeting in the bosom of a vast wilderness, gave great relief to the two brothers, although their joy was soon overcast.

Boone and Stuart, in a second excursion, were again pursued by savages, and Stuart was shot and scalped, while Boone fortunately escaped. As usual he has not mentioned particulars, but barely stated the event. Within a few days they sustained another calamity, if possible still more distressing. Their only remaining companion was benighted in a hunting excursion, and while encamped in the woods alone, was attacked and devoured by the wolves.

The two brothers were thus left in the wilderness alone, separated

by several hundred miles from home, surrounded by hostile Indians, and destitute of every thing but their rifles. After having had such melancholy experience of the dangers to which they were exposed, we would naturally suppose that their fortitude would have given way, and that they would instantly have returned to the settlements. But the most remarkable feature in Boone's character was a calm and cold equanimity, which rarely rose to enthusiasm, and never sunk to despondency. His courage undervalued the danger to which he was exposed, and his presence of mind, which never forsook him, enabled him, on all occasions, to take the best means of avoiding it. The wilderness, with all its dangers and privations, had a charm for him, which is scarcely conceivable by one brought up in a city; and he determined to remain alone, whilst his brother returned to Carolina for an additional supply of ammunition, as their original supply was nearly exhausted. His situation we should now suppose in the highest degree gloomy and dispirited. The dangers which attended his brother on his return were nearly equal to his own: and each had left a wife and children, which Boone acknowledged cost him many an anxious thought. But the wild and solitary grandeur of the country around him, where not a tree had been cut, nor a house erected, was to him an inexhaustible source of admiration and delight; and he says himself, that some of the most rapturous moments of his life were spent in those lonely rambles. The utmost caution was necessary to avoid the savages, and scarcely less to escape the ravenous hunger of the wolves that prowled nightly around him in immense numbers. He was compelled frequently to shift his lodging, and by undoubted signs, saw that the Indians had repeatedly visited his hut during his absence. He sometimes lay in canebrakes, without fire, and heard the yell of the Indians around him. Fortunately, however, he never encountered them.

On the 27th of July, 1770, his brother returned with a supply of ammunition; and with a hardihood which appears almost incredible, they ranged through the country in every direction, and without injury, until March, 1771. They then returned to North Carolina, where Daniel rejoined his family, after an absence of three years, during nearly the whole of which time he had never tasted bread or salt, nor seen the face of a single white man, with the exception of his brother, and the two friends who had been killed. He here determined to sell his farm and remove with his family to the wilderness of Kentucky—an astonishing instance of hardihood, and we should even say indifference to his family, if it were not that his character has uniformly been represented as mild and humane, as it was bold and fearless.

Accordingly, on the 25th of September, 1771, having disposed of all the property which he could not take with him, he took leave of his friends and commenced his journey to the west. A number of milch cows and horses, laden with a few necessary household utensils, formed the whole of his baggage. His wife and children were mounted on horseback and accompanied him, every one regarding

them as devoted to destruction. In Powel's valley, they were joined by five more families and forty men well armed. Encouraged by this accession of strength, they advanced with additional confidence, but had soon a severe warning of the further dangers which awaited them. When near Cumberland mountain, their rear was suddenly attacked with great fury by a scouting party of Indians, and thrown into considerable confusion. The party, however, soon rallied, and being accustomed to Indian warfare, returned the fire with such spirit and effect, that the Indians were repulsed with slaughter. Their own loss, however, had been severe. Six men were killed upon the spot, and one wounded. Among the killed was Boone's eldest son—to the unspeakable affliction of his family. The disorder and grief occasioned by this rough reception, seems to have affected the emigrants deeply, as they instantly retraced their steps to the settlements on Clinch river, forty miles from the scene of action. Here they remained until June, 1774, probably at the request of the women, who must have been greatly alarmed at the prospect of plunging more deeply into a country, upon the skirts of which they had witnessed so keen and bloody a conflict.

At this time Boone, at the request of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, conducted a number of surveyors to the falls of Ohio, a distance of eight hundred miles. Of the incidents of this journey, we have no record whatever. After his return he was engaged under Dunmore, until 1775, in several affairs with the Indians, and at the solicitation of some gentlemen of North Carolina, he attended at a treaty with the Cherokees, for the purpose of purchasing the lands south of Kentucky river. With his usual brevity, Boone has omitted to inform us of the particulars of this conference, or of the particular character of the business upon which he was sent. By the aid of Mr. Marshall's valuable history, however, we are enabled to supply this silence—at least with regard to the latter circumstance.—It seems that the Cherokees living within the chartered limits of the State of North Carolina, claimed all the land south of the Kentucky as far as Tennessee river. That Col. Richard Henderson and some other gentlemen, animated by the glowing description of the fertility of the soil, which Boone and his brother had given upon their return, determined to purchase the whole of this immense tract from the Cherokees, and employ Boone as their agent. The Cherokees gladly parted with an empty title, for a solid, although moderate recompense, and Henderson and his friends instantly prepared to take possession, relying upon the validity of their deed from the Indians. Unfortunately, however, for the success of these speculators, Kentucky lay within the limits of Virginia, according to the old charter of King James, and that state accordingly claimed for herself solely the privilege of purchasing the Indian title to lands lying within her own limits. She lost no time, therefore, in pronouncing the treaty of Henderson null and void, as it regarded *his own title*—although by rather an exceptionable process of reasoning, they determined that it was obligatory upon the Indians, so far as regarded the extinction

of *their* title. Whether or not the reasoning was good, I cannot pretend to say—but supported as it was by the authority of a powerful State, it was *made good*, and Henderson's golden dreams completely vanished. He and his associates, however, received a liberal grant of land lying on Green river, as a compensation for the expense and danger which they had incurred in prosecuting their settlement.

It was under the auspices of Henderson, that Boone's next visit to Kentucky was made. Leaving his family on Clinch river, he sat out at the head of a few men, to mark out a road for the pack horses or wagons of Henderson's party. This laborious and dangerous duty he executed with his usual patient fortitude, until he came within fifteen miles of the spot where Boonsborough afterwards was built. Here, on the 22nd of March, his small party was attacked by the Indians, and suffered a loss of four men killed and wounded. The Indians, although repulsed with loss in this affair, renewed the attack with equal fury on the next day, and killed and wounded five more of his party. On the 1st of April, the survivors began to build a small fort on the Kentucky river, afterwards called Boonsborough, and on the 4th, they were again attacked by the Indians, and lost another man. Notwithstanding the harassing attacks to which they were constantly exposed, (for the Indians seemed enraged to madness at the prospect of their building houses on their hunting ground,) the work was prosecuted with indefatigable diligence, and on the 14th was completed.

Boone instantly returned to Clinch river for his family, determined to bring them with him at every risk. This was done as soon as the journey could be performed, and Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river, as Boone himself had been the first white man who ever built a cabin upon the borders of the State. The first house, however, which ever stood in the *interior* of Kentucky, was erected at Harrodsburgh, in the year 1774, by James Harrod, who conducted to this place a party of hunters from the banks of the Monongahela.—This place was, therefore, a few months older than Boonsborough. Both soon became distinguished, as the only places in which hunters and surveyors could find security from the fury of the Indians.

Within a few weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Boone and her daughters, the infant colony was reinforced by three more families, at the head of which were Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Denton. Boonsborough, however, was the central object of Indian hostilities, and scarcely had his family become domesticated in their new possession, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, and lost one of their garrison. This was on the 24th of December, 1775.

In the following July, however, a much more alarming incident occurred. One of his daughters, in company with a Miss Calloway, were amusing themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, when a party of Indians suddenly rushed out of a canebrake, and intercepting their return took them prisoners. The screams of the ter-

rified girls quickly alarmed the family. The small garrison was dispersed in their usual occupations ; but Boone hastily collected a small party of eight men, and pursued the enemy. So much time, however, had been lost, that the Indians had got several miles the start of them. The pursuit was urged through the night with great keenness, by woodmen capable of following a trail at all times, and on the following day they came up with them. The attack was so sudden and furious, that the Indians were driven from the ground before they had leisure to tomahawk their prisoners, and the girls were recovered without having sustained any other injury than excessive fright and fatigue. Nothing but a barren outline of this interesting occurrence has been given. We know nothing of the conduct of the Indians to their captives, or of the situation of the young ladies during the short engagement, and cannot venture to fill up the outline from imagination. The Indians lost two men, while Boone's party was uninjured.

From this time until the 15th of April, 1777, the garrison was incessantly harassed by flying parties of Indians. While ploughing their corn, they were waylaid and shot ; while hunting, they were chased and fired upon ; and sometimes a solitary Indian would creep up near the fort, in the night, and fire upon the first of the garrison who appeared in the morning. They were in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and the most ordinary duties could only be performed at the risk of their lives.

On the 15th of April, the enemy appeared in large numbers, hoping to crush the infant settlement at a single blow. Boonsborough, Logan's fort and Harrodsburg were attacked at one and the same time. But, destitute as they were of artillery, scaling ladders, and all the proper means of reducing fortified places, they could only distress the men, alarm the women and destroy the corn and cattle. Boonsborough sustained some loss, as did the other stations, but the enemy being more exposed, suffered so severely as to cause them to retire with precipitation.

No rest, however, was given to the unhappy garrison. On the 4th of July following, they were again attacked by two hundred warriors, but the enemy were repulsed with loss. The Indians retreated, but a few days afterwards fell upon Logan's station with great fury, having sent detachments to alarm the other stations, so as to prevent the appearance of reinforcements to Logan's. In this last attempt, they displayed great obstinacy, and as the garrison consisted only of 15 men, they were reduced to extremity. Not a moment could be allowed for sleep. Burning arrows were shot upon the roofs of the houses, and the Indians often pressed boldly up to the gates, and attempted to hew them down with their tomahawks. Fortunately, at this critical time, Col. Bowman arrived from Virginia with one hundred men well armed, and the savages precipitately withdrew, leaving the garrison almost exhausted with fatigue, and reduced to twelve men.

A brief period of repose now followed, in which the settlers

endeavored to repair the damages done to their farms. But a period of heavy trial to Boone and his family was approaching. In January, 1778, accompanied by thirty men, Boone went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations; and on the 7th of February following, while out hunting, he fell in with one hundred and two Indian warriors, on their march to attack Boonsborough. He instantly fled, but being upwards of fifty years old, was unable to contend with the fleet young men who pursued him, and was a second time taken prisoner. As usual he was treated with kindness until his final fate was determined, and was led back to the Licks, where his men were still encamped. Here his whole party, to the number of twenty seven, surrendered themselves, upon promise of life and good treatment, both of which conditions were faithfully observed.

Had the Indians prosecuted their enterprise, they might, perhaps, by showing their prisoners, and threatening to put them to the torture, have operated so far upon the sympathies of the garrison as to have obtained considerable results. But nothing of the kind was attempted. They had already been unexpectedly successful, and it is their custom after either good or bad fortune, immediately to return home and enjoy the triumph. Boone and his party were conducted to the old town of Chillicothe, where they remained till the following March. No journal was written during this period, by either Boone or his party. We are only informed that his mild and patient equanimity, wrought powerfully upon the Indians; that he was adopted into a family, and uniformly treated with the utmost affection. One fact is given us which shows his acute observation and knowledge of mankind. At the various shooting matches to which he was invited, he took care not to beat them *too* often. He knew that no feeling is more painful than that of inferiority, and that the most effectual way of keeping them in a good humor with *him*, was to keep them in a good humor with themselves. He, therefore, only shot well enough to make it an honor to beat him, and found himself an universal favorite.

On the 10th of March, 1778, Boone was conducted to Detroit, when Governor Hamilton himself, offered £100 for his ransom; but so strong was the affection of the Indians for their prisoner, that it was positively refused. Several English gentlemen, touched with sympathy for his misfortunes, made pressing offers of money and other articles, but Boone steadily refused to receive benefits which he could never return. The offer was honorable to them, and the refusal was dictated by rather too refined a spirit of independence.—Boone's anxiety on account of his wife and children, was incessant, and the more intolerable, as he dared not excite the suspicion of the Indians by any indication of a wish to rejoin them.

Upon his return from Detroit, he observed that one hundred and fifty warriors of various tribes had assembled, painted and equipped for an expedition against Boonsborough. His anxiety at this sight became ungovernable, and he determined, at every risk, to effect his

escape. During the whole of this agitating period, however, he permitted no symptoms of anxiety to escape him. He hunted and shot with them, as usual, until the morning of the 16th of June, when, taking an early start, he left Chillicothe, and directed his route to Boonsborough. The distance exceeded one hundred and sixty miles, but he performed it in four days, during which he ate only one meal. He appeared before the garrison like one rising from the dead. His wife, supposing him killed, had transported herself, children and property to her father's house, in North Carolina; his men, suspecting no danger, were dispersed in their ordinary avocations, and the works had been permitted to go to waste. Not a moment was to be lost. The garrison worked day and night upon the fortifications. New gates, new flanks and double bastions, were soon completed. The cattle and horses were brought into the fort, ammunition prepared, and every thing made ready for the approach of the enemy within ten days after his arrival. At this time, one of his companions in captivity arrived from Chillicothe, and announced that his escape had determined the Indians to delay the invasion for three weeks.

During this interval, it was ascertained that numerous spies were traversing the woods and hovering around the station, doubtless for the purpose of observing and reporting the condition of the garrison. Their report could not have been favorable. The alarm had spread very generally, and all were upon the alert. The attack was delayed so long, that Boone began to suspect that they had been discouraged by the report of the spies; and he determined to invade them. Selecting nineteen men from his garrison, he put himself at their head and marched with equal silence and celerity, against the town on Paint Creek, on the Scioto. He arrived, without discovery, within four miles of the town, and there encountered a party of thirty warriors on their march to unite with the grand army in the expedition against Boonsborough. Instantly attacking them with great spirit, he compelled them to give way with some loss, and without any injury to himself. He then halted, and sent two spies in advance to ascertain the condition of the village. In a few hours they returned with the intelligence, that the town was evacuated. He instantly concluded that the grand army was upon its march against Boonsborough, whose situation, as well as his own, was exceedingly critical. Retracing his steps, he marched day and night, hoping still to elude the enemy and reach Boonsborough before them. He soon fell in with their trail, and making a circuit to avoid them, he passed their army on the sixth day of his march, and on the seventh reached Boonsborough.

On the eighth, the enemy appeared in great force. There were nearly five hundred Indian warriors, armed and painted in their usual manner, and what was still more formidable, they were conducted by a Canadian officer, well skilled in the usage of modern warfare. As soon as they were arrayed in front of the fort, the British colors were displayed, and an officer with a flag was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and

good treatment in case of compliance, and threatening "the hatchet," in case of a storm. Boone requested two days for consideration, which, in defiance of all experience and common sense, was granted. This interval, as usual, was employed in preparation for an obstinate resistance. The cattle were brought into the fort, the horses secured, and all things made ready against the commencement of hostilities. Boone then assembled the garrison and represented to them the condition in which they stood. They had not to deal with Indians alone, but with British officers, skilled in the art of attacking fortified places, sufficiently numerous to *direct*, but too few to *restrain* their savage allies. If they surrendered, their lives might and probably would be saved; but they would suffer much inconvenience, and *must* lose all their property. If they resisted, and were overcome, the life of every man, woman and child would be sacrificed. The hour was now come in which they were to determine what was to be done. If they were inclined to surrender, he would announce it to the officer; if they were resolved to maintain the fort, he would share their fate, whether in life or death. He had scarcely finished, when every man arose and in a firm tone announced his determination to defend the fort to the last.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Capt. Duquesne the resolution of his men. Disappointment and chagrin were strongly painted upon the face of the Canadian at this answer; but endeavoring to disguise his feelings, he declared that Governor Hamilton had ordered him not to injure the men if it could be avoided, and that if nine of the principal inhabitants of the fort would come out into the plain and treat with them, they would instantly depart without further hostility. The insidious nature of this proposal was evident, for they could converse very well from where they then stood, and going out would only place the officers of the fort at the mercy of the savages—not to mention the absurdity of supposing that this army of warriors would "*treat*," but upon such terms as pleased them, and no terms were likely to do so, short of a total abandonment of the country. Notwithstanding these objections, the word "*treat*," sounded so pleasantly in the ears of the besieged, that they agreed at once to the proposal and Boone himself, attended by eight of his men, went out and mingled with the savages, who crowded around them in great numbers, and with countenances of deep anxiety. The treaty then commenced and was soon concluded. What the terms were, we are not informed, nor is it a matter of the least importance, as the whole was a stupid and shallow artifice.—This was soon made manifest. Duquesne, after many very pretty periods about the "*bienfaisance and humanite*" which should accompany the warfare of civilized beings, at length informed Boone, that it was a singular custom with the Indians, upon the conclusion of a treaty with the whites, for the warriors to take hold of the hand of each white man. Boone thought this rather a singular custom, but there was no time to dispute about etiquette, particularly, as he could not be more in their power than he already was; so he signi-

fied his willingness to conform to the Indian mode of cementing friendship. Instantly, two warriors approached each white man, with the word "brother" upon his lips, but a very different expression in their eyes, and grappling him with violence, attempted to bear him off. They probably (unless totally infatuated,) expected such a consummation, and all at the same moment sprung from their enemies and ran to the fort, under a heavy fire, which fortunately wounded only one man.

We look here in vain for the prudence and sagacity which usually distinguished Boone. Indeed there seems to have been a contest between him and Duquesne, as to which should display the greater quantum of shallowness. The plot itself was unworthy of a child, and the execution beneath contempt. For after all this treachery, to permit his prisoner to escape from the very midst of his warriors, who certainly might have thrown themselves between Boone and the fort, argues a poverty or timidity, on the part of Duquesne, truly despicable.

The attack instantly commenced by a heavy fire against the picketing, and was returned with fatal accuracy by the garrison. The Indians quickly sheltered themselves, and the action became more cautious and deliberate. Finding but little effect from the fire of his men, Duquesne next resorted to a more formidable mode of attack. The fort stood on the south bank of the river, within sixty yards of the water. Commencing under the bank, where their operations were concealed from the garrison, they attempted to push a mine into the fort. Their object, however, was fortunately discovered by the quantity of fresh earth which they were compelled to throw into the river, and by which the water became muddy for some distance below. Boone, who had regained his usual sagacity, instantly cut a trench within the fort in such a manner as to intersect the line of their approach, and thus frustrated their design. The enemy exhausted all the ordinary artifices of Indian warfare, but were steadily repulsed in every effort. Finding their numbers daily thinned by the deliberate but fatal fire of the garrison, and seeing no prospect of final success, they broke up on the ninth day of the siege and returned home. The loss of the garrison was two killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty-seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. This was the last siege sustained by Boonsborough.—The country had increased so rapidly in numbers, and so many other stations lay between Boonsborough and the Ohio, that the savages could not reach it without leaving enemies in the rear.

In the autumn of this year Boone returned to North Carolina for his wife and family, who, as already observed, had supposed him dead, and returned to her father. There is a hint in Mr. Marshall's history, that the family affairs, which detained him in North Carolina, were of an unpleasant character, but no explanation is given.

In the summer of 1780, he returned to Kentucky with his family, and settled at Boonsborough. Here he continued busily engaged

upon his farm until the 6th of October, when, accompanied by his brother, he went to the Lower Blue Licks, for the purpose of providing himself with salt. This spot seemed fatal to Boone. Here he had once been taken prisoner by the Indians, and here he was destined, within two years, to lose his youngest son, and to witness the slaughter of many of his dearest friends. His present visit was not free from calamity. Upon their return, they were encountered by a party of Indians, and his brother, who had accompanied him faithfully through many years of toil and danger, was killed and scalped before his eyes. Unable either to prevent or avenge his death, Boone was compelled to fly, and by his superior knowledge of the country, contrived to elude his pursuers. They followed his trail, however, by the scent of a dog, that pressed him closely, and prevented his concealing himself. This was one of the most critical moments of his life, but his usual coolness and fortitude enabled him to meet it. He halted until the dog, baying loudly upon his trail, came within gun-shot, when he deliberately turned and shot him dead. The thickness of the wood and the approach of darkness then enabled him to effect his escape.

During the following year, Boonsborough enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility. The country had become comparatively thickly settled, and was studded with fortresses in every direction. Fresh emigrants with their families were constantly arriving; and many young unmarried women, (who had heretofore been extremely scarce,) had ventured to risk themselves in Kentucky. They could not have selected a spot where their merit was more properly appreciated, and were disposed of very rapidly to the young hunters, most of whom had hitherto, from necessity, remained bachelors. Thriving settlements had been pushed beyond the Kentucky river, and a number of houses had been built where Lexington now stands.

The year 1781 passed away in perfect tranquility, and judging from appearances, nothing was more distant, than the terrible struggle that awaited them. But during the whole of this year, the Indians were meditating a desperate effort to crush the settlements at a single blow. They had become seriously alarmed at the tide of emigration, which rolled over the country, and threatened to convert their favorite hunting ground into one vast cluster of villages. The game had already been much dispersed, the settlers originally weak and scattered over the south side of the Kentucky river, had now become numerous, and were rapidly extending to the Ohio. One vigorous and united effort might still crush their enemies, and regain for themselves the undisputed possession of the western forests. A few renegade white men, were mingled with them, and inflamed their wild passions, by dwelling upon the injuries which they had sustained at the hands of the whites, and of the necessity for instant and vigorous exertion, or of an eternal surrender of every hope either of redress or vengeance. Among these the most remarkable was *Simon Girty*. Runners were despatched to most of the north-western tribes, and all were exhorted to lay aside private jealousy, and unite in a common

cause against these white intruders. In the mean time, the settlers were busily employed in opening farms, marrying and giving in marriage, totally ignorant of the storm which was gathering upon the Lakes.

In the spring of 1782, after a long interval of repose, they were harassed by small parties, who preceded the main body, as the pattering and irregular drops of rain, are the precursors of the approaching storm. In the month of May, a party of twenty-five Wyandots secretly approached Estill's station, and committed shocking outrages in its vicinity. Entering a cabin which stood apart from the rest, they seized a woman and her two daughters, who, having been violated with circumstances of savage barbarity, were tomahawked and scalped. Their bodies, yet warm and bleeding, were found upon the floor of the cabin. The neighborhood was instantly alarmed. Captain Estill speedily collected a body of twenty-five men, and pursued their trail with great rapidity. He came up with them on Hinkston fork of Licking, immediately after they had crossed it, and a most severe and desperate conflict ensued. The Indians at first appeared daunted and began to fly, but their chief, who was badly wounded by the first fire, was heard in a loud voice, ordering them to stand and return the fire, which was instantly obeyed. The creek ran between the two parties, and prevented a charge on either side, without the certainty of great loss. The parties, therefore, consisting of precisely the same number, formed an irregular line, within fifty yards of each other, and sheltering themselves behind trees or logs, they fired with deliberation, as an object presented itself. The only manœuvre which the nature of the ground permitted, was to extend their lines in such a manner as to uncover the flank of the enemy, and even this was extremely dangerous, as every motion exposed them to a close and deadly fire. The action, therefore, was chiefly stationary, neither party advancing or retreating, and every individual acting for himself. It had already lasted more than an hour, without advantage on either side or any prospect of its termination. Captain Estill had lost one third of his men, and had inflicted about an equal loss upon his enemies, who still boldly maintained their ground, and returned his fire with equal spirit. 'To have persevered in the Indian mode of fighting, would have exposed his party to certain death, one by one, unless all the Indians should be killed first, who, however, had at least an equal chance with himself. Even victory, bought at such a price, would have afforded but a melancholy triumph; yet it was impossible to retreat or advance without exposing his men to the greatest danger. After coolly revolving these reflections in his mind, and observing that the enemy exhibited no symptoms of discouragement, Captain Estill determined to detach a party of six men, under Lieut. Miller, with orders to cross the creek above, and take the Indians in flank, while he maintained his ground, ready to co-operate, as circumstances might require. But he had to deal with an enemy equally bold and sagacious. The Indian chief was quickly aware of the division of the force opposed to him, from the

slackening of the fire in front, and readily conjectured his object, he determined to frustrate it by crossing the creek with his whole force, and overwhelming Estill, now weakened by the absence of Miller. The manœuvre was bold and masterly, and was executed with determined courage. Throwing themselves into the water, they fell upon Estill with the tomahawk, and drove him before them with slaughter. Miller's party retreated with precipitation, and even lie under the reproach of deserting their friends, and absconding, instead of occupying the designated ground. Others contradict this statement, and affirm that Miller punctually executed his orders, crossed the creek, and falling in with the enemy, was compelled to retire with loss. We think it probable that the Indians rushed upon Estill, as above mentioned, and having defeated him, recrossed the creek and attacked Miller, thus cutting up their enemy in detail.—Estill's party, finding themselves furiously charged, and receiving no assistance from Miller, who was probably at that time on the other side of the creek, in execution of his orders, would naturally consider themselves deserted, and when a clamor of that kind is once raised against a man, (particularly in a defeat,) the voice of reason can no longer be heard. Some scapegoat is always necessary. The broken remains of the detachment returned to the station, and filled the country with consternation and alarm, greatly disproportioned to the extent of the loss. The brave Estill, with eight of his men, had fallen, and four more were wounded,—more than half of their original number.

This, notwithstanding the smallness of the numbers, is a very remarkable action, and perhaps more honorable to the Indians than any other one on record. The numbers, the arms, the courage and the position of the parties were equal. Both were composed of good marksmen and skillful woodsmen. There was no surprise, no panic, nor any particular accident, according to the most probable account, which decided the action. A delicate manœuvre, on the part of Estill, gave an advantage, which was promptly seized by the Indian chief, and a bold and masterly movement decided the fate of the day.

The news of Estill's disaster, was quickly succeeded by another, scarcely less startling to the alarmed settlers. Captain Holder, at the head of seventeen men, pursued a party of Indians who had taken two boys from the neighborhood of Hoy's station. He overtook them after a rapid pursuit, and in the severe action which ensued, was repulsed with the loss of more than half his party. The tide of success seemed completely turned in favor of the Indians. They traversed the woods in every direction, sometimes singly and sometimes in small parties, and kept the settlers in constant alarm.

At length, early in August, the great effort was made. The allied Indian army, composed of detachments from nearly all the north-western tribes, and amounting to nearly six hundred men, commenced their march from Chillicothe, under the command of their respective

chiefs, aided and influenced by Girty, M'Kee, and other renegade white men. With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indication of their approach, and on the night of the 14th of August, they appeared before Bryant's station, as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth, and surrounding it on all sides, calmly awaited the approach of daylight, holding themselves in readiness to rush in upon the inhabitants the moment the gates were opened in the morning. The supreme influence of fortune in war, was never more strikingly displayed. The garrison had determined to march on the following morning, to the assistance of Hoy's station, from which a messenger had arrived the evening before, with the intelligence of Holder's defeat. Had the Indians arrived only a few hours later they would have found the fort occupied only by old men, women and children, who could not have resisted their attack for a moment. As it was, they found the garrison assembled and under arms, most of them busily engaged throughout the whole night, in preparing for an early march the following morning. The Indians could distinctly hear the bustle of preparation, and see lights glancing from block houses and cabins during the night, which must have led them to suspect that their approach had been discovered. All continued tranquil during the night, and Girty silently concerted the plan of attack.

The fort, consisting of about forty cabins placed in parallel lines, stands upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington.—The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort, on its north-western side—a great error in most of the stations, which, in a close and long continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for the want of water.

The great body of Indians placed themselves in ambush within half rifle shot of the spring, while one hundred select men were placed near the spot where the road now runs after passing the creek, with orders to open a brisk fire and show themselves to the garrison on that side, for the purpose of drawing them out, while the main body held themselves in readiness to rush upon the opposite gate of the fort, hew it down with their tomahawks, and force their way into the midst of the cabins. At dawn of day, the garrison paraded under arms, and were preparing to open their gates and march off, as already mentioned, when they were alarmed by a furious discharge of rifles, accompanied with yells and screams, which struck terror to the hearts of the women and children, and startled even the men. All ran hastily to the picketing, and beheld a small party of Indians exposed to open view, firing, yelling, and making the most furious gestures. The appearance was so singular, and so different from their usual manner of fighting, that some of the more wary and experienced of the garrison instantly pronounced it a decoy party, and restrained their young men from sallying out and attacking them, as some of them were strongly disposed to do. The opposite side of the fort was instantly manned, and several breaches in the picketing rapidly

repaired. Their greatest distress arose from the prospect of suffering for water. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambush near the spring, but at the same time they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves, until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded.— Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them, until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each to bring up a bucket full of water. Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves! observing that *they* were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps!— To this it was answered, that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambush was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if *men* should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambush, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring. The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker, on their return, and when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into rather an unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.

Being now amply supplied with water, they sent out thirteen young men to attack the decoy party, with orders to fire with great rapidity, and make as much noise as possible, but not to pursue the enemy too far, while the rest of the garrison took post on the opposite side of the fort, cocked their guns, and stood in readiness to receive the ambush as soon as it was unmasked. The firing of the light parties on the Lexington road was soon heard, and quickly became sharp and serious, gradually becoming more distant from the fort. Instantly, Girty sprang up at the head of his five hundred

warriors, and rushed rapidly upon the western gate, ready to force his way over the undefended palisades. Into this immense mass of dusky bodies, the garrison poured several rapid volleys of rifle balls with destructive effect. Their consternation may be imagined.—With wild cries they dispersed on the right and left, and in two minutes not an Indian was to be seen. At the same time, the party who had sallied out on the Lexington road, came running into the fort at the opposite gate, in high spirits, and laughing heartily at the success of their manœuvre.

A regular attack, in the usual manner, then commenced without much effect on either side, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when a new scene presented itself. Upon the first appearance of the Indians in the morning, two of the garrison, Tomlinson and Bell, had been mounted upon fleet horses, and sent to Lexington, announcing the arrival of the Indians and demanding reinforcements. Upon their arrival, a little after sunrise, they found the town occupied only by women and children, and a few old men, the rest having marched at the intelligence of Holder's defeat, to the general rendezvous at Hoy's station. The two couriers instantly followed at a gallop, and overtaking them on the road, informed them of the danger to which Lexington was exposed during their absence. The whole party, amounting to sixteen horsemen, and more than double that number on foot, with some additional volunteers from Boone's station instantly countermarched, and repaired with all possible expedition to Bryant's station. They were entirely ignorant of the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, or they would have proceeded with more caution. Tomlinson had only informed them that the station was surrounded, being himself ignorant of the numbers of the enemy. By great exertions, horse and foot appeared before Bryant's at two in the afternoon, and pressed forward with precipitate gallantry to throw themselves into the fort. The Indians, however, had been aware of the departure of the two couriers, who had, in fact, broken through their line in order to give the alarm, and expecting the arrival of reinforcements, had taken measures to meet them.

To the left of the long and narrow lane, where the Maysville and Lexington road now runs, there were more than one hundred acres of green standing corn. The usual road from Lexington to Bryant's, ran parallel to the fence of this field, and only a few feet distant from it. On the opposite side of the road was a thick wood. Here, more than three hundred Indians lay in ambush, within pistol shot of the road, awaiting the approach of the party. The horsemen came in view at a time when the firing had ceased and every thing was quiet. Seeing no enemy, and hearing no noise, they entered the lane at a gallop, and were instantly saluted with a shower of rifle balls, from each side at the distance of ten paces. At the first shot, the whole party set spurs to their horses, and rode at full speed through a rolling fire from either side, which continued for several hundred yards, but owing partly to the furious rate at which they rode, partly to the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet, they

all entered the fort unhurt. The men on foot were less fortunate. They were advancing through the cornfield, and might have reached the fort in safety, but for their eagerness to succor their friends.— Without reflecting, that from the weight and extent of the fire, the enemy must have been ten times their number, they ran up with inconsiderate courage, to the spot where the firing was heard, and there found themselves cut off from the fort, and within pistol shot of more than three hundred savages. Fortunately, the Indian guns had just been discharged, and they had not yet leisure to reload. At the sight of this brave body of footmen, however, they raised a hideous yell, and rushed upon them, tomahawk in hand. Nothing but the high corn and their loaded rifles, could have saved them from destruction. The Indians were cautious in rushing upon a loaded rifle, with only a tomahawk, and when they halted to load their pieces, the Kentuckians ran with great rapidity, turning and dodging through the corn in every direction. Some entered the wood and escaped through the thickets of cane, some were shot down in the cornfield, others maintained a running fight, halting occasionally behind trees and keeping the enemy at bay with their rifles, for, of all men, the Indians are generally the most cautious in exposing themselves to danger. A stout, active young fellow, was so hard pressed by Girty and several savages, that he was compelled to discharge his rifle, (however unwillingly, having no time to reload it,) and Girty fell. It happened, however, that a piece of thick seal-leather was in his shot-pouch at the time, which received the ball, and preserved his life, although the force of the blow felled him to the ground. The savages halted upon his fall, and the young man escaped. Although the skirmish and race lasted for more than an hour, during which the cornfield presented a scene of turmoil and bustle which can scarcely be conceived, yet very few lives were lost. Only six of the white men were killed and wounded, and probably still fewer of the enemy, as the whites never fired until absolutely necessary, but reserved their loads as a check upon the enemy. Had the Indians pursued them to Lexington, they might have possessed themselves of it without resistance, as there was no force there to oppose them; but after following the fugitives for a few hundred yards, they returned to the hopeless siege of the fort.

It was now near sunset, and the fire on both sides had slackened. The Indians had become discouraged. Their loss in the morning had been heavy, and the country was evidently arming, and would soon be upon them. They had made no impression upon the fort, and without artillery could hope to make none. The chiefs spoke of raising the siege and decamping, but Girty determined, since his arms had been unavailing, to try the efficacy of negotiation. Near one of the bastions there was a large stump, to which he crept on his hands and knees, and from which he hailed the garrison. "He highly commended their courage, but assured them, that further resistance would be madness, as he had six hundred warriors with him, and was in hourly expectation of reinforcements, with artillery,

which would instantly blow their cabins into the air ; that if the fort was taken by storm, as it certainly would be, when their cannon arrived, it would be impossible for him to save their lives ; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor, that not a hair of their heads should be injured. He told them his name, enquired whether they knew him, and assured them, that they might safely trust to his honor." The garrison listened in silence to his speech, and many of them looked very blank at the mention of the artillery, as the Indians had, on one occasion, brought cannon with them, and destroyed two stations. But a young man by the name of Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy, and a frolicsome gaiety of temper, perceiving the effect of Girty's speech, took upon himself to reply to it. To Girty's enquiry of "whether the garrison knew him?" Reynolds replied, "that he was very well known—that he himself had a worthless dog to which he had given the name of 'Simon Girty,' in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name. That if he had either artillery or reinforcements, he might bring them up and be ——. That if either himself or any of the naked rascals with him, found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone ; and finally, he declared, that *they* also expected reinforcements—that the whole country was marching to their assistance, and that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roof of their cabins." Girty took great offence at the tone and language of the young Kentuckian, and retired with an expression of sorrow for the inevitable destruction which awaited them on the following morning. He quickly rejoined the chiefs, and instant preparations were made for raising the siege. The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquility, and at daylight in the morning, the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated a short time before daylight.

Early in the day, reinforcements began to drop in, and by noon, one hundred and sixty seven men were assembled at Bryant's station. Colonel Daniel Boone, accompanied by his youngest son, headed a strong party from Boonsborough ; Trigg brought up the force from the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, and Todd commanded the militia around Lexington. Nearly a third of the whole number assembled, was composed of commissioned officers, who hurried from a distance to the scene of hostilities, and for the time took their station in the ranks. Of those under the rank of Colonel, the most conspicuous were, Majors Harland, McBride, McGary, and Levy Todd, and Captains Bulger and Gordon. Of the six last named officers, all fell in the subsequent battle, except Todd and McGary. Todd and Trigg, as senior Colonels, took the command, although their authority seems to have been in a great measure nominal. That, however, was

of less consequence, as a sense of common danger is often more binding than the strictest discipline. A tumultuous consultation, in which every one seems to have a voice, terminated in a unanimous resolution to pursue the enemy without delay. It was well known that General Logan had collected a strong force in Lincoln, and would join them at farthest in twenty four hours. It was distinctly understood that the enemy was at least double, and, according to Girty's account, more than treble their own numbers. It was seen that their trail was broad and obvious, and that even some indications of a tardiness and willingness to be pursued, had been observed by their scouts, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, and from which it might reasonably be inferred that they would halt on the way—at least march so leisurely as to permit them to wait for the aid of Logan. Yet so keen was the ardor of officer and soldier, that all these obvious reasons were overlooked, and in the afternoon of the 18th of August, the line of march was taken up, and the pursuit urged with that precipitate courage which has so often been fatal to Kentuckians. Most of the officers and many of the privates were mounted.

The Indians had followed the buffalo trace, and as if to render their trail still more evident, they had chopped many of the trees on each side of the road with their hatchets. These strong indications of tardiness, made some impression upon the cool and calculating mind of Boone, but it was too late to advise retreat. They encamped that night in the woods, and on the following day reached the fatal boundary of their pursuit! At the Lower Blue Licks, for the first time since the pursuit commenced, they came within view of an enemy. As the miscellaneous crowd of horse and foot reached the southern bank of Licking, they saw a number of Indians ascending the rocky ridge on the other side. They halted upon the appearance of the Kentuckians, gazed at them for a few moments in silence, and then calmly and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill.—A halt immediately ensued. A dozen or twenty officers met in front of the ranks, and entered into consultation. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of their being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a portion of seriousness bordering upon awe. All eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Col. Todd asked his opinion as to what should be done. The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied, "that their situation was critical and delicate—that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared upon the crest of the hill: that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner, that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger. It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things. Either to await the arrival of Logan,

who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them, or if it was determined to attack without delay, that one half of their number should march up the river, which there bends in an elliptical form, cross at the rapids, and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while the other division attacked in front. At any rate, he strongly urged the necessity of reconnoitering the ground carefully before the main body crossed the river." Such was the counsel of Boone. And although no measure could have been much more disastrous than that which was adopted, yet it may be doubted if any thing short of an immediate retreat upon Logan, could have saved this gallant body of men from the fate which they encountered. If they divided their force, the enemy, as in Estill's case, might have overwhelmed them in detail—if they remained where they were, without advancing, the enemy would certainly have attacked them, probably in the night, and with a certainty of success. They had committed a great error at first in not waiting for Logan, and nothing short of a retreat, which would have been considered disgraceful, could now repair it.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. Some wished to adopt the first plan—others preferred the second, and the discussion threatened to be drawn out to some length, when the boiling ardor of McGary, who could never endure the presence of an enemy without instant battle, stimulated him to an act which had nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the war cry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head and shouted, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" The words and the action together, produced an electric effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, each striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass. No order was given and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford as well as they could, McGary still leading the van, closely followed by Majors Harland and McBride. With the same rapidity they ascended the ridge, which, by the trampling of buffalo forages, had been stripped bare of all vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarfish cedars, and which was rendered still more desolate in appearance by the multitude of rocks, blackened by the sun, which were spread over its surface. Upon reaching the top of the ridge, they followed the buffalo traces with the same precipitate ardor—Todd and Trigg in the rear; McGary, Harland, McBride and Boone in front. No scouts were sent in advance—none explored either flank—officers and soldiers seemed alike demoralized by the contagious example of a single man, and all struggled forward, horse and foot, as if to outstrip each other in the advance.

Suddenly, the van halted. They had reached the spot mentioned by Boone, where two ravines head, on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van.—McGary's party instantly returned the fire, but under great disadvantage. They were upon a bare and open ridge—the Indians in a bushy ravine. The centre and rear, ignorant of the ground, hurried

up to the assistance of the van, but were soon stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine that flanked them. They found themselves enclosed as if in the wings of a net, destitute of a proper shelter, while the enemy were in a great measure covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground. The action became warm and bloody. The parties gradually closed, the Indians emerged from the ravine, and the fire became mutually destructive. The officers suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg, in the rear—Harland, McBride, and young Boone, in front, were already killed. The Indians gradually extended their line, to turn the right of the Kentuckians, and cut off their retreat. This was quickly perceived by the weight of the fire from that quarter, and the rear instantly fell back in disorder, and attempted to rush through their only opening to the river. The motion quickly communicated itself to the van, and a hurried retreat became general. The Indians instantly sprung forward in pursuit, and falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the wings of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat. Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join the pursuit. After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford, by swimming, and entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. In the mean time, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford. The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to seek a passage above by swimming—some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind, equally noble and unexpected. Being finely mounted he had outstripped the great mass of fugitives, and crossed the river in safety. A dozen or twenty horsemen accompanied him, and having placed the river between them and the enemy, showed a disposition to continue their flight, without regard to the safety of their friends who were on foot and still struggling with the current. Netherland instantly checked his horse, and in a loud voice, called upon his companions to halt!—fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. The party instantly obeyed—and facing about, poured a fatal discharge of rifles

upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety. The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryant's.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle ground to the ford, the loss was very heavy; and at that stage of the retreat there occurred a rare and striking instance of magnanimity, which it would be criminal to omit. The reader cannot have forgotten young Reynolds, who replied with such rough but ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty, at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of the fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was in the highest degree critical and dangerous. About half way between the battle ground and the river, the party overtook Captain Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight and, in consequence of former wounds received from the Indians, so infirm as to be unable to keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with this brave officer, instantly sprung from his horse, aided Patterson to mount upon the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he contrived to elude his pursuers, and turning off from the main road, plunged into the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water, as to prevent his exerting himself with his usual activity, and while sitting down for the purpose of pulling them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians and made prisoner. A prisoner is rarely put to death by the Indians, unless wounded or infirm, until they return to their own country; and then his fate is decided in solemn council. Young Reynolds, therefore, was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention, and he was left in charge of three Indians, who, eager in pursuit, in turn committed him to the charge of one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds and his guard jogged along very leisurely,—the former totally unarmed, the latter with a tomahawk and rifle in his hands. At length the Indian stooped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds instantly sprung upon him, knocked him down with his fist, and quickly disappeared in the thicket which surrounded them. For this act of generosity, Captain Patterson afterwards made him a present of two hundred acres of first-rate land.

Late in the evening of the same day, most of the survivors arrived at Bryant's station. The melancholy intelligence spread rapidly

throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Sixty men had been killed in the battle and flight, and seven had been taken prisoners, of whom some were afterwards put to death by the Indians, as was said, to make their loss even. This account, however, appears very improbable. It is almost incredible that the Indians should have suffered an equal loss. Their superiority of numbers, their advantage of position, (being in a great measure sheltered, while the Kentuckians, particularly the horsemen, were much exposed,) the extreme brevity of the battle, and the acknowledged boldness of the pursuit, all tend to contradict the report that the Indian loss exceeded ours. We have no doubt that some of the prisoners were murdered, after arriving at their towns, but cannot believe that the reason assigned for so ordinary a piece of barbarity was the true one. Still the execution done by the Kentuckians, while the battle lasted, seems to have been considerable, although far inferior to the loss which they themselves sustained. Todd and Trigg were a severe loss to their families, and to the country generally. They were men of rank in life, superior to the ordinary class of settlers, and generally esteemed for courage, probity and intelligence. The death of Major Harland was deeply and universally regretted. A keen courage, united to a temper the most amiable, and an integrity the most incorruptible, had rendered him extremely popular in the country. Together with his friend McBride, he accompanied McGary in the van, and both fell in the commencement of the action. McGary, notwithstanding the extreme exposure of his station, as leader of the van, and consequently most deeply involved in the ranks of the enemy, escaped without the slightest injury. This gentleman will ever be remembered, as associated with the disaster of which he was the immediate, although not the original cause. He has always been represented as a man of fiery and daring courage, strongly tinctured with ferocity, and unsoftened by any of the humane and gentle qualities, which awaken affection. In the hour of battle, his presence was invaluable, but in civil life, the ferocity of his temper rendered him an unpleasant companion.

Several years after the battle of the Blue Licks, a gentleman of Kentucky, since dead, fell in company with McGary at one of the circuit courts, and the conversation soon turned upon the battle.— McGary frankly acknowledged that he was the immediate cause of the loss of blood on that day, and, with great heat and energy, assigned his reasons for urging on the battle. He said that in the hurried council which was held at Bryant's, on the 18th, he had strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to halt for twenty-four hours, assuring them, that with the aid of Logan, they would be able to follow them even to Chillicothe if necessary, and that their numbers *then* were too weak to encounter them alone. He offered, he said, to pledge his head, that the Indians would not return with such precipitation as was supposed, but would afford ample time to collect more force, and give them battle with a prospect of success. He added, that Col. Todd scouted his arguments, and declared that "if

a single day was lost the Indians would never be overtaken—but would cross the Ohio and disperse; that now was the time to strike them, while they were in a body—that to talk of their numbers was nonsense—the more the merrier!—that for his part he was determined to pursue without a moment's delay, and did not doubt that there were brave men enough on the ground to enable him to attack them with effect." McGary declared, "that he felt somewhat nettled at the manner in which his advice had been received; that he thought Todd and Trigg jealous of Logan, who, as senior Colonel, would be entitled to the command upon his arrival; and that, in their eagerness to have the honor of the victory to themselves, they were rashly throwing themselves into a condition, which would endanger the safety of the country. However, sir, (continued he, with an air of unamiable triumph,) when I saw the gentlemen so keen for a fight, I gave way, and joined in the pursuit, as willingly as any; but when we came in sight of the enemy, and the gentlemen began to talk of 'numbers,' 'position,' 'Logan,' and 'waiting,' I burst into a passion, d—d them for a set of cowards, who could not be wise until they were scared into it, and swore that since they had come so far for a fight, they *should fight*, or I would disgrace them forever! That when I spoke of waiting for Logan on the day before, they had scouted the idea, and hinted something about 'courage,'—that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were d—d cowards, that could talk big when the enemy were at a distance, but turned pale when danger was near. I then dashed into the river, and called upon all who were not cowards to follow!" The gentleman upon whose authority it is given added, that even then, McGary spoke with bitterness of the deceased Colonels, and swore that they had received just what they deserved, and that he for one was glad of it.

That the charge of McGary, in its full extent, was unjust, there can be no doubt; at the same time, it is in accordance with the known principles of human nature, to suppose that the natural ardor of the officers—both young men—should be stimulated by the hope of gaining a victory, the honor of which would be given them as commanders. The number of the Indians was not distinctly known, and if their retreat had been ordinarily precipitate, they would certainly have crossed the Ohio before Logan could have joined. But, leaving all the facts to speak for themselves, we will proceed with our narrative.

On the very day on which this rash and unfortunate battle was fought, Col. Logan arrived at Bryant's station at the head of no less than four hundred and fifty men. He here learned that the little army had marched on the preceding day, without waiting for so strong and necessary a reinforcement. Fearful of some such disaster as had actually occurred, he urged his march with the utmost diligence, still hoping to overtake them before they could cross the Ohio; but within a few miles of the fort, he encountered the foremost of the fugitives, whose jaded horses, and harassed looks, an-

nounced but too plainly the event of the battle. As usual with men after a defeat, they magnified the number of the enemy and the slaughter of their comrades. None knew the actual extent of their loss. They could only be certain of their own escape, and could give no account of their companions. Fresh stragglers constantly came up, with the same mournful intelligence; so that Logan, after some hesitation, determined to return to Byrant's until all the survivors should come up. In the course of the evening, both horse and foot were reassembled at Bryant's, and the loss was distinctly ascertained. Although sufficiently severe, it was less than Logan had at first apprehended; and having obtained all the information which could be collected, as to the strength and probable destination of the enemy, he determined to continue his march to the battle ground, with the hope that success would embolden the enemy, and induce them to remain until his arrival. On the second day he reached the field. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied, on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognise the features of their most particular friends. Many corpses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected, by order of Col. Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit. Being satisfied that the Indians were by this time far beyond his reach, he then retraced his steps to Bryant's station and dismissed his men.

As soon as intelligence of the battle of the Blue Licks reached Col. George Rogers Clark, who then resided at the falls of Ohio, he determined to set on foot an expedition against the Indian towns, for the purpose, both of avenging the loss of the battle, and rousing the spirit of the country, which had begun to sink into the deepest dejection. He proposed that one thousand men should be raised from all parts of Kentucky, and should rendezvous at Cincinnati, under the command of their respective officers, where he engaged to meet them at the head of a part of the Illinois regiment, then under his command, together with one brass field piece, which was regarded by the Indians with superstitious terror. The offer was embraced with great alacrity; and instant measures were taken for the collection of a sufficient number of volunteers.

The whole force of the interior was assembled, under the command of Col. Logan, and descending the Licking in boats prepared for the purpose, arrived safely at the designated point of union, where they were joined by Clark, with the volunteers and regular detachment from below. No provision was made for the subsistence of the troops, and the sudden concentration of one thousand men and horses upon a single point, rendered it extremely difficult to procure the necessary supplies. The woods abounded in game—but the rapidity and secrecy of their march, which was absolutely essential

to the success of the expedition, did not allow them to disperse in search of it. They suffered greatly, therefore, from hunger as well as fatigue; but all being accustomed to privations of every kind, they prosecuted their march with unabated rapidity, and appeared within a mile of one of their largest villages, without encountering a single Indian. Here, unfortunately, a straggler fell in with them, and instantly fled to the village, uttering the alarm whoop repeatedly in the shrillest and most startling tones. The troops pressed forward with great despatch, and entering their town, found it totally deserted. The houses had evidently been abandoned only a few minutes before their arrival. Fires were burning, meat was upon the roasting sticks, and corn was still boiling in their kettles. The provisions were a most acceptable treat to the Kentuckians, who were well nigh famished, but the escape of their enemies excited deep and universal chagrin.

After refreshing themselves, they engaged in the serious business of destroying the property of the tribes with unrelenting severity. Their villages were burnt, their corn cut up, and their whole country laid waste. During the whole of this severe, but necessary occupation, scarcely an Indian was to be seen. The alarm had spread universally, and every village was found deserted. Occasionally, a solitary Indian would crawl up within gunshot, and deliver his fire; and once a small party, mounted upon superb horses, rode up with great audacity, within musket shot, and took a leisurely survey of the whole army, but upon seeing a detachment preparing to attack them, they galloped off with a rapidity that baffled pursuit.

Boone accompanied this expedition, but, as usual, has omitted every thing which relates to himself. Here the brief memoir of Boone closes. It does not appear that he was afterwards engaged in any public expedition or solitary adventure. He continued a highly respectable citizen of Kentucky for several years, until the country became too thickly settled for *his* taste. As refinement of manners advanced, and the general standard of intelligence became elevated by the constant arrival of families of rank and influence, the rough old woodsman found himself entirely out of his element. He could neither read nor write—the all-engaging subject of politics, which soon began to agitate the country with great violence, was to him as a sealed book or an unknown language, and for several years he wandered among the living groups which thronged the court yard or the churches, like a venerable relic of other days. He was among them, but not of them! He pined in secret for the wild and lonely forests of the west—for the immense prairie, trodden only by the buffalo, or the elk, and became eager to exchange the listless languor and security of a village, for the healthful exercise of the chase, or the more thrilling excitement of savage warfare.

In 1792, he dictated his brief and rather dry memoirs to some young gentleman who could write, and who has garnished it with a few flourishes of rhetoric, which passed off upon the old woodsman as a precious morsel of eloquence. He was never more gratified than

when he could sit and hear it read to him, by some one who was willing at so small an expense to gratify the harmless vanity of the kind hearted old pioneer. He would listen with great earnestness, and occasionally rub his hands, smile, and ejaculate, "all true! every word true!—not a lie in it!" He shortly afterwards left Kentucky, and removed to Louisiana. Hunting was his daily amusement, and almost his only occupation. Until the day of his death, (and he lived to an unusually advanced age,) he was in the habit of remaining for days at a time in the forest, at a distance from the abodes of men, armed with a rifle, hatchet, knife, and having flints and steels to enable him to kindle a fire, and boil the wild game upon which he depended for subsistence. When too old to walk through the woods, as was his custom when young, he would ride to a lick, and there lay in ambush all day, for the sake of getting a shot at the herds of deer which were accustomed to visit the spot, for the sake of the salt. We have heard that he died in the woods, while lying in ambush near a lick, but have not at present the means of ascertaining with certainty the manner of his death. He has left behind him a name strongly written in the annals of Kentucky, and a reputation for calm courage, softened by humanity, conducted by prudence, and embellished by a singular modesty of deportment. His person was rough, robust, and indicating strength rather than activity; his manner was cold, grave and taciturn; his countenance homely, but kind; his conversation unadorned, unobtrusive, and touching only upon the "needful." He never spoke of himself, unless particularly questioned; but the written account of his life was the Delilah of his imagination. The idea of "seeing his name in print," completely overcame the cold philosophy of his general manner, and he seemed to think it a masterpiece of composition.



SIMON KENTON.

SIMON KENTON was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 15th of May, 1755, the ever memorable year of Braddock's defeat. Of his early years nothing is known. His parents were poor, and until the age of sixteen, his days seem to have passed away in the obscure and laborious drudgery of a farm. He was never taught to read or write, and to this early negligence or inability on the part of his parents, is the poverty and desolation of his old age, in a great measure to be attributed. At the age of sixteen, by an unfortunate adventure, he was launched into life, with no other fortune, than a stout heart, and a robust set of limbs. It seems that, young as he was, his heart had become entangled in the snares of a young coquette in the neighborhood, who was grievously perplexed by the necessity of choosing *one* husband out of *many* lovers. Young Kenton and a robust farmer by the name of Leitchman, seem to have been the most favored suitors, and the young lady, not being able to decide upon their respective merits, they took the matter into their own hands, and, in consequence of foul play on the part of Leitchman's friends, young Kenton was beaten with great severity. He submitted to his fate, for the time, in silence, but internally vowed, that as soon as he had obtained his full growth, he would take ample vengeance upon his rival, for the disgrace he had sustained at his hands. He waited patiently until the following spring, when finding himself six feet high, and full of health and action, he determined to delay the hour of retribution no longer.

He accordingly walked over to Leitchman's house one morning, and finding him busily engaged in carrying shingles from the woods, to his own house, he stopped him, told him his object, and desired him to adjourn to a spot more convenient for the purpose. Leitchman, confident in his superior age and strength, was not backward in testifying his willingness to indulge him in so amiable a pastime, and having reached a solitary spot in the wood, they both stripped and prepared for the encounter. The battle was fought with all the fury which mutual hate, jealousy, and herculean power on both sides, could supply, and after a severe round, in which considerable damage was done and received, Kenton was brought to the ground. Leitchman (as usual in Virginia) sprung upon him without the least scruple, and added the most bitter taunts, to the kicks with which he saluted him, from his head to his heels, reminding him of his former defeat, and rubbing salt into the raw wounds of jealousy, by triumphant allusions to his own superiority both in love and war. During these active operations on the part of Leitchman, Kenton lay perfectly still, eying attentively a small bush which grew near them. It in-

standly occurred to him, that if he could wind Leitchman's hair, (which was remarkably long,) around this bush, he would be able to return those kicks which were now bestowed upon him in such profusion. The difficulty was to get his antagonist near enough. This he at length effected in the good old Virginia style, viz: by biting him *en arriere*, and compelling him, by short springs, to approach the bush, much as a bullock is goaded on to approach the fatal ring, where all his struggles are useless. When near enough, Kenton suddenly exerted himself violently, and succeeded in wrapping the long hair of his rival around the sapling. He then sprung to his feet, and inflicted a terrible revenge for all his past injuries. In a few seconds Leitchman was gasping, apparently in the agonies of death. Kenton instantly fled, without even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward.

During the first day of his journey, he travelled in much agitation. He supposed that Leitchman was dead, and that the hue and cry would instantly be raised after himself as the murderer. The constant apprehension of a gallows, lent wings to his flight, and he scarcely allowed himself a moment for refreshment, until he had reached the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, where the settlements were thin and the immediate danger of pursuit was over.— Here, he fortunately fell in with an exile from the state of New Jersey, of the name of Johnson, who was travelling westward on foot, and driving a single pack horse, laden with a few necessaries, before him. They soon became acquainted, related their adventures to each other, and agreed to travel together. They plunged boldly into the wilderness of the Allegheny mountains, and subsisting upon wild game and a small quantity of flour, which Johnson had brought with him, they made no halt until they arrived at a small settlement on Cheat river, one of the prongs of the Monongahela. Here the two friends separated, and Kenton, (who had assumed the name of Butler,) attached himself to a small company headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, who had united for the purpose of exploring the country. They quickly built a large canoe, and descended the river as far as the Province's settlement. There Kenton became acquainted with two young adventurers, Yager and Strader, the former of whom had been taken by the Indians when a child, and had spent many years in their village. He informed Kenton that there was a country below, which the Indians called Kan-tuck-ee, which was a perfect Elysium: that the ground was not only the richest, and the vegetation the most luxuriant in the world, but that the immense herds of buffalo and elk, which ranged at large through its forests, would appear incredible to one who had never witnessed such a spectacle. He added, that it was entirely uninhabited, and was open to all who chose to hunt there; that he himself had often accompanied the Indians in their grand hunting parties through the country, and was confident that he could conduct him to the same ground, if he was willing to venture.

Kenton closed with the proposal, and announced his readiness to

accompany him immediately. A canoe was speedily procured, and the three young men committed themselves to the waters of the Ohio, in search of the enchanted hunting ground, which Yager had visited in his youth, while a captive among the Indians. Yager had no idea of its exact distance from Province's settlement. He recollected only that he had crossed the Ohio in order to reach it, and declared that, by sailing down the river for a few days, they would come to the spot where the Indians were accustomed to cross, and assured Kenton that there would be no difficulty in recognizing it, that its appearance was different from all the rest of the world, &c.

Fired by Yager's glowing description of its beauty, and eager to reach this new El Dorado of the west, the young men rowed hard for several days, confidently expecting that every bend of the river would usher them into the land of promise. No such country, however, appeared; and at length Kenton and Strader became rather sceptical as to its existence at all. They rallied Yager freely upon the subject, who still declared positively that they would soon witness the confirmation of all that he had said. After descending, however, as low as the spot where Manchester now stands, and seeing nothing which resembled Yager's country, they held a council, in which it was determined to return and survey the country more carefully—Yager still insisting, that they must have passed it in the night. They accordingly retraced their steps, and successively explored the land about Salt Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyanclotte. At length, being totally wearied out, in searching for what had no existence, they turned their attention entirely to hunting and trapping, and spent nearly two years upon the Great Kenawha, in this agreeable and profitable occupation. They obtained clothing in exchange for their furs, from the traders of Fort Pitt, and the forest supplied them abundantly with wild game for food.

In March, 1773, while reposing in their tent, after the labors of the day, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. Strader was killed at the first fire, and Kenton and Yager with difficulty effected their escape, being compelled to abandon their guns, blankets, and provisions, and commit themselves to the wilderness, without the means of sheltering themselves from the cold, procuring a morsel of food, or even kindling a fire. They were far removed from any white settlement, and had no other prospect than that of perishing by famine, or falling a sacrifice to the fury of such Indians as might chance to meet them. Reflecting, however, that it was never too late for men to make an effort against being utterly lost, they determined to strike through the woods for the Ohio river, and take such fortune as it should please heaven to bestow.

Directing their route by the barks of trees, they pressed forward in a straight direction for the Ohio, and during the two first days allayed the piercing pangs of hunger by chewing such roots as they could find on their way. On the third day, their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which at first had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by a nausea, accompanied with dizziness and

sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day, they often threw themselves upon the ground, determined to await the approach of death—and as often were stimulated by the instinctive love of life, to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth, they were completely exhausted, and were able only to crawl, at intervals. In this manner, they travelled about a mile during the day, and succeeded, by sunset, in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions.

The traders were so much startled at the idea of being exposed to perils, such as those which Kenton and Yager had just escaped, that they lost no time in removing from such a dangerous vicinity, and instantly returned to the mouth of the Little Kenawha, where they met with Dr. Briscoe at the head of another exploring party. From him, Kenton obtained a rifle and some ammunition, with which he again plunged alone into the forest and hunted with success until the summer of '73 was far advanced. Returning, then, to the Little Kenawha, he found a party of fourteen men under the direction of Dr. Wood and Hancock Lee, who were descending the Ohio with the view of joining Capt. Bullitt, who was supposed to be at the mouth of Scioto, with a large party. Kenton instantly joined them, and descended the river in canoes as far as the Three Islands, landing frequently and examining the country on each side of the river. At the Three Islands they were alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians, by whom they were compelled to abandon their canoes and strike diagonally through the wilderness for Greenbriar county Virginia. They suffered much during this journey from fatigue and famine, and were compelled at one time (notwithstanding the danger of their situation,) to halt for fourteen days and wait upon Dr. Wood, who had unfortunately been bitten by a copperhead snake and rendered incapable of moving for that length of time. Upon reaching the settlements the party separated.

Kenton, not wishing to venture to Virginia, (having heard nothing of Leitchman's recovery,) built a canoe on the banks of the Monongahela, and returned to the mouth of the Great Kenawha, hunted with success until the spring of '74, when a war broke out between the Indian tribes and the colonies, occasioned, in a great measure, by the murder of the family of the celebrated Indian Chief, Logan.—Kenton was not in the great battle near the mouth of the Kenawha, but acted as a spy throughout the whole of the campaign, in the course of which, he traversed the country around Fort Pitt, and a large part of the present state of Ohio.

When Dunmore's forces were disbanded, Kenton, in company with two others, determined on making a second effort to discover the rich lands bordering on the Ohio, of which Yager had spoken. Having built a canoe, and provided themselves abundantly with ammunition, they descended the river as far as the mouth of Big Bone Creek, upon which the celebrated Lick of that name is situated. They there disembarked, and explored the country for several days; but not

finding the land equal to their expectations, they re-ascended the river as far as the mouth of Cabin Creek, a few miles above Maysville.

From this point, they set out with a determination to examine the country carefully, until they could find land answering in some degree to Yager's description. In a short time, they reached the neighborhood of Mayslick, and for the first time were struck with the uncommon beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. Here they fell in with the great buffalo trace, which in a few hours, brought them to the Lower Blue Lick. The flats upon each side of the river were crowded with immense herds of buffalo, that had come down from the interior for the sake of the salt, and a number of elk were seen upon the bare ridges which surrounded the springs. Their great object was now achieved. They had discovered a country far more rich than any which they had yet beheld, and where the game seemed as abundant as the grass of the plain.

After remaining a few days at the Lick, and killing an immense number of deer and buffalo, they crossed the Licking, and passed through the present counties of Scott, Fayette, Woodford, Clarke, Montgomery and Bath, when, falling in with another buffalo trace, it conducted them to the Upper Blue Lick, where they again beheld elk and buffalo in immense numbers. Highly gratified at the success of their expedition, they quickly returned to their canoe, and ascended the river as far as Green Bottom, where they had left their skins, some ammunition, and a few hoes, which they had procured at Kenawha, with the view of cultivating the rich ground which they expected to find.

Returning as quickly as possible, they built a cabin on the spot where the town of Washington now stands, and having cleared an acre of ground, in the centre of a large canebrake, they planted it with Indian corn. Strolling about the country in various directions, they one day fell in with two white men, near the Lower Blue Lick, who had lost their guns, blankets, and ammunition, and were much distressed for provisions and the means of extricating themselves from the wilderness. They informed them that their names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks; that, in descending the Ohio, their canoe had been overset by a sudden squall; that they were compelled to swim ashore, without being able to save any thing from the wreck; that they had wandered thus far through the woods, in the effort to penetrate through the country, to the settlements above, but must infallibly perish, unless they could be furnished with guns and ammunition.—Kenton informed them of the small settlement which he had opened at Washington, and invited them to join him and share such fortune as Providence might bestow. Hendricks consented to remain, but Fitzpatrick, being heartily sick of the woods, insisted upon returning to the Monongahela. Kenton and his two friends, accompanied Fitzpatrick to "the point," as it was then called, being the spot where Maysville now stands, and having given him a gun, &c., assisted him in crossing the river, and took leave of him on the other side.

In the mean time, Hendricks had been left at the Blue Licks, with-

out a gun, but with a good supply of provisions, until the party could return from the river. As soon as Fitzpatrick had gone, Kenton and his two friends hastened to return to the Lick, not doubting for a moment, that they would find Hendricks in camp as they had left him. Upon arriving at the point where the tent had stood, however, they were alarmed at finding it deserted, with evident marks of violence around it. Several bullet holes were to be seen in the poles of which it was constructed, and various articles belonging to Hendricks, were tossed about in too negligent a manner, to warrant the belief that it had been done by him. At a little distance from the camp, in a low ravine, they observed a thick smoke, as if from a fire just beginning to burn. They did not doubt for a moment, that Hendricks had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and believing that a party of them were then assembled around the fire which was about to be kindled, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled faster and farther than true chivalry perhaps would justify. They remained at a distance until the evening of the next day, when they ventured cautiously to return to camp. The fire was still burning, although faintly, and after carefully reconnoitering the adjacent ground, they ventured at length to approach the spot, and there beheld the skull and bones of their unfortunate friend! He had evidently been roasted to death by a party of Indians, and must have been alive at the time when Kenton and his companion approached on the preceding day. It was a subject of deep regret to the party, that they had not reconnoitered the spot more closely, as it was probable that their friend might have been rescued. The number of Indians might have been small, and a brisk and unexpected attack might have dispersed them. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and they sadly retraced their steps to their camp at Washington, pondering upon the uncertainty of their own condition, and upon the danger to which they were hourly exposed from the numerous bands of hostile Indians, who were prowling around them in every direction.

They remained at Washington, entirely undisturbed, until the month of September, when again visiting the Lick, they saw a white man, who informed them that the interior of the country was already occupied by the whites, and that there was a thriving settlement at Boonsborough. Highly gratified at this intelligence, and anxious once more to enjoy the society of men, they broke up their encampment at Washington, and visited the different stations which had been formed in the country. Kenton sustained two sieges in Boonsborough, and served as a spy, with equal diligence and success, until the summer of '78, when Boone, returning from captivity, as has already been mentioned, concerted an expedition against the small Indian towns on Paint Creek. Kenton acted as a spy on this expedition, and after crossing the Ohio, being some distance in advance of the rest, he was suddenly started by hearing a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was just about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a re-

petition of the noise. In a few minutes, two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a small poney, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach within good rifle distance, he raised his gun, and aiming at the breast of the foremost, pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded. Their frightened poney galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party, who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man and to tomahawk his wounded companion, according to the usual rule of western warfare; but, when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was arrested by a rustling in the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person. A quick spring to one side, on his part, was instantly followed by the flash and report of their rifles—the balls whistled close to his ears, causing him involuntarily to duck his head, but doing him no injury. Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the wood, leaving the dead Indian unscalped and the wounded man to the care of his friends. Scarcely had he treed, when a dozen Indians appeared on the edge of the canebrake, and seemed disposed to press on him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were instantly relieved by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as a due regard for the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the canebrake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was abandoned, and Kenton at last had the gratification of taking his scalp!

Boone, as has already been mentioned, instantly retraced his steps to Boonsborough; but Kenton and his friend Montgomery, determined to proceed alone to the Indian town, and at least to obtain some recompense for the trouble of their journey. Approaching the village with the cautious stealthy pace of the cat or panther, they took their station upon the edge of the cornfield, supposing that the Indians would enter it as usual to gather roasting ears.—They remained here patiently all day, but did not see a single Indian, and heard only the voices of some children who were playing near them. Being disappointed in the hope of getting a shot, they entered the Indian town in the night, and stealing four good horses, made a rapid night's march for the Ohio, which they crossed in safety, and on the second day afterwards reached Logan's fort with their booty.

Scarcely had he returned, when Col. Bowman ordered him to take his friend Montgomery, and another young man named Clark, and go on a secret expedition to an Indian town on the Little Miami,

against which the Colonel meditated an expedition, and of the exact condition of which he wished to have certain information. They instantly sat out, in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the town without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the houses during the night with perfect impunity. Thus far all had gone well—and had they been contented to return after the due execution of their orders, they would have avoided the heavy calamity which awaited them. But, unfortunately during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They each mounted a horse, but not satisfied with that, they could not find it in their hearts to leave a single animal behind them, and as some of the horses seemed indisposed to change masters, the affair was attended with so much fracas, that at last they were discovered. The cry ran through the village at once, that the Long Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams, and old and young, squaws, boys and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from these greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends quickly discovered that they had overshot the mark, and that they must ride for their lives; but even in this extremity, they could not bring themselves to give up a single horse which they had haltered, and while two of them rode in front and led, I know not how many horses, the other brought up the rear, and playing his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind. In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate, with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused for a few moments and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance, in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction towards the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment—and halting for a few minutes at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night, and by this uncommon expedition, on the morning of the second day they reached the northern bank of the Ohio. Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit which they had reason to expect, rendered it necessary to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft in order to transport their guns, baggage and ammunition to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side. In a very few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, which stemmed the current much more vigorously than himself. The horses being thus left to themselves, turned about and swam again to the shore, where Ken-

ton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts as to be unable to swim. A council was then held and the question proposed, "what was to be done?" That the Indians would pursue them, was certain—that the horses would not, and could not be made to cross the river in its present state, was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses and take such fortune as heaven should send? The latter alternative was unanimously adopted. Death or captivity might be tolerated—but to lose so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

As soon as it was determined that themselves and horses were to share the same fate, it again became necessary to fix upon some probable plan of saving them. Should they move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter course was adopted. It was supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage, and as it was supposed that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal the horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood. A more miserable plan could not have been adopted. If they could not consent to sacrifice their horses, in order to save their own lives, they should have moved either up or down the river, and thus have preserved the distance from the Indians which their rapidity of movement had gained. The Indians would have followed their trail, and being twenty-four hours march behind them, could never have overtaken them. But neglecting this obvious consideration, they stupidly sat down until sunset, expecting that the river would be more calm. The day passed away in tranquility, but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the waters became so rough, that even their raft would have been scarcely able to cross. Not an instant more should have been lost, in moving from so dangerous a post; but, as if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning—thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in total idleness. In the morning the wind abated, and the river became calm—but it was now too late. Their horses, recollecting the difficulty of the passage on the preceding day, had become as obstinate and heedless as their masters, and positively and repeatedly refused to take the water. Finding every effort to compel them entirely unavailing, their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. Each resolved to mount a horse and make the best of his way down the river to Louisville. Had even this resolution, however tardily adopted, been executed with decision, the party would probably have been saved, but after they were mounted, instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of their horses, which had broken from them in the last effort to drive them into the water. They wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horse-

flesh. They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the centre, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them,) when Kenton heard a loud halloo, apparently coming from the spot which they had just left. Instead of getting out of the way as fast as possible, and trusting to the speed of his horse and the thickness of the wood for safety, he put the last capping stone to his imprudence, and dismounting, walked leisurely back to meet his pursuers, and thus give them as little trouble as possible. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulders, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed. The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him.— Now, at last, when flight could be of no service, Kenton betook himself to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed.— He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, where there was much fallen timber and rank growth of underwood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was leaving the fallen timber and entering the open wood, an Indian on horseback galloped round the corner of the wood, and approached him so rapidly as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand and calling out "brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observed that if his gun would have made fire he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if he would give him quarter and good treatment. Promises were cheap with the Indians, and he showered them out by the dozen, continuing all the while to advance with extended hands and a winking grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy. Seizing Kenton's hand, he grasped it with violence.— Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian who had followed him closely through the brushwood, instantly sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had just approached him then seized him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, they all fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, (and they were neither few nor far between,) they would repeat, in a tone of strong indignation, "steal Indian hoss!! hey!!!"

Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark very prudently consulted his own safety by betaking himself to his heels, leaving his unfortunate companions to shift for themselves. Montgomery halted within gunshot and appeared busy with the pan of his gun as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprung off in pursuit of him, while

the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians quickly returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate. They then proceeded to secure their prisoner. They first compelled him to lie upon his back, and stretch out his arms to their full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which his wrists were fastened by thongs made of buffalo's hide. Stakes were then driven into the earth near his feet to which they were fastened in a similar manner. A halter was then tied around his neck and fastened to a sapling which grew near, and finally a strong rope was passed under his body, lashed strongly to the pole which lay transversely upon his breast, and finally wrapped around his arms at the elbows, in such a manner as to pinion them to the pole with a painful violence, and render him literally incapable of moving hand, foot, or head, in the slightest manner.

During the whole of this severe operation, neither their tongues nor hands were by any means idle. They cuffed him from time to time, with great heartiness, until his ears rang again, and abused him for "a teef!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!" and finally for a "d—d white man!" I may here observe, that all the western Indians had picked up a good many English words—particularly our oaths, which, from the frequency with which they were used by our hunters and traders, they probably looked upon as the very root and foundation of the English language. Kenton remained in this painful attitude throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probable torture, as soon as he reached their towns. Their rage against him seemed to increase rather than abate, from indulgence, and in the morning it displayed itself in a form at once ludicrous and cruel.—Among the horses which Kenton had taken, and which their original owners had now recovered, was a fine but wild young colt, totally unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened upon his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after exerting a few curvetts and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider but the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion upon his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse and confined as before.

On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted and dispatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival, in order, I suppose, to give them time to prepare for his reception. In a short time Blackfish, one of their chiefs arrived,

and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English, "You have been stealing horses?" "Yes sir."—"Did Capt. Boone tell you to steal our horses?" "No, sir: I did it of my own accord." This frank confession was too irritating to be borne. Blackfish made no reply, but brandished a hickory switch, which he held in his hand, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus alternately beaten and scolded, he marched on to the village. At the distance of a mile from Chillicothe, he saw every inhabitant of the town, men, women and children, running out to feast their eyes with a view of the prisoner. Every individual down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuses to which all that he had yet received, was gentleness and civility. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with. A stake was quickly fastened into the ground. The remnant of Kenton's shirt and breeches were torn from his person, (the squaws officiating with great dexterity in both operations,) and his hands, being tied together and raised above his head, were fastened to the top of the stake. The whole party then danced around him until midnight, yelling and screaming in their usual frantic manner, striking him with switches, and slapping him with the palms of their hands. He expected every moment to undergo the torture of fire, but *that* was reserved for another time. They wished to prolong the pleasure of tormenting him as much as possible, and after having caused him to anticipate the bitterness of death, until a late hour of the night, they released him from his stake and conveyed him to the village.

Early in the morning he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was quickly led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting place, stood two grim looking warriors, with butcher knives in their hands—at the extremity of the line, was an Indian beating a drum, and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles and tomahawks were brandished along the whole line, causing the sweat involuntarily to stream from his pores, at the idea of the discipline which his naked skin was to receive during the race. The moment for starting arrived—the great drum at the door of the council house was struck—and Kenton sprung forward in the race. He avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal—and from these

alone, he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

As soon as the race was over, a council was held in order to determine whether he should be burnt to death on the spot, or carried round to the other villages, and exhibited to every tribe. The arbiters of his fate sat in a circle on the floor of the council house, while the unhappy prisoner, naked and bound, was committed to the care of the guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Each warrior sat in silence, while a large war club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior, those in favor of burning, were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it. A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary quickly reported that the opposition had prevailed; that his execution was suspended for the present; and that it was determined to take him to an Indian town on Mad river, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was quickly announced to him by a renegado white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton felt rejoiced at the issue—but naturally became anxious to know what was in reserve for him at Waughcotomoco. He accordingly asked the white man "what the Indians intended to do with him, upon reaching the appointed place?" "BURN you? G——d d——n you!!!" was the ferocious reply. He asked no further question, and the scowling interpreter walked away.

Instantly preparations were made for his departure, and to his great joy, as well as astonishment, his clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the ferocious intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and secretly determined that he would never reach Waughcotomoco alive if it was possible to avoid it. Their rout lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. Unbound as he was, it would not be impossible to escape from the hands of his conductors; and if he could once enter the thickets, he thought that he might be enabled to baffle his pursuers. At the worst, he could only be retaken—and the fire would burn no hotter after an attempt to escape, than before. During the whole of their march, he remained abstracted and silent—often meditating an effort for liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

At length he was aroused from his reverie, by the Indians firing off their guns, and, raising the shrill scalp halloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front announcing to the unhappy prisoner, that they were approaching an Indian town where the gauntlet, certainly, and perhaps the stake awaited him. The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes which he had already encountered, completely banished the indecision which had hitherto withheld him, and with a sudden and startling cry, he sprang into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen, some on foot, some on horseback. But he was flying for his life—the stake and the hot

iron, and the burning splinters, were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter that pursued him. But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind—he forgot that there might also be enemies before—and before he was aware of what he had done, he found that he had plunged into the centre of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened unfortunately to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope, to the very pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven before them to town like an ox to the slaughter-house.

Upon reaching the village, (Pickaway,) he was fastened to a stake near the door of the council house, and the warriors again assembled in debate. In a short time, they issued from the council house, and surrounding him, they danced, yelled, &c., for several hours, giving him once more a foretaste of the bitterness of death. On the following morning, their journey was continued, but the Indians had now become watchful, and gave him no opportunity of even attempting an escape. On the second day, he arrived at Waughcotomoco.—Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt; and immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, awaiting the moment which was to deliver him to the stake, when the door of the council house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward and an Indian, came in with a woman (Mrs. Mary Kennedy,) as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was instantly removed from the council house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

At length, he was again summoned to attend the council house, being informed that his fate was decided. Regarding the mandate as a mere prelude to the stake and fire, which he knew was intended for him, he obeyed it with the calm despair which had now succeeded the burning anxiety of the last few days. Upon entering the council house, he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seized his arm, jirked him roughly upon the blanket, and pulled him down upon it. In the same rough and menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky. "How many men are there in Kentucky?" "It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers and their respective ranks,—you can then judge for yourself." "Do you know William Stewart?" "Perfectly well—he is an old and intimate acquaintance." "What is your own name?" "Simon

Butler!" replied Kenton. Never did the annunciation of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton (then bearing the name of Butler,) had served as spies together, in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name he became strongly agitated—and springing from his seat, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion. Then turning to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scene, he addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone, and the energy of his gesture, rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom friend: that they had travelled the same war path, slept under the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to have compassion upon his feelings—to spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend, by the hands of his adopted brothers—and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man, to the earnest intercession of one who had proved by three years faithful service, that he was sincerely and zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to in unbroken silence. As soon as he had finished, several chiefs, expressed their approbation by a deep guttural interjection, while others were equally as forward in making known their objections to the proposal. They urged that his fate had already been determined in a large and solemn council, and that they would be acting like squaws to change their minds every hour. They insisted upon the flagrant misdemeanor of Kenton; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men—that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty—that the Kentuckians were all alike—very bad people—and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken—and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner—and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty listened with obvious impatience to the young warriors, who had so ably urged against a reprieve—and starting to his feet, as soon as the others had concluded, he urged his former request with great earnestness. He briefly, but strongly recapitulated his own services, and the many and weighty instances of attachment which he had given. He asked if he could be suspected of partiality to the whites? When had he ever before interceded for any of that hated race?—Had he not brought seven scalps home with him from the last expedition? and had he not submitted seven white prisoners that very evening to their discretion? Had he expressed a wish that a single one of the captives should be saved. *This* was his first and should be his last request: for if they refused to *him*, what was never re-

fused to the intercession of one of their natural chiefs, he would look upon himself as disgraced in their eyes, and considered as unworthy of confidence. Which of their own natural warriors had been more zealous than himself? From what expedition had he ever shrunk? what white man had ever seen his back? Whose tomahawk had been bloodier than his? He would say no more. He asked it as a first and last favor; as an evidence that they approved of his zeal and fidelity, that the life of his bosom friend might be spared. Fresh speakers arose upon each side, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half with great heat and energy.

During the whole of this time, Kenton's feelings may readily be imagined. He could not understand a syllable of what was said.—He saw that Girty spoke with deep earnestness, and that the eyes of the assembly were often turned upon himself with various expressions. He felt satisfied that his friend was pleading for his life, and that he was violently opposed by a large part of the council. At length, the war club was produced and the final vote taken. Kenton watched its progress with thrilling emotion—which yielded to the most rapturous delight, as he perceived, that those who struck the floor of the council house, were decidedly inferior in number to those who passed it in silence. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him to his own wigwam, and from his own store gave him a pair of moccasins and leggings, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

The whole of this remarkable scene is in the highest degree honorable to Girty, and is in striking contrast to most of his conduct after his union with the Indians. No man can be completely hardened, and no character is at all times the same. Girty had been deeply offended with the whites; and knowing that his desertion to the Indians had been universally and severely reprobated, and that he himself was regarded with detestation by his former countrymen—he seems to have raged against them from these causes, with a fury which resembled rather the paroxysm of a maniac, than the deliberate cruelty of a naturally ferocious temper. Fierce censure never reclaims—but rather drives to still greater extremities; and this is the reason that renegadoes are so much fiercer than natural foes—and that when females fall, they fall irretrievably.

For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in perfect tranquility. Girty's kindness was uniform and indefatigable. He introduced Kenton to his own family, and accompanied him to the wigwams of the principal chiefs, who seemed all at once to have turned from the extremity of rage to the utmost kindness and cordiality. Fortune, however, seemed to have selected him for her football, and to have snatched him from the frying pan only to throw him into the fire.—About twenty days after his most providential deliverance from the stake, he was walking in company with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, when another Indian came from the village towards them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly

told Kenton that it was the distress halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council house. Kenton's heart involuntarily fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and hated all council houses—firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done, to avoid whatever fate awaited, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

Upon approaching the Indian who had hallooed, Girty and Redpole shook hands with him. Kenton likewise offered his hand, but the Indian refused to take it—at the same time scowling upon him ominously. This took place within a few paces of the door of the council house. Upon entering, they saw that the house was unusually full. Many chiefs and warriors from the distant towns were present; and their countenances were grave, severe and forbidding. Girty, Redpole and Kenton, walked around, offering their hands successively to each warrior. The hands of the two first were cordially received—but when poor Kenton anxiously offered *his* hand to the first warrior, it was rejected with the same scowling eye as before. He passed on to the second, but was still rejected—he persevered, however, until his hand had been refused by the first six—when sinking into despondence, he turned of and stood apart from the rest.

The debate quickly commenced. Kenton looked eagerly towards Girty, as his last and only hope. His friend looked anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him—but his eloquence appeared wasted upon the distant chiefs. After a warm debate, he turned to Kenton and said, “well! my friend! *you must die!*” One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and instantly marched off. His guard were on horseback, while the prisoner was driven before them on foot with a long rope around his neck, the other end of which was held by one of the guard. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcoto-moco by a different route.

They passed through the village without halting, and at the distance of two and a half miles beyond it, Kenton had again an opportunity of witnessing the fierce hate with which these children of nature regarded an enemy. At the distance of a few paces from the road, a squaw was busily engaged in chopping wood, while her lord and master was sitting on a log, smoking his pipe and directing her labors, with the indolent indifference common to the natives, when not under the influence of some exciting passion. The sight of Kenton, however, seemed to rouse him to fury. He hastily sprung up, with a sudden yell—snatched the axe from the squaw, and rushing upon the prisoner so rapidly as to give him no opportunity of escape, dealt

him a blow with the axe which cut through his shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing the arm from his body. He would instantly have repeated the blow, had not Kenton's conductors interfered and protected him, severely reprimanding the Indian for attempting to rob them of the amusement of torturing the prisoner at ———.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo Chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued: "Well, young man, these young men seem very mad at you?" "Yes, sir, they certainly are." "Well, don't be disheartened; I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there—but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you." Logan's form was striking and manly—his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits instantly rose at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning, two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised, and until their return, Kenton was kindly treated, being permitted to spend much of his time with Logan, who conversed with him freely, and in the most friendly manner.—In the evening, the two runners returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know what was the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him again until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and without uttering another word, turned upon his heel and left him.

Again, Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing—and that Sandusky was destined to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune, who, to use Lord Lovat's expression, had been playing at cat and mouse with him for the last month, had selected Sandusky for the display of her strange and capricious power. He was driven into the town, as usual, and was to have been burnt on the following morning, when an Indian Agent, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more rescued him from the stake.—He was anxious to obtain intelligence, for the British commandant at Detroit—and so earnestly insisted upon Kenton's being delivered up to him, that the Indians at length consented upon the express condition that after the required information had been obtained, he should again be placed at their discretion. To this Drewyer consented, and without further difficulty, Kenton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit.

On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the

mercy of such wretches. Having dwelt at some length upon the generosity of his own disposition—and having sufficiently magnified the service which he had just rendered him, he began, at length, to cross question Kenton as to the force and condition of Kentucky, and particularly as to the number of men at fort McIntosh. Kenton very candidly declared his inability to answer either question, observing, that he was merely a private, and by no means acquainted with matters of an enlarged and general import; that his great business had heretofore been, to endeavour to take care of himself—which he had found a work of no small difficulty. Drewyer replied, that he believed him, and from that time Kenton was troubled with no more questions.

His condition at Detroit was not unpleasant. He was compelled to report himself every morning, to an English officer, and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day; but in other respects, he scarcely felt that he was a prisoner. His battered body and broken arm were quickly repaired, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a proper proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape. There was no difficulty in leaving Detroit—but he would be compelled to traverse a wilderness of more than two hundred miles, abounding with hostile Indians, and affording no means of subsistence, beyond the wild game, which could not be killed without a gun. In addition to this, he would certainly be pursued, and if retaken by the Indians, he might expect a repetition of all that he had undergone before—without the prospect of a second interposition on the part of the English. These considerations deterred him, for some time, from the attempt, but at length his impatience became uncontrollable, and he determined to escape or perish in the attempt. He took his measures with equal secrecy and foresight. He cautiously sounded two young Kentuckians, then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity, and resolute to accompany him. Charging them not to breathe a syllable of their design to any other prisoners, he busied himself for several days in making the necessary preparations. It was absolutely necessary that they should be provided with arms, both for the sake of repelling attacks and for procuring the means of subsistence; and, at the same time, it was very difficult to obtain them, without the knowledge of the British commandant. By patiently waiting their opportunity, however, all these preliminary difficulties were overcome. Kenton formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. After carefully hiding them in the woods, he returned to Detroit, and managed to procure another rifle, together with powder and balls, from a Mr. and Mrs. Edger, citizens of the town. They then appointed a night for the attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous. All things turned out prosperously.—They met at the time and place appointed, without discovery, and

taking a circuitous route, avoided pursuit, and travelling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable adventures in the whole range of western history. A fatalist would recognize the hand of destiny in every stage of its progress. In the infatuation with which Kenton refused to adopt proper measures for his safety, while such were practicable—in the persevering obstinacy with which he remained upon the Ohio shore, until flight became useless ; and afterwards, in that remarkable succession of accidents, by which, without the least exertion on his part, he was alternately tantalized with a prospect of safety, then plunged again into the deepest despair. He was eight times exposed to the gauntlet—three times tied to the stake—and as often thought himself on the eve of a terrible death. All the sentences passed upon him, whether of mercy or condemnation, seemed to have been only pronounced in one council, in order to be reversed in another. Every friend that Providence raised up in his favor, was immediately followed by some enemy, who unexpectedly interposed, and turned his short glimpse of sunshine into deeper darkness than ever. For three weeks, he was see-sawing between life and death, and during the whole time, he was perfectly passive. No wisdom, or foresight, or exertion, could have saved him. Fortune fought his battle from first to last, and seemed determined to permit nothing else to interfere. Scarcely had he reached Kentucky, when he was embarked in a new enterprise.

Col. George Rogers Clarke had projected an expedition against the hostile posts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and invited all Kentuckians, who had leisure and inclination, to join him. Kenton instantly repaired to his standard, and shared in the hardship and glory of one of the boldest, most arduous, and successful expeditions which has ever graced the American arms. The results of the campaign are well known. Secrecy and celerity were eminently combined in it, and Clarke shared with the common soldier, in encountering every fatigue and braving every danger. Kenton, as usual, acted as a spy, and was eminently serviceable, but no incident occurred, of sufficient importance to obtain a place in these sketches.

From that time, until the close of the Indian war in the west, Kenton was actively employed, generally in a frontier station, and occasionally in serious expeditions. He accompanied Edwards in his abortive expedition against the Indian towns in 1785, and shared in Wayne's decisive campaign of '94.

GEN. BENJAMIN LOGAN.

Among the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky, was General Benjamin Logan. His father was an Irishman, who had left his own country early in the 18th century, and settled in Pennsylvania, from which he subsequently removed to Augusta county, Virginia. Here he shortly afterwards died. Young Logan, as the eldest son, was entitled by the laws of Virginia, to the whole of the landed property, (his father having died intestate.) He refused, however, to avail himself of this circumstance, and as the farm upon which the family resided was too small to admit of a division, he caused it to be sold, and the money to be distributed among his brothers and sisters, reserving a portion for his mother. At the age of twenty-one, he removed from Augusta county to the banks of the Holston, where, shortly afterwards, he purchased a farm and married. In 1774, he accompanied Dunmore in his expedition, probably as a private. In '75, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became particularly distinguished. His person was striking and manly, his hair and complexion very dark, his eye keen and penetrating, his countenance grave, thoughtful, and expressive of a firmness, probity, and intelligence, which were eminently displayed throughout his life. His education was very imperfect, and confined, we believe, simply, to the art of reading and writing. Having remained in Kentucky, in a very exposed situation, until the spring of '76, he returned for his family, and brought them out to a small settlement, called Logan's Fort, not far from Harrodsburg. The Indians during this summer were so numerous and daring in their excursions, that Logan was compelled to remove his wife and family, for safety, to Harrodsburg, while he himself remained at his cabins and cultivated a crop of corn.

In the spring of '77, his wife returned to Logan's Fort; and several settlers having joined him, he determined to maintain himself there at all risks. His courage was soon put to the test. On the morning of the 20th May, a few days after his wife had rejoined him, the women were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, when a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort and closed the gate.—The enemy quickly showed themselves on the edge of the canebrake, within close rifle shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, they beheld a spectacle, which awakened the most lively interest and compassion. A man named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay

near the spot where he had fallen, within full view both of the garrison and the enemy. The poor fellow was, at intervals, endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort and in deep distress at his situation. The enemy undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a very trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison, and their numbers already were far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted to only fifteen men, three of whom had already been put hors de combat. Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of his family so distressing, that it seemed equally impossible not to make an effort to relieve him. Logan endeavored to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and appalling was the danger, that all at first refused, one Herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, "but that the skin was closer than the shirt." At length John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever would be." The two men opened the gate and started upon their forlorn expedition, Logan leading the way.—They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison, perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprung back within the gate. Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprung forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through the tremendous shower of rifle balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort, through the same heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

The fort was now vigorously assailed in the Indian manner, and as vigorously defended by the garrison. The women were all employed in moulding bullets, while the men were constantly at their posts. The weakness of the garrison was not their only grievance. A distressing scarcity of ammunition prevailed, and no supply could be procured nearer than Holston. But how was it to be obtained? The fort was closely blockaded—the Indians were swarming in the woods, and chances were sadly against the probability of the safe passage of any courier through so many dangers! Under these circumstances, Logan determined to take the dangerous office upon himself. After encouraging the men as well as he could, with the prospect of a safe and speedy return, he took advantage of a dark night, and crawled through the Indian encampment without discovery.

Shunning the ordinary route through Cumberland Gap, he arrived at Holston by by-paths which no white man had yet trodden—through canebrakes and thickets; over tremendous cliffs and precipices, where the deer could scarcely obtain footing and where no vestige of any of the human family could be seen. Having obtained a supply of powder and lead, he returned through the same almost inaccessible paths to the fort, which he found still besieged and now reduced to extremity. The safe return of their leader inspired them with fresh courage, and in a few days, the appearance of Col. Bowman's party compelled the Indians to retire.

During the whole of this and the next year, the Indians were exceedingly troublesome. The Shawnee particularly, distinguished themselves by the frequency and inveterate nature of their incursions; and as their capital, Chillicothe, was within striking distance, an expedition was set on foot against it in 1779, in which Logan served as second in command. Capt. James Harrold and John Bulger, accompanied the expedition—the former of whom, shortly afterwards, perished in a lonely ramble—and the latter was killed at the Blue Licks. Col. Bowman commanded in chief. The detachment, amounting to one hundred and sixty men, consisted entirely of volunteers, accustomed to Indian warfare, and was well officered, with the exception of its commander. They left Harrodsburg in July, and took their preliminary measures so well, that they arrived within a mile of Chillicothe, without giving the slightest alarm to the enemy. Here the detachment halted at an early hour in the night, and as usual, sent out spies to examine the condition of the village. Before midnight they returned, and reported that the enemy remained unapprised of their being in the neighborhood, and were in the most unmilitary security. The army was instantly put in motion. It was determined that Logan, with one half of the men, should turn to the left and march half way around the town, while Bowman, at the head of the remainder, should make a corresponding march to the right; that both parties should proceed in silence, until they had met at the opposite extremity of the village, when, having thus completely encircled it, the attack was to commence.—Logan, who was bravery itself, performed his part of the combined operation, with perfect order, and in profound silence; and having reached the designated spot, awaited with impatience the arrival of his commander. Hour after hour stole away, but Bowman did not appear. At length daylight appeared. Logan, still expecting the arrival of his Colonel, ordered the men to conceal themselves in the high grass, and await the expected signal to attack. No orders, however, arrived. In the mean time, the men, in shifting about through the grass, alarmed an Indian dog, the only sentinel on duty. He instantly began to bay loudly, and advance in the direction of the man who had attracted his attention. Presently a solitary Indian left his cabin, and walked cautiously towards the party, halting frequently, rising upon tip-toes, and gazing around him. Logan's party lay close, with the hope of taking him, without giving the

alarm; but at that instant a gun was fired in the opposite quarter of the town, as was afterwards ascertained, by one of Bowman's party, and the Indian, giving one shrill whoop, ran swiftly back to the council house. Concealment was now impossible. Logan's party instantly sprung up from the grass, and rushed upon the village, not doubting for a moment that they would be gallantly supported. As they advanced, they perceived Indians of all ages and of both sexes running to the great cabin, near the centre of the town, where they collected in full force and appeared determined upon an obstinate defence. Logan instantly took possession of the houses which had been deserted, and rapidly advancing from cabin to cabin, at length established his detachment within close rifle shot of the Indian redoubt. He now listened impatiently for the firing which should have been heard from the opposite extremity of the town, where he supposed Bowman's party to be, but to his astonishment, every thing remained quiet in that quarter. In the mean time his own position had become critical. The Indians had recovered from their panic, and kept up a close and heavy fire upon the cabins which covered his men. He had pushed his detachment so close to the redoubt, that they could neither advance nor retreat without great exposure.—The enemy outnumbered him, and gave indications of a disposition to turn both flanks of his position, and thus endanger his retreat.—Under these circumstances, ignorant of the condition of his commander, and cut off from communication with him, he formed the bold and judicious resolution, to make a moveable breast work of the planks which formed the floor of the cabins, and under cover of it to rush upon the strong hold of the enemy and carry it by main force. Had this gallant determination been carried into effect, and had the movement been promptly seconded, as it ought to have been by Bowman, the conflict would have been bloody, and the victory decisive. Most probably not an Indian would have escaped, and the consternation which such signal vengeance would have spread throughout the Indian tribes, might have repressed their incursions for a considerable time. But before the necessary steps could be taken, a messenger arrived from Bowman, with orders "to retreat!"

Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No! Had he even beheld an enemy? No! What then, was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun! He did not know—the Colonel had ordered a retreat! Logan, however reluctantly, was compelled to obey. A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia, is almost certain to terminate in a complete rout. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultuous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert. Each man selected the time, manner and route of his retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up

from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin, and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend to their neighbors. The Indians, astonished at seeing men route themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers as sportsmen would cut up a scattered flock of wild geese.— They soon united themselves to Bowman's party, who, from some unaccountable panic of their commander or fault in themselves, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before. All was confusion. Some cursed their Colonel; some reproached other officers—one shouted one thing; one bellowed another; but all seemed agreed that they ought to make the best of their way home, without the loss of a moment's time. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger and the present Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of order was restored, and a tolerably respectable retreat commenced.— The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire which began to grow fatal. Colonel Bowman appeared totally demented, and sat upon his horse like a pillar of stone, neither giving an order, nor taking any measures to repel the enemy.— The sound of the rifle shots, however, had completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The enemy was quickly repelled, and the troops re-commenced their march.

But scarcely had they advanced half a mile, when the Indians re-appeared, and again opened a fire upon the front, rear, and both flanks. Again, a square was formed and the enemy repelled; but scarcely had the harassed troops recommenced their march, when the same galling fire was opened upon them from every tree, bush and stone capable of concealing an Indian. Matters now began to look serious. The enemy were evidently endeavoring to detain them, until fresh Indians could come up in sufficient force to compel them to lay down their arms. The men began to be unsteady and the panic was rapidly spreading from the Colonel to the privates. At this crisis, Logan, Harrod, Bedinger, &c., selected the boldest, and best mounted men, and dashing into the bushes on horseback, scoured the woods in every direction, forcing the Indians from their coverts, and cutting down as many as they could overtake. This decisive step completely dispersed the enemy—and the weary and dispirited troops continued their retreat unmolested. They lost nine killed and a few others wounded. But the loss of reputation on the part of the Colonel, was incalculable, for, as usual, *he* was the scapegoat upon whose head the disgrace of the miscarriage was laid. No good reason has ever been assigned for the extraordinary failure of his own detachment, and the subsequent panic which he displayed when harassed in the wood, afforded room for suspicion, that either the darkness of the night, or the cry of an owl (for he did not see the face of an enemy,) had robbed the Colonel of his usual courage.

It may here be remarked, that the propriety of combined operations with irregular troops, is at least doubtful. Different corps, moving by different routes upon the same point, are liable to miscarriage from so many causes, that the measure is scarcely ever attended with success, unless when the troops are good, the officers intelligent and unanimous, and the ground perfectly understood.—The intervention of a creek, the ignorance of a guide, or the panic of an officer, as in the case of Bowman, may destroy the *unity* of the operation, and expose the detachment which has reached its station in proper time to be cut off. The signal failure of Washington at Germantown, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the complicated plan of attack, as the several divisions arrived at different times, attacked without concert, and were beaten in detail. I can scarcely recollect a single instance, save the affair of Trenton, in which raw troops have succeeded by combined operations, and many miscarriages in our annals, may be attributed to that circumstance.—Logan returned to Kentucky with a reputation increased, rather than diminished by the expedition. His conduct was placed in glaring contrast to that of his unfortunate commander, and the praise of the one was in exact correspondence to the censure of the other.

No other affair of consequence occurred, until the rash and disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in which we have seen, Logan was unable to share. He seemed to have remained quietly engaged in agricultural pursuits, until the summer of '88, when he conducted an expedition against the north western tribes, which as usual, terminated in burning their villages, and cutting up their cornfields, serving to irritate but not to subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition, deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a large village of the Shawneese, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha, came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat, set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beaux to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field. Nothing could be more striking than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not, that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs who commanded at the Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary had not yet forgotten. Instead of giving him his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man,

and asked him if "he recollected the Blue Licks!" Moluntha smiled and merely repeated the word "Blue Licks!" When McGary instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain.—The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder—and others swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being—but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

Nothing else, worthy of being mentioned, occurred during the expedition, and Logan, upon his return, devoted himself exclusively to the civil affairs of the country, which about this time began to assume an important aspect.



BLACK HAWK WAR.

In the year 1823, the agents of the United States held a treaty at Prairie Du Chien, with the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Chippewas, and some other tribes, for the purpose of bringing about a peace between some of the tribes who were then at war with each other.—To effect this object, bounds were set to the territory of each tribe, and it was also stipulated by the treaty, that the United States should protect any of the Indian nations from the hostile attacks of the others, whenever visiting a garrison of the United States.

About this time the lead mines, near Galena, attracted great attention, and avarice and speculation drew several thousand miners beyond the limits of the United States, into the adjacent lands of the Winnebagoes. This gave offence to the Indians, and a whole family, consisting of M. Methode, his wife and five children, were murdered near Prairie Du Chien, by a party of Winnebagoes, two of whom were afterwards taken and committed to the jail of Crawford county, Illinois.

In addition to this, in the summer of 1827, in defiance of the treaty of Prairie Du Chien, a band of the Sacs fell upon twenty-four Chippewas, on a visit at Fort Snelling, and killed and wounded eight of them. The commandant at Fort Snelling captured four of the Sacs, and delivered them into the hands of the Chippewas, who immediately shot them. RED BIRD, a Chief of the Sacs, immediately led a band against the Chippewas, and was defeated. Enraged against his ill

success, with only three desperate companions, like himself, he repaired to Prairie Du Chien, and killed two white persons, and wounded a third, and then retired to the mouth of Bad-axe river. Here he augmented his force, and waylaid two keel boats that had been conveying stores to Fort Snelling. One boat came into the ambush in the day time, and after a fight of four hours, escaped with the loss of two killed and four wounded. The other boat arrived in the night, and escaped without much injury.

Not long after, Gen. Atkinson, at the head of a large force, marched into the Winnebago country. Here he succeeded in making prisoners of RED BIRD, his son, BLACK HAWK, KANONEKAH, and others. These were imprisoned, and Red Bird died in prison. Some of the others were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, but Black Hawk, Kanonekah, and the son of Red Bird, charged with the attack on the boats, were discharged.

KEOKUK and BLACK HAWK, were the chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes at this time. Keokuk was in favor of peace with the whites, but Black Hawk, who had been imprisoned for alleged hostility, collected a number of the Sacs, at their principal village on the Mississippi, for the purpose of hostilities. They were joined by a number of warriors from other tribes. On the twenty-sixth of June, 1831, Gen. Gaines, Gov. Reynolds, and Gen. Duncan, at the head of his brigade of fourteen hundred mounted men, took possession of the Sac village without opposition. The Indians had fled across the river, and all but the Sacs abandoned Black Hawk, and returned home. He, therefore, made peace and agreed to remove with his tribe, west of the Mississippi.

In the meantime, in defiance of the treaty of Prairie Du Chien, the Sacs fell upon the Menamenies, and murdered twenty-eight of their number. They also, in the spring of 1832, recrossed to the east bank of the Mississippi, and occupied the country upon Rock river, which they had by the treaty of 1831 given up. There had also been several murders committed in the northern part of Illinois. At Indian creek, which empties into Fox river, there was a terrible massacre. Two daughters of a Mr. Hall, one sixteen and the other eighteen years of age, were carried into captivity by the Indians.— Before they were led away, they saw their mother, and about twenty other persons, tomahawked and scalped. Gen. Atkinson was, therefore, sent into the Indian country with an army, and was encamped at Ogee or Dixon, on Rock river, when the news of the massacre arrived. A detachment of about two hundred and seventy-five men under Major Sullman, marched in pursuit of the Indians. On the fourteenth of May, they came across a small party, of whom they shot two and took two others prisoners. On the same day, when they were about to encamp, at night they discovered a small band of Indians bearing a white flag. They therefore, mounted and rushed forward, regardless of all order, several miles, until they crossed Sycamore creek, where they fell into an ambuscade. It was moonlight when the fight began, and soon became so disastrous to the whites

that they retreated in great disorder. The Indians after discharging their guns rushed upon their assailants with their knives and tomahawks, and had not the night and situation of the country favored their escape, they would nearly all have been cut off. Thirteen men were killed and several wounded. Immediately after, fourteen hundred men marched to the scene of action, where they found the slain mangled and mutilated in a shocking manner.

Black Hawk assembled his forces, amounting to one thousand warriors, at a point between Rock and Wisconsin rivers. Gen. Atkinson at the head of two thousand troops marched to give him battle. The wary chief, fled to an almost impenetrable wilderness, and Gen. Atkinson was unable to discover the place of his encampment.—About this time Gen. Dodge, surprised a party of twelve Indians near Galena, and cut them off to a man, and Capt. Stephenson, after a severe conflict in which he lost three of his own men, defeated a body of Indians, with the loss of six of their number killed. Gen. Dodge then commenced the pursuit of a band of Indians, and came upon their trail about forty miles from Fort Winnebago. They were half starved and flying when he came up with them, on the Wisconsin, near the old Sac village. The battle commenced in the evening.—The Indians left sixteen dead upon the field and carried off more than fifty. The whites had one man killed and four wounded.

Being now hotly pursued by sixteen hundred troops, Black Hawk crossed over the Mississippi, with his warriors, above the mouth of the Wisconsin, leaving his women and children to descend the Wisconsin in boats. Many of their women and children fell into the hands of the whites, some perished with hunger, some were drowned, and others were scarcely saved from their famishing state.

A battle was soon afterwards fought between the troops under Gen. Atkinson and Gen. Dodge, and the Indians under Black Hawk, on the east side of the Mississippi, about forty miles above Prairie Du Chien. Black Hawk had only three hundred warriors, and the Americans thirteen hundred troops. The Indians were attacked on all sides, and were driven from covert to covert, until at length, they were routed with great slaughter. Some attempting to escape by swimming over the Mississippi, were fired upon by the artillery from the steamboat Warrior, and from musketry on shore, so that few escaped. Some escaped by land, but more than one-half of the whole number were left dead on the field or were killed in the river.

Black Hawk, was among those who escaped, leaving behind him a certificate from British officers, that he had served faithfully and fought valiantly in the war of 1812, against the United States. Gen. Atkinson then ordered Keokuk, to demand a surrender of Black Hawk and other hostile chiefs, and one hundred friendly Sacs went in pursuit of them. Overtaking them, a battle ensued in which Black Hawk was defeated, and together with several other hostile chiefs were taken prisoners, and delivered to the American General. On the eleventh of September, 1832, Black Hawk, his two sons, the Prophet, Naopope, and seven others were taken on board the steam-

boat Winnebago, conveyed down the river and confined in Jefferson barracks, below St. Louis.

Black Hawk, his two sons, Naopope, Wabokeishiek, Pamahoe and Poweeshiech, were kept in the Jefferson barracks until they were removed to Fortress Monroe, in 1833. On the twenty-second of April, they arrived at Washington city, and had an intercourse with President Jackson. The first words of Black Hawk to the President were: "I AM A MAN, AND YOU ARE ANOTHER!" They expressed some dissatisfaction on being told that they were still longer to be confined, as they wished to see their wives and children. The President assured them, that their children should be taken care of, and dismissed them. On the twenty-sixth of April, the captives were taken to Fortress Monroe, situated on an island on the West side of the Chesapeake bay. On the third of June, 1833, orders were received by the commandant, for their liberation, and the next day they set out for home in a steamboat for Baltimore. At Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, they were visited by crowds, and were taken to the theatre, the circus, and shown the arsenals, and vessels of war, which excited their wonder at the power of the whites. They visited Castle Garden in New York, and Mr. Durand ascended in a balloon. Black Hawk, on seeing him ascend and unfurl his flag, exclaimed:

"That man is a brave. I do not think he will ever come back. He must be a Sac."

One of the other chiefs replied:

"If he is a Sac, he will get none of his brothers to follow in his trail. None of them will ever see the smoke of a wigwam. He will have to live alone—without any squaw."

When the balloon had reached so great a height, as to be only a speck in the Heavens, the old chief exclaimed:

"I think he can go the Heavens—to the Great Spirit."

The chiefs were afterwards taken by the way of Albany and Buffalo, to Chicago. Leaving Chicago, they passed up Fox River and down the Wisconsin. On the route, Black Hawk pointed out the spots, where he said, had once stood the fine villages of the Sacs, and he was much depressed at the idea that this fine country was lost to the Indians forever. Having arrived at Prairie Du Chien, the Prophet was set at liberty. He was completely humbled. His village on Rock River, below Dixon, had been destroyed, and his cabin burned to the ground,—his family without a protector, and he himself now obliged to find a home in the village of some neighboring chief. It was about the first day of August, 1833, when Black Hawk and his attendants arrived at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, in Illinois. Here was the place selected for their liberation. A messenger was despatched to Keokuk, the principal chief of the tribe, who returned and gave information that he would arrive during the next day. About noon, the Indian drum, accompanied by occasional shouts, were heard, which announced his approach. Keokuk, the friendly chief of the Sacs and Foxes, was in front, with two large

canoes, lashed side by side, with a large canopy extended over him and his three wives, where he sat in all his dignity, with the American flag waving over the bow. About twenty canoes followed in his train, filled with his followers, who made the "welkin ring" with their wild and savage songs. Proceeding up the river, they landed on the opposite side. After some time, they sailed directly across to Rock Island, the rowing being accompanied by the wild Indian song. Keokuk was the first to land, decorated in his ornaments.—He then turned to his followers and said, "*The Great Spirit has sent our brother back. Let us shake hands in friendship.*" He then took Black Hawk by the hand, and having saluted the others, took his seat. His example was followed by his attendants. After smoking the pipe of friendship, they separated to meet in council the next day.

The next day Keokuk with one hundred of his followers, Black Hawk and his party, met Major Garland in council, in a large room in the fort. Black Hawk and his son appeared quite dejected. After several speeches, Major Garland, informed Black Hawk, that it was distinctly understood by all present, that henceforth, Keokuk, and not Black Hawk, was to be the principal Chief of the nation, that he must conform to his counsels, and that the tribe must no more be divided into two bands.

On this being interpreted to him the old man became completely infuriated. The spirit and vigor of his youth broke forth like a volcano. He exclaimed, with great emotion:

"I am a man—an old man—I will not conform to the councils of any one—I will act for myself—no one shall govern me—I am old—my hair is grey—I once gave counsels to my young men. Am I to conform to others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit where I shall rest—what I said to our great father at Washington, I say again—I will always listen to him. I am done."

This was his last expiring struggle. He sat absorbed in his own feelings, when Keokuk spoke to him kindly in an under tone, and obtained leave to excuse his violence. This was done, and Black Hawk was told that he was now at liberty.

In the evening the several chiefs were invited by Major Garland to his quarters. About seven o'clock in the evening, they arrived, and took their seats in silence. Speeches were now made by PASHPARHO and KEOKUK, in favor of a lasting friendship and perpetual peace with the United States, and congratulating Black Hawk and his friends upon their return to the tribe. Black Hawk then arose, and in a very calm and dejected manner, replied:

"I feel that I am an old man;—once I could speak, but now I have but little to say. To-day we met many of our brothers, and were glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers have said: their hearts are good—they have been like Sacs since I left them, for they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam. I thank them for it. The Great Spirit knows that I thank them, and before the Sun gets behind the hills to-morrow, I shall see them—I

want to see them—I expected soon to return. I told our Great Father when in Washington that I would listen to his counsels—I now say to you I will listen to the counsels of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away—I shall have no village, no band—I shall live alone. I once listened to the Great Father (1) across the Great Waters. My father listened to him whose band was large. My band was once large—now I have no band. I thank our Great Father (2) for what he has done. He is old, I am old—we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where we shall rest. He sent us through his great villages. We saw many white men, who treated us with kindness. We felt safe—we thank them. When they shall come to the Mississippi, they shall come to my wigwam. I have none now. When those who came with us return home, they will pass the place where my village once was. No one lives there now; all are gone. I give you my hand; we may never meet again. I shall long remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you and your women and children.”

The party then separated in the most perfect understanding among themselves, and in fellowship and good feeling, to their homes beyond the Mississippi, never more to build their villages on the eastern side, where the great chieftain was born. (3) The war-whoop, which in 1832, reverberated along the vallies of the Illinois, the Rock river, the Wisconsin, and the Upper Mississippi, is now heard no more; and the name of Black Hawk, which once roused the frontier men to arms, has lost its terrors. A thousand steamers have taken the place of the frail bark canoe of the Indian, upon the Father of waters, and his great tributaries. Populous towns and cities occupy the sites of the meagre wigwam villages, and great and powerful commonwealths, inhabited by civilized and enlightened men, have been formed out of the territory, which, in the memory of many living, was the abode of the children of the forest, and the hunting ground of the roaming savage.—*History of the West.*

(1) The King of Great Britain.

(2) President Jackson.

(3) Black Hawk was born about the year 1767, on a beautiful spot, on Rock River, near Dixon, Illinois.



INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT.

INDIANS OF THE WEST.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BUFFALOES, &c.

There are now not many Indians east of the Mississippi; most of them have moved to the west of that river. As you move up the Mississippi, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and others, are westerly, on the Red River and the Arkansas River. Then come the Cherokees, Shawneese, Senecas, Quapaws, Oneidas, and Tuskaroras, the Camanchees, Pawnee Picts, Kiaweas, Wicos, and Shoshonees being far west, nearer the Rocky Mountains.

The hunting grounds of the Sacs and Foxes lie between the rivers Mississippi and Missouri; while eastward are those of the Winnebagoes; and northward and northwest, the Chippewas and Sioux. On the Missouri, and other rivers, are the Osages, Kansas, Delawares, Kickapoos, Ottos, Poncas, Pawneeloups, Grand Pawnees, republics. On the Upper Missouri, northward, are the Ricarees, who now have, also, the Mandan grounds. Near the Rocky Mountains, on the same river, are the Crows; next to them, the Shiennees; while further to the north may be found the Blackfeet, Blood Indians, Creeks, Ojibbeways, and Assinneboins.

HUNTING BUFFALOES.

George
Mr. CATLIN, in his "Letters," says:—"I have always counted myself a prudent man, yet I have often *waked* (as it were) out of the delirium of the chase (into which I had fallen, as into an agitated sleep, and through which I had passed as through a delightful dream,) where to have died would have been to have remained, riding on, without a struggle or a pang.

"In some of these, too, I have arisen from the prairie, covered with dirt and blood having severed company with gun and horse, the one lying some twenty or thirty feet from me with a broken stock, and the other coolly browsing on the grass at half a mile distance, without man, and without other beasts remaining in sight.

"For the novice in these scenes there is much danger of his limbs and his life, and he finds it a hard and desperate struggle that brings him in at the death of these huge monsters, except where it has been produced by hands that have acquired more slight and tact than his own.

"With the Indian, who had made this the every day sport and amusement of his life, there is less difficulty and less danger; he rides without "losing his breath," and his unagitated hand deals *certainty* in its deadly blows.

"The lasso is a long thong of rawhide, of ten or fifteen yards in

length, made of several braids or twists, and used chiefly to catch the wild horse, which is done by throwing over their necks a noose which is made at the end of the *lasso* with which they are "choked down." In running the buffaloes, or in time of war, the *lasso* drags on the ground at the horse's feet, and sometimes several rods behind, so that if a man is dismounted, which is often the case, by the tripping or stumbling of the horse, he has the power of grasping to the *lasso*, and by stubbornly holding on to it, of stopping and securing his horse, on whose back he is instantly replaced, and continuing on in the chase.

"In the dead of the winters, which are very long and severely cold in this country, where horses cannot be brought into the chase with any avail, the Indians run upon the surface of the snow by the aid of his snow shoes, which buoy him up, while the great weight of the buffaloes, sinks them down to the middle of their sides, and completely stopping their progress, ensures them certain and easy victims to the bow or lance of their pursuers. The snow in these regions often lies during the winter, to the depth of three and four feet, being blown away from the tops and sides of the hills in many places, which are left bare for the buffaloes to graze upon, whilst it is drifted in the hollows and ravines to a very great depth, and rendered almost entirely impassable to all these huge animals, which, when closely pursued by their enemies, endeavor to plunge through it, but are soon wedged in and unable to move, where they fall an easy prey to the Indian, who runs up lightly upon his snow shoes and drives his lance to their hearts. The skins are then stripped off, to be sold to the Fur Traders, and the carcasses left to be devoured by the wolves. This is the season in which the greatest number of these animals are destroyed for their robes—they are most easily killed at this time, and their hair or fur being longer and more abundant, gives greater value to the robe.

"The Indians generally kill and dry meat enough in the fall, when it is fat and juicy, to last them through the winter; so that they have little other object for this unlimited slaughter, amid the drifts of snow, than that of procuring their robes for traffic with their traders. The snow shoes are made in a great many forms, of two and three feet in length, and one foot or more in width, of a hoop or hoops bent around for the frame, with a netting or web woven across with strings of raw hide, on which the feet rest, and to which they are fastened with straps somewhat like a skate. With these the Indian will glide over the snow with astonishing quickness, without sinking down, or scarcely leaving his track where he has gone.

"The poor buffaloes have their enemy, *man*, besetting and besieging them at all times of the year, and in all the modes that man in his superior wisdom has been able to devise for their destruction.—They struggle in vain to evade his deadly shafts, when he dashes among them over the plains on his white horse—they plunge into the snow-drifts where they yield themselves an easy prey to their destroyers, and they also stand unwittingly and behold him, unsus-

pected under the skin of a white wolf, insinuating himself and his fatal weapons into close company, when they are peaceably grazing on the level prairies, and shot down before they are aware of their danger.

"There are several varieties of the wolf species in this country, the most formidable and most numerous of which are white, often sneaking about in gangs or families of fifty or sixty in numbers, appearing in distance, on the green prairies like nothing but a flock of sheep. Many of these animals grow to a very great size, being I should think, quite a match for the largest Newfoundland dog. At present, whilst the buffaloes are so abundant, and these ferocious animals are glutted with the buffalo's flesh, they are harmless, and every where sneak away from man's presence; which I scarcely think will be the case after the buffaloes are all gone, and they are left, as they must be, with scarcely anything to eat. They always are seen following about in the vicinity of herds of buffaloes and stand ready to pick the bones of those that the hunters leave on the ground, or to overtake and devour those that are wounded, which fall an easy prey to them. While the herd of buffaloes are together, they seem to have little dread of the wolf, and allow them to come in close company with them. The Indian then has taken advantage of this fact, and often places himself under the skin of this animal, and crawls for half a mile or more on his hands and knees, until he approaches within a few rods of the unsuspecting group, and easily shoots down the fattest of the throng.

"The buffalo is a very timid animal, and shuns the vicinity of man with the keenest sagacity; yet, when overtaken, and harassed or wounded, turns upon its assailants with the utmost fury, who have only to seek safety in flight. In their desperate resistance the finest horses are often destroyed; but the Indian, with his superior sagacity and dexterity, generally finds some effective mode of escape. (*See Engraving.*)

"During the season of the year whilst the calves are young, the male seems to stroll about by the side of the dam, as if for the purpose of protecting the young, at which time it is extremely hazardous to attack them, as they are sure to turn upon their pursuers, who have often to fly to each others assistance. The buffalo calf, during the first six months is red, and has so much the appearance of a red calf in cultivated fields, that it could easily be mingled and mistaken amongst them. In the fall, when it changes its hair it takes a brown coat for the winter, which it always retains. In pursuing a large herd of buffaloes at the season when their calves are but a few weeks old, I have often been exceedingly amused with the curious manœuvres of these shy little things. Amidst the thundering confusion of a throng of several hundreds or several thousands of these animals there will be many of the calves that lose sight of their dams; and being left behind by the throng, and the swift passing hunters, they endeavor to secrete themselves, when they are exceedingly put to it on a level prairie, where nought can be seen but the short grass of six or eight

inches in height, save an occasional bunch of wild sage, a few inches higher, to which the poor affrighted things will run, and dropping on their knees, will push their noses under it, and into the grass, where they will stand for hours, with their eyes shut, imagining themselves securely hid, whilst they are standing up quite straight upon their hind feet and can easily be seen at several miles distance. It is a familiar amusement for us accustomed to these scenes, to retreat back over the ground where we have just escorted the herd, and approach these little trembling things, which stubbornly maintain their positions, with their noses pushed under the grass, and their eyes strained upon us, as we dismount from our horses and are passing around them.—From this fixed position they are sure not to move, until hands are laid upon them, and then for the shins of a novice, we can extend our sympathy; or if he can preserve the skin on his bones from the furious buttings of his head, we know how to congratulate him on his signal success and good luck. In these desperate struggles, for a moment, the little thing is conquered, and makes no further resistance. And I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam!

"This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country, and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the Fur Company's men,) in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes followed for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur Company's Fort, and into the stable where our horses were led. In this way, before I left for the head waters of the Missouri, I think we had collected about a dozen, which Mr. Laidlaw was successfully raising with the aid of a good milch cow, and which were to be committed to the care of Mr. Chouteau to be transported by the return of the steamer, to his extensive plantation in the vicinity of St. Louis."

"It is truly a melancholy contemplation for the traveller in this country, to anticipate the period which is not far distant, when the last of these noble animals, at the hands of white and red men, will fall victims to their cruel and improvident rapacity; leaving these beautiful green fields a vast and idle waste, unstocked and unpeopled

* The fate of these poor little prisoners was a very disastrous one. The steamer having a distance of 1800 miles to perform, and lying a week or two on sand bars, in a country where milk could not be procured, they all perished but one, which is now flourishing in the extensive fields of that gentleman.

for ages to come, until the bones of the one and the traditions of the other will have vanished, and left scarce an intelligible trace behind.

"That the reader should not think me visionary in these contemplations, or romancing in making such assertions, I will hand him the following item of the extravagancies which are practised in these regions, and rapidly leading to the results which I have just named.

"When I first arrived in this place on my way up the river, which was in the month of May, in 1832, and had taken up my lodgings in the Fur Company's Fort, Mr. Laidlaw, of whom I have before spoken, and also his chief clerk, Mr. Halsey, and many of their men, as well as the chiefs of the Sioux, told me, that only a few days before I arrived, (when an immense herd of buffaloes had showed themselves on the opposite side of the river almost blackening the plains for a great distance,) a party of five or six hundred Sioux Indians, on horseback, forded the river about mid-day, and spending a few hours amongst them, recrossed the river at sun-down and came into the Fort with *fourteen hundred fresh buffalo tongues*, which were thrown down in a mass, and for which they required but a few gallons of whiskey, which was soon demolished, indulging them in a little, but not harmless carouse.

"This profligate waste of the lives of these noble and useful animals, when, from all that I could learn, not a skin or a pound of the meat (except the tongues,) was brought in, fully supports me in the seemingly extravagant predictions that I have made as to their extinction, which I am certain is near at hand. In the above extravagant instance, at a season when their skins were without fur and not worth taking off, and their camp was so well stocked with fresh and dried meat, that they had no occasion for using the flesh, there is a fair exhibition of the improvident character of the savage, and also of his recklessness in catering for his appetite, so long as the present inducements are held out to him in his country, for its gratification.

"In this singular country, where the poor Indians have no laws or regulations of society, making it a vice or an impropriety to drink to excess; they think it no harm to indulge in the delicious beverage, as long as they are able to buy whiskey to drink. They look to white men as wiser than themselves, and able to set them examples—they see none of these in their country but sellers of whiskey, who are constantly tendering it to them, and most of them setting the example by using it themselves; and they easily acquire a taste, that to be catered for, where whiskey is sold at sixteen dollars per gallon, soon impoverishes them, and must soon strip the skin from the last buffalo's back that lives in their country, to "be dressed by their squaws" and vended to the Traders for a pint of diluted alcohol.

"From the above remarks it will be seen, that not only the red men, but red men and white, have aimed destruction at the race of these animals; and with them, *beasts* have turned hunters of buffaloes in this country, slaying them, however, in less numbers, and for far more laudable purposes than that of selling their skins. The white wolves, of which I have spoken in a former epistle, follow the

herds of buffaloes, as I have said, from one season to another, glutting themselves on the carcasses of those that fall by the deadly shafts of their enemies, or linger with disease or old age to be despatched by these sneaking cormorants, who are ready at all times kindly to relieve them from the pangs of a lingering death.

"Whilst the herd is together, the wolves never attack them, as they instantly gather for combined resistance, which they effectually make. But when the herds are travelling, it often happens that an aged or wounded one, lingers at a distance behind, and when fairly out of sight of the herd, is set upon by these voracious hunters, which often gather to the number of fifty or more, and are sure at last to torture him to death, and use him up at a meal. The buffalo, however, is a huge and furious animal, and when his retreat is cut off, makes desperate and deadly resistance, contending to the last moment for the right of life—and oftentimes deals death by wholesale, to his canine assailants, which he is tossing into the air or stamping to death under his feet.

"During my travels in these regions, I have several times come across such a gang of these animals surrounding an old or a wounded bull, where it would seem, from appearances, that they had been for several days in attendance, and at intervals desperately engaged in the effort to take his life. But a short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered at a distance, a huge bull, encircled with a gang of white wolves; we rode up as near as we could without driving them away, and being within pistol shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note book; after which, we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head—the grizzle of his nose was mostly gone—his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and the flesh of his legs torn almost literally into strings. In this tattered and torn condition, the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments again. In this group, some were reclining, to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chops in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or the horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, "Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off." Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line. We turned our horses and resumed our march, and when we had advanced a mile or more, we looked back, and on our left, where we saw again the ill-fated

animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

Mr. CATLIN, in a letter dated at the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, says:—

"The several tribes of Indians inhabiting the regions of the Upper Missouri, and of whom I spoke in my last letter, are undoubtedly the finest looking, best equipped, and most beautifully costumed of any on the Continent. They live in a country well-stocked with buffaloes and wild-horses, which furnish them an excellent and easy living; their atmosphere is pure, which produces good health and long life; and they are the most independent and the happiest races of Indians I have met with: they are all entirely in a state of primitive wildness, and consequently are picturesque and handsome, almost beyond description. Nothing in the world, of its kind, can possibly surpass in beauty and grace, some of their games and amusements—their gambols and parades, of which I shall speak and paint hereafter.

"As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions that those Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, with the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons, elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection. Of such tribes, perhaps the Crows and Blackfeet stand first; and no one would be able to appreciate the richness and elegance (and even taste too,) with which some of these people dress, without seeing them in their own country. I will do all I can, however, to make their looks as well as customs known to the world; I will paint with my brush and scribble with my pen, and bring their plumes and plumage, dresses, weapons, &c., and every thing but the Indian himself, to prove to the world the assertion which I have made above.

"Every one of these red sons of the forest (or rather of the prairie) is a knight and lord—his squaws are his slaves; the only things which he deems worthy of his exertions are to mount his snorting steed, with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow and shield upon his arm, and his long lance glistening in the war parade; or, divested of all his plumes and trappings, armed with a simple bow and quiver, to plunge his steed amongst the flying herds of buffaloes, and with his sinewy bow, which he seldom bends in vain, to drive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow.

"The buffalo herds, which graze in almost countless numbers on these beautiful prairies, afford them an abundance of meat; and so much is it preferred to all other, that the deer, the elk, and the antelope sport upon the prairies in the greatest security; as the Indians seldom kill them, unless they want their skin for a dress. The buffalo (or more correctly speaking bison) is a noble animal, that roams over the vast prairies, from the borders of Mexico on the south, to Hudson's Bay on the north. Their size is somewhat above that of our common bullock, and their flesh of a delicious flavor, resembling and

equaling that of fat beef. Their flesh which is easily procured, furnishes the savage of these vast regions the means of a wholesome and good subsistence, and they live almost exclusively upon it—converting the skins, horns, hoofs and bones, to the construction of dresses, shields, bows, &c. The buffalo bull is one of the most formidable and frightful looking animals in the world when excited to resistance; his long shaggy mane hangs in great profusion over his neck and shoulders and often extends quite down to the ground. The cow is less in stature, and less ferocious; though not much less wild and frightful in her appearance.

“The mode in which these Indians kill this noble animal is spirited and thrilling in the extreme; and I must in a future epistle give you a minute account of it. I have almost daily accompanied parties of Indians to see the fun, and have often shared in it myself; but much oftener ran my horse by their sides to see how the thing was done—to study the modes and expressions of these splendid scenes, which I am industriously putting upon the canvass.

“They are all (or nearly so) killed with arrows and the lance, while at full speed; and the reader may easily imagine, that these scenes afford the most spirited and picturesque views of the sporting kind that can possibly be seen.

“At present, I will give a little sketch of a bit of fun I joined in yesterday, with Mr. M’Kenzie and a number of his men, without the company or aid of Indians.

“I mentioned the other day that M’Kenzie’s table from day to day groans under the weight of buffalo tongues and beavers’ tails, and other luxuries of this western land. He has within his Fort a spacious ice-house, in which he preserves his meat fresh for any length of time required; and sometimes, when his larder runs low, he starts out, rallying some five or six of his best hunters (not to hunt, but to ‘go for meat.’) He leads the party, mounted on his favorite buffalo horse (*i. e.* the horse amongst his whole group which is best trained to run the buffalo,) trailing a light and short gun in his hand, such a one as he can most easily reload whilst his horse is at full speed.

“Such was the condition of the ice-house yesterday morning, which caused these self-catering gentlemen to cast their eyes with a wishful look over the prairies; and such was the plight in which our host took the lead, and I, and then Mons. Cardon, and Ba’tiste Defonde and Tullock (who is a trader amongst the Crows, and is here at this time, with a large party of that tribe,) and there were several others whose names I do not know.

“As we were mounted and ready to start, M’Kenzie called up some four or five of his men, and then told them to follow immediately on our trail, with as many one-horse carts, which they were to harness up, to bring home the meat; ‘ferry them across the river in the scow,’ said he, ‘and following our trail through the bottom, you will find us on the plain yonder, between the Yellow Stone and Missouri rivers, with meat enough to load you home. My watch on yonder bluff has just told us by his signals, that there are cattle

plenty on the spot, and we are going there as fast as possible.' We all crossed the river, and galloped away a couple of miles or so, when we mounted the bluff; and to be sure, as was said, there was in full view of us a fine herd of some four or five hundred buffaloes, perfectly at rest, and in their own estimation (probably) perfectly secure. Some were grazing, and others were lying down and sleeping; we advanced within a mile or so, of them in full view, and came to a halt. Mons. Chardon 'tossed the feather' (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind,) and we commenced 'stripping' as it is termed (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c., that might be an incumbrance in running;) hats are laid off, and coats—and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, a handkerchief tied tightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half dozen bullets 'thrown into the mouth,' &c., &c., all of which takes some ten or fifteen minutes, and is not, in appearance or effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as the riders themselves. While 'stripping' and mounting, they exhibit the most restless impatience; and when 'approaching'—(which is, all of us abreast, upon a slow walk, and in a straight line towards the herd, until they discover us and run,) they all seem to have caught entirely the spirit of the chase, for the laziest nag amongst them prances with an elasticity in his step—champing his bit—his ears erect—his eyes strained out of his head, and fixed upon the game before him, whilst he trembles under the saddle of his rider. In this way we carefully and silently marched, until within some forty or fifty rods; when the herd discovering us, wheeled and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started! (and all *must* start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the whole crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for 'meat,' but for a *trophy*; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. Amidst the trampling throng, Mons. Chardon had wounded a stately bull, and at this moment was passing him again with his piece levelled for another shot; they were both at full speed and I also, within the reach of the muzzle of my gun, when the bull instantly turned

and receiving the horse upon his horns, and the ground received poor Chardon, who made a frog's leap of some twenty feet or more over the bull's back, and almost under my horse's heels. I wheeled my horse as soon as possible and rode back, where lay poor Chardon, gasping to start his breath again; and within a few paces of him his huge victim, with his heels high in the air, and the horse lying across him. I dismounted instantly, but Chardon was raising himself on his hands, with his eyes full of dirt, and feeling for his gun, which lay about thirty feet in advance of him. 'Heaven spare you! are you hurt, Chardon?' 'hi—hic—hic—hic—hic—no, no, I believe not. Oh! this is not much, Mons. Catline—this is nothing new—but this is a hard piece of ground here—hic—oh! hic!' At this the poor fellow fainted, but in a few moments arose, picked up his gun, took his horse by the bit; which then opened its eyes, and with a *hic* and a *ugh—vohk!* sprang upon its feet—shook off the dirt—and here we were, all upon our legs again, save the bull, whose fate had been more sad than that of either.

"I turned my eyes in the direction where the herd had gone, and our companions in pursuit, and nothing could be seen of them, nor indication, except the cloud of dust which they left behind them.—At a little distance on the right, however, I beheld my huge victim endeavoring to make as much head-way as he possibly could, from this dangerous ground, upon three legs. I galloped off to him, and at my approach he wheeled around—and bristled up for battle; he seemed to know perfectly well that he could not escape from me, and resolved to meet his enemy and death as bravely as possible.

"I found that my shot had entered him a little too far forward, breaking one of his shoulders, and lodging in his breast, and from his very great weight it was impossible for him to make much advance upon me. As I rode up within a few paces of him he would bristle up with fury enough in his *looks* alone, almost to annihilate me; and making one lunge at me, would fall upon his neck and nose, so that I found the sagacity of my horse enough to keep me out of reach of danger: and I drew from my pocket my sketch-book, laid my gun across my lap, and commenced taking his likeness.—He stood stiffened up, and swelling with awful vengeance, which was sublime for a picture, but which he could not vent upon me. I rode around him and sketched him in numerous attitudes, sometimes he would lie down, and I would then sketch him, then throw my cap at him, and rousing him on his legs, rally a new expression, and sketch him again.

"In this way I added to my sketch-book some invaluable sketches of this grim-visaged monster, who knew not that he was standing for his likeness.

"No man on earth can imagine what is the look and expression of such a subject before him as this was. I defy the world to procure another animal that can look so frightful as a huge buffalo bull, when wounded as he was, turned around for battle, and swelling

with rage;—his eyes bloodshot, and his long shaggy mane hanging to the ground,—his mouth open, and his horrid rage hissing in streams of smoke and blood from his mouth and through his nostrils, as he is bending forward to spring upon his assailant.

"After I had had the requisite time and opportunity for using my pencil, M'Kenzie and his companions came walking their exhausted horses back from the chase, and in our rear came four or five carts to carry home the meat. The party met from all quarters around me and my buffalo bull, whom I then shot in the head and finished. And being seated together for a few minutes, each one took a smoke of the pipe, and recited his exploits, and his 'coups' or deaths; when all parties had a hearty laugh at me, as a novice, for having aimed at an old bull, whose flesh was not suitable for food, and the carts were escorted on the trail to bring away the meat. I rode back with Mr. M'Kenzie, who pointed out five cows which he had killed, and all of them selected as the fattest and sleekest of the herd. This astonishing feat was all performed within the distance of one mile—all were killed at full speed, and every one shot through the heart. In the short space of time required for a horse under 'full whip,' to run the distance of one mile he had discharged his gun five, and loaded it four times—selected his animals, and killed at every shot! There were six or eight others killed at the same time, which altogether furnished, as will be seen, abundance of freight for the carts; which returned, as well as several packhorses, loaded with the choicest parts which were cut from the animals, and the remainder of the carcasses left a prey for the wolves.

"Such is the mode by which white men live in this country—such is the way by which they get their food, and such is one of their delightful amusements—at the hazard of every bone in one's body, to feel the fine and thrilling exhilaration of the chase for a moment, and then as often to upbraid and blame himself for his folly and imprudence."

ADVENTURES OF MAY, JOHNSTON, FLINN, AND SKYLES.

Mr. JOHN MAY, a gentleman of Virginia, had, at an early period, been appointed surveyor of the Kentucky lands, and had become so extensively involved in business, as to require the aid of a clerk. In 1789, he employed Mr. Charles Johnston, a young man scarcely twenty years of age, in that capacity. Johnston accompanied his employer to Kentucky in the summer of '89, and returned to Virginia in the autumn of the same year, without any adventure worthy of notice; and in the month of February, 1790, it became necessary for them to return to Kentucky, in order to complete the business which had been left unfinished on the former trip. Heretofore, they had travelled by land, but on the present occasion, May determined to descend the Great Kenawha and Ohio by water. They, accordingly, travelled by the usual route to Green Briar court house, where the town of Lewisburg has since been built, and from thence crossed the wilderness which lay between that point and the Great Kenawha. After suffering much from the weather, which was intensely cold, they at length reached Kelley's station upon the Kenawha, from which point May proposed to embark. Having purchased a boat, such as was then used for the navigation of the western waters, they embarked in company with Mr. Jacob Skyles, a gentleman of Virginia, who had at that time a stock of dry goods intended for Lexington, and without any accident, in the course of a few days, they arrived at Point Pleasant. Here there was an accession to their number of three persons, a man named Flinn and two sisters of the name of Fleming. Flinn was a hardy borderer, accustomed from his youth to all the dangers of the frontiers, and the two Miss Flemings were women of low station. They were all natives of Pittsburg and were on their way to Kentucky.

During their short stay at Point Pleasant, they learned that roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captives all who were on board; so that, upon leaving Point Pleasant, they determined that no considerations should induce them to approach either shore, but steeling their hearts against every entreaty, that they would resolutely keep the middle of the current, and leave distressed individuals to shift for themselves. How firmly this resolution was maintained the sequel will show. The spring freshet was in its height at the time of their embarkation, and their boat was wafted rapidly down the stream. There was no occasion to use the side oars, and it was only

necessary for one individual at a time to watch throughout the night, at the steering oar, in order to keep the boat in the current. So long as this could be done, they entertained no dread of any number of Indians on either shore, as boarding had hitherto formed no part of their plans, and was supposed to be impracticable, so long as arms were on board of the boat.

On the morning of the 20th of March, when near the junction of the Scioto, they were awakened at daylight by Flinn, whose turn it was to watch, and informed that danger was at hand. All sprung to their feet, and hastened upon deck without removing their night-caps or completing their dress. The cause of Flinn's alarm was quickly evident. Far down the river a smoke was seen, ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, and floating in thinner masses over the bed of the river. All at once they perceived that it could only proceed from a large fire—and who was there to kindle a fire in the wilderness which surrounded them? No one doubted that Indians were in front, and the only question to be decided was, upon which shore they lay, for the winding of the river, and their distance from the smoke, rendered it impossible at first to ascertain this point. As the boat drifted on, however, it became evident that the fire was upon the Ohio shore, and it was determined to put over to the opposite side of the river. Before this could be done, however, two white men ran down upon the beach, and clasping their hands in the most earnest manner, imploring the crew to take them on board. They declared that they had been taken by a party of Indians in Kennedy's bottom, a few days before—had been conducted across the Ohio, and had just effected their escape. They added, that the enemy was in close pursuit of them, and that their death was certain, unless admitted on board. Resolute in their purpose, on no account to leave the middle of the stream, and strongly suspecting the suppliants of treachery, the party paid no attention to their entreaties, but steadily pursued their course down the river, and were soon considerably ahead of them.—The two white men ran down the bank, in a line parallel with the course of the boat, and their entreaties were changed into the most piercing cries and lamentations upon perceiving the obstinacy with which their request was disregarded. The obduracy of the crew soon began to relax. Flinn and the two females, accustomed from their youth to undervalue danger from the Indians, earnestly insisted upon going ashore, and relieving the white men, and even the incredulity of May began to yield to the persevering importunity of the suppliants. A parley took place. May called to them from the deck of the boat where he stood in his night-cap and drawers, and demanded the cause of the large fire, the smoke of which had caused so much alarm. The white men positively denied that there was any fire near them. This falsehood was so palpable, that May's former suspicion returned with additional force, and he positively insisted upon continuing their course without paying the slightest attention to the request of the men. This resolution was firmly seconded by Johnson and Skyles, and as vehemently opposed by

Flinn and the Miss Flemings, for, contrary to all established rules of policy, the females were allowed an equal vote with the males on board of the boat. Flinn urged that the men gave every evidence of real distress which could be required, and recounted too many particular circumstances attending their capture and escape, to give color to the suspicion that their story was invented for the occasion, and added, that it would be a burning shame to them and their's forever, if they should permit two countrymen to fall a sacrifice to the savages when so slight a risk on their part would suffice to relieve them. He acknowledged that they had lied in relation to the fire, but declared himself satisfied that it was only because they were fearful of acknowledging the truth, lest the crew should suspect that Indians were concealed in the vicinity. The controversy became warm, and during its progress, the boat drifted so far below the men, that they appeared to relinquish their pursuit in despair.

At this time, Flinn made a second proposal, which, according to his method of reasoning, could be carried into effect, without the slightest risk to any one but himself. They were now more than a mile below the pursuers. He proposed that May should only touch the hostile shore long enough to permit him to jump out. That it was impossible for Indians, (even admitting that they were at hand,) to arrive in time to arrest the boat, and even should any appear, they could immediately put off from shore and abandon him to his fate. That he was confident of being able to outrun the red devils, if they saw him first, and was equally confident of being able to see them as soon as they could see him. May remonstrated upon so unnecessary an exposure—but Flinn was inflexible, and in an evil hour, the boat was directed to the shore. They quickly discovered, what ought to have been known before, that they could not float as swiftly after leaving the current as while borne along by it, and they were nearly double the time in making the shore that they had calculated upon. When within reach Flinn leaped fearlessly upon the hostile bank, and the boat grated upon the sand. At that moment, five or six savages, ran up out of breath, from the adjoining wood, and seizing Flinn, began to fire upon the boat's crew. Johnston and Skyles sprung to their arms, in order to return the fire, while May, seizing an oar attempted to regain the current. Fresh Indians arrived, however, in such rapid succession, that the beach was quickly crowded by them, and May called out to his companions to cease firing and come to the oars. This was done, but it was too late.

The river, as we have already observed, was very high, and their clumsy and unwieldy boat, had become entangled in the boughs of the trees which hung over the water, so that after the most desperate efforts to get her off, they were compelled to relinquish the attempt in despair. During the whole of this time the Indians were pouring a heavy fire into the boat, at a distance not exceeding ten paces. Their horses, of which they had a great number on board, had broken their halters, and mad with terror were plunging so furiously as to expose them to a danger scarcely less dreadful than that which

menaced them from shore. In addition to this, none of them had ever beheld a hostile Indian before, (with the exception of May,) and the furious gestures and appalling yells of the enemy, struck a terror to their hearts which had almost deprived them of their faculties. Seeing it impossible to extricate themselves, they all lay down upon their faces, in such parts of the boat, as would best protect them from the horses, and awaited in passive helplessness, the approach of the conquerors. The enemy, however, still declined boarding, and contented themselves with pouring in an incessant fire, by which all the horses were killed, and which at length began to grow fatal to the crew. One of the females received a ball in her mouth which had passed immediately over Johnston's head, and almost instantly expired. Skyles, immediately afterwards, was severely wounded in both shoulders, the ball striking the right shoulder blade, and ranging transversely along his back. The fire seemed to grow hotter every moment, when, at length May arose and waved his night-cap above his head as a signal of surrender. He instantly received a ball in the middle of the forehead and fell perfectly dead by the side of Johnston, covering him with his blood.

Now, at last, the enemy ventured to board. Throwing themselves into the water, with their tomahawks in their hands, a dozen or twenty swam to the boat, and began to climb the sides. Johnston stood ready to do the honors of the boat, and presenting his hand to each Indian in succession, he helped them over the side to the number of twenty. Nothing could *appear* more cordial than the meeting. Each Indian shook him by the hand, with the usual salutation of "How de do," in passable English, while Johnston encountered every visiter with an affectionate squeeze, and a forced smile in which terror struggled with civility. The Indians then passed on to Skyles and the surviving Miss Fleming, where the demonstrations of mutual joy were not quite so lively. Skyles was writhing under a painful wound, and the girl was sitting by the dead body of her sister. Having shaken hands with all of their captives, the Indians proceeded to scalp the dead, which was done with great coolness, and the reeking scalps were stretched and prepared upon hoops for the usual process of drying, immediately before the eyes of the survivors. The boat was then drawn ashore, and its contents examined with great greediness. Poor Skyles, in addition to the pain of his wounds, was compelled to witness the total destruction of his property, by the hand of these greedy spoilers, who tossed his silks, cambric, and broadcloth into the dirt, with the most reckless indifference. At length they stumbled upon a keg of whiskey. The prize was eagerly seized, and every thing else abandoned. The Indian who had found it, carried it ashore and was followed by the rest with tumultuous delight. A large fire nearly fifty feet long was kindled, and victors and vanquished indiscriminately huddled around it. As yet no attempt had been made to strip the prisoners, but unfortunately, Johnston was handsomely dressed in a broadcloth surtout, red vest, fine ruffled shirt and a new pair of boots. The Indians began

to eye him attentively, and at length one of them, whose name he afterwards learned was Chick-a-tommo, a Shawanee chief, came up to him, and gave the skirt of his coat two or three hard pulls, accompanied by several gestures which were not to be mistaken. Johnston stripped off his coat, and very politely handed it to him. His red waistcoat was now exposed to full view and attracted great attention. Chick-a-tommo, 'Hugh! you big Cappatain!' Johnston hastily assured him that he was mistaken, that he was no officer—nor had any connection with military affairs whatever. The Indian then drew himself up, pointed with his finger to his breast, and exclaimed, 'Me Cappatain! all dese,' pointing to his men, 'my sogers!' The red waistcoat accompanied the surtout, and Johnston quickly stood shivering in his shirt and pantaloons. An old Indian then came up to him, and placing one hand upon his own shirt (a greasy filthy garment, which had not, probably, been washed for six months,) and the other upon Johnston's ruffles, cried out in English, 'Swap! Swap!' at the same time, giving the ruffles a gentle pull with his dirty fingers. Johnston, conquering his disgust at the proposal, was about to comply, and had drawn his shirt over his head, when it was violently pulled back by another Indian, whose name, he afterwards learned, was Tom Lewis. His new ally then reproached the other Indian severely for wishing to take the shirt from a prisoner's back in such cold weather, and directly afterwards threw his own blanket over Johnston's shoulders. The action was accompanied by a look so full of compassion and kindness, that Johnston, who had expected far different treatment, was perfectly astonished. He now saw that native kindness of heart and generosity of feeling was by no means rare even among savages.

The two white men who had decoyed them ashore, and whose names were Divine and Thomas, now appeared, and took their seats by the sides of the captives. Sensible of the reproach to which they had exposed themselves, they hastened to offer an excuse for their conduct. They declared that they really *had* been taken in Kennedy's bottom a few days before, and that the Indians had compelled them, by threats of instant death in case of refusal, to act as they had done. They concluded by some common place expressions of regret for the calamity which they had occasioned, and declared that their own misery was aggravated at beholding that of their countrymen! In short, words were cheap with them, and they showered them out in profusion. But Johnston and Skyles' sufferings had been and still were too severe, to permit their resentment to be appeased by such light atonement. Their suspicions of the existence of wilful and malignant treachery on the part of the white men, (at least one of them,) were confirmed by the report of a negro, who quickly made his appearance, and, as it appeared, had been taken in Kentucky a few days before. He declared that Thomas had been extremely averse to having any share in the treachery, but had been overruled by Divine, who alone had planned, and was most active in the execution of the project, having received a promise from the

Indians, that, in case of success, his own liberty should be restored to him. This report has been amply confirmed by subsequent testimony.

In a few minutes, six squaws, most of them very old, together with two white children, a girl and a boy, came down to the fire, and seated themselves. The children had lately been taken from Kentucky. Skyles' wound now became excessively painful, and Flinn, who, in the course of his adventurous life, had picked up some knowledge of surgery, was permitted to examine it. He soon found it necessary to make an incision, which was done very neatly with a razor. An old squaw then washed the wound, and having caught the bloody water in a tin cup, presented it to Skyles, and requested him to drink it, assuring him that it would greatly accelerate the cure. He thought it most prudent to comply.

During the whole of this time, the Indians remained silently smoking or lounging around the fire. No sentinels were posted in order to prevent a surprise but each man's gun stood immediately behind him, with the breech resting upon the ground, and the barrel supported against a small pole, placed horizontally upon two forks. Upon the slightest alarm, every man could have laid his hand upon his own gun. Their captors were composed of small detachments from several tribes. Much the greater portion belonged to the Shawnees, but there were several Delawares, Wyandotts, and a few wandering Cherokees. After smoking, they proceeded to the division of their prisoners. Flinn was given to a Shawnee warrior—Skyles to an old crabbed, ferocious Indian of the same tribe, whose temper was sufficiently expressed in his countenance, while Johnston was assigned to a young Shawnee chief, whom he represented as possessed of a disposition which would have done him honor in any age or in any nation. His name was Messhawa, and he had just reached the age of manhood. His person was tall, and expressive rather of action than strength, his air was noble, and his countenance mild, open, and peculiarly prepossessing. He evidently possessed great influence among those of his own tribe, which, as the sequel will show, he exerted with great activity on the side of humanity. The surviving Miss Fleming was given to the Cherokees, while the Wyandotts and the Delawares were allowed not to share in the distribution. No dissatisfaction, however, was expressed. The division had been proclaimed by an old chief in a loud voice, and a brief guttural monosyllable announced their concurrence. After the distribution of their captives, Flinn, Divine and Thomas, were ordered to prepare four additional oars, for the boat which they had taken, as they had determined to man it, and assail such other boats as should be encountered during their stay on the Ohio. These and several other preparations occupied the rest of the day.

On the next morning, the Indians arose early and prepared for an encounter, expecting, as usual, that boats would be passing. They dressed their scalp tufts, and painted their faces in the most approved

manner, before a pocket glass which each carried with him, grimacing, and frowning in order to drill their features to the expression of the most terrific passions. About ten o'clock a canoe, containing six men, was seen, slowly and laboriously ascending the river upon the Kentucky shore. All the prisoners were immediately ordered to descend the bank to the water's edge and decoy the canoe within reach of the Indian guns. Johnston, with whatever reluctance, was compelled to accompany the rest. Divine on this, as on the former occasion, was peculiarly active and ingenious in stratagems. He invented a lamentable story of their canoe having been overset and of their starving condition, destitute as they were of either guns or axes. It was with agony that Johnston beheld the canoes put off from the Kentucky shore, and move rapidly towards them, struggling with the powerful current, which bore them so far below them that they could not distinguish the repeated signs which Johnston made, warning them to keep off. The Indians perceiving how far the canoe was driven below them, ran rapidly down the river, under cover of the woods, and concealed themselves among the willows, which grew in thick clusters upon the bank. The unsuspecting canoemen soon drew near, and when within sixty yards, received a heavy fire which killed every man on board. Some fell into the river, and overset the canoe, which drifted rapidly down the current, as did the bodies of the slain. The Indians sprung into the water, and dragging them ashore, tomahawked two of them, who gave some signs of life, and scalped the whole.

Scarcely had this been done, when a more splendid booty appeared in view. It happened that Captain Thomas Marshall, of the Virginia artillery, with several other gentlemen, was descending the Ohio, having embarked only one day later than May. They had three boats weakly manned, but heavily laden with horses and dry goods, intended for Lexington. About twelve o'clock on the second day of Johnston's captivity, the little flotilla appeared about a mile above the point where the Indians stood. Instantly all was bustle and activity. The additional oars were fixed to the boat, the savages sprung on board, and the prisoners were compelled to station themselves at the oars, and were threatened with death unless they used their utmost exertions to bring them along side of the enemy. The three boats came down very rapidly and were soon immediately opposite their enemy. The Indians opened a heavy fire upon them, and stimulated their rowers to their utmost efforts. The boats became quickly aware of their danger, and a warm contest of skill and strength took place. There was an interval of one hundred yards between each of the three boats in view. The hindmost was for a time in great danger. Having but one pair of oars, and being weakly manned, she was unable to compete with the Indian boat, which greatly outnumbered her both in oars and men. The Indians quickly came within rifle shot, and swept the deck with an incessant fire, which rendered it extremely dangerous for any of the crew to show themselves. Captain Marshall was on board of the hindmost

boat, and maintained his position at the steering oar, in defiance of the shower of balls which flew around him. He stood in his shirt sleeves with a red silk handkerchief bound around his head, which afforded a fair mark to the enemy, and steered the boat with equal steadiness and skill, while the crew below relieved each other at the oars. The enemy lost ground from two circumstances. In their eagerness to overtake the whites, they had left the current, and attempted to cut across the river from point to point, in order to shorten the distance. In doing so, however, they lost the force of the current, and quickly found themselves dropping astern. In addition to this, the whites conducted themselves with equal coolness and dexterity. The second boat waited for the hindmost, and received her crew on board, abandoning the goods and horses, without scruple, to the enemy. Being now more strongly manned, she shot rapidly ahead, and quickly overtook the foremost boat, which in like manner, received her crew on board, abandoning the cargo as before, and having six pair of oars, and being powerfully manned, she was soon beyond the reach of the enemy's shot. The chase lasted more than an hour. For the first half hour, the fate of the hindmost boat hung in mournful suspense, and Johnston, with agony, looked forward to the probability of its capture. The prisoners were compelled to labor hard at the oars, but they took care never to pull together, and by every means in their power, endeavored to favor the escape of their friends.

At length, the Indians abandoned the pursuit and turned their whole attention to the boats which had been deserted. The booty surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Several fine horses were on board, and flour, and chocolate in profusion. Another keg of whiskey was found and excited the same immoderate joy as at first. It was unanimously determined to regale themselves in a regular feast, and preparations were made to carry their resolution into effect. A large kettle of chocolate and sugar, of which the sugar formed the greater part, was set upon the fire, which an old squaw stirred with a dirty stick. Johnston was promoted on the spot to the rank of cook, and received orders to bake a number of flour cakes in the fire. A deer skin, which had served for a saddle blanket, and was most disgustingly stained by having been applied to a horse's sore back, was given him as a tray, and being repeatedly ordered to "make haste," he entered upon his new office with great zeal. By mixing a large portion of sugar with some dumplings, which he boiled in chocolate, he so delighted the palates of the Indians, that they were enthusiastic in their praises, and announced their intention of keeping him in his present capacity as long as he remained with them. The two kegs which had been carefully guarded were now produced, and the mirth began to border on the "fast and furious." A select band, as usual, remained sober, in order to maintain order and guard against surprise, but the prisoners were invited to get drunk with their red brothers. Johnson and Skyles declined the invitation, but Flinn, without waiting to be asked twice, joined the revellers, and soon became as drunk as any of them. In this situation

he entered into a hot dispute with an Indian, which, after much abuse on both sides, terminated in blows, and his antagonist received a sad battering. Several of his tribe drew their knives, and rushed upon Flinn with fury, but were restrained amid peals of laughter by the others, who declared that Flinn had proved himself a man, and should have fair play.

In the meantime, Johnson and Skyles had been bound and removed to a convenient distance from the drinking party, with the double design of saving their lives, and guarding escape. While laying in this manner, and totally unable to help themselves, they beheld with terror, one of the revellers staggering towards them, with a drawn knife in his hand, and muttering a profusion of drunken curses. He stopped within a few paces of them, and harangued them with great vehemence, for nearly a minute, until he had worked himself up to a state of insane fury, when suddenly uttering a startling yell, he sprung upon the prostrate body of Skyles and seizing him by the hair endeavored to scalp him. Fortunately he was too much intoxicated to exert his usual dexterity, and before he had succeeded in his design, the guard ran up at full speed, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him violently backwards to the distance of several yards. The drunken beast rolled upon the ground, and with difficulty recovering his feet, staggered off, muttering curses against the white man, the guard, himself, and the whole world. Skyles had only felt the point of the knife, but had given up his scalp for lost, and rubbed the crown of his head several times with feverish apprehensions, before he could be satisfied that his scalp was still safe.

No other incident occurred during the night, and on the following morning the Indians separated. Those to whom Flinn belonged, remained at the river in expectation of intercepting other boats, while Johnston's party struck through the wilderness, in a steady direction for their towns. During their first day's march, he afforded much amusement to his captors. In the boat abandoned by Captain Marshall, they had found a milch cow, haltered in the usual manner.— Upon leaving the river, they committed her to the care of Johnston, requiring him to lead her by the halter. Being totally unaccustomed to this method of travelling, she proved very refractory and perplexed him exceedingly. When he took one side of a tree, she regularly chose the other. Whenever he attempted to lead her, she planted her feet firmly before her, and refused to move a step. When he strove to drive her, she ran off into the bushes, dragging him after her, to the no small injury of his person and dress. The Indians were in a roar of laughter throughout the whole day, and appeared highly to enjoy his perplexity. At night they arrived at a small encampment, where they had left their women and children. Here, to his great joy, Johnston was relieved of his charge, and saw her slaughtered with the utmost gratification. At night, he suffered severely by the absence of the benevolent Messhawa, to whose charge, as we have already said, he had been committed. The Indians were apprehensive of pursuit, and directed Messhawa, at the

head of several warriors, up to the rear, and give them seasonable warning of any attempt on the part of the whites to regain their prisoners. In his absence, he had been committed to an Indian of very different character. While his new master was engaged in tying his hands, as usual, for the night, he ventured to complain that the cords were drawn too tight, and gave him unnecessary pain. The Indian flew into a passion, exclaiming, "Dam your soul!" and he drew the cord with all the violence of which he was capable, until it was completely buried in the flesh. Johnston, in consequence, did not sleep for a moment, but passed the whole night in exquisite torture. In the morning Messhawa came up, and finding his prisoner in a high fever, and his hands excessively swollen, cut the cords, and exchanged some high words with the other Indian upon the subject.

The march was quickly recommenced, and Johnston could not avoid congratulating himself every moment upon his good fortune in having Messhawa for his guide. Skyles' master seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. In addition to an enormous quantity of baggage, he compelled him to carry his rifle, by which his raw wound was perpetually irritated and prevented from healing. Messhawa permitted Johnston to share his own mess upon all occasions, while the savages to whom Skyles belonged, would scarcely permit him to eat a dozen mouthfuls, a day, and never without embittering his meat with curses and blows. In a few days they arrived at the Scioto river, which, from the recent rains, was too high to admit of being forded. The Indians were immediately employed in constructing a raft, and it was necessary to carry one very large log, several hundred yards. Two Indians with a handspike supported the lighter end, while the butt was very charitably bestowed upon Johnston alone. Not daring to murmur, he exerted his utmost strength, and aided by several Indians, with some difficulty, succeeded in placing the enormous burden upon his shoulder. He quickly found, however, that the weight was beyond his strength, and wishing to give his two companions in front warning of his inability to support it, he called to them in English to "take care!"—They did not understand him, however, and continued to support it, when finding himself in danger of being crushed to death, he dropped the log so suddenly that both Indians were knocked down, and lay for a time without sense or motion. They soon sprung up, however, and drawing their tomahawks, would instantly have relieved Johnston of all his troubles, had not the other Indians, amid peals of laughter, restrained them, and compelled them to vent their spleen in curses, which were showered upon "Ketapels," as he was called, for the space of an hour, with great fury.

After crossing the Scioto, the Indians displayed a disposition to loiter and throw away time, but little in unison with Johnston's feelings, who was anxious to reach their towns as speedily as possible, flattering himself with the hope that some benevolent trader would purchase him of the Indians and restore him to liberty. They

amused themselves at a game called "Nosey." with a pack of cards which had been found in one of the abandoned boats. The pack is equally divided between two of them, and by some process which Johnston did not understand, each endeavored to get all the cards into his own possession. The winner had a right to ten fillups at his adversary's nose, which the latter was required to sustain with inflexible gravity, as the winner was entitled to ten additional fillups for every smile which he succeeded in forcing from him. At this game they would be engaged for a whole day, with the keenest interest, the bystanders looking on with a delight scarcely inferior to that of the gamblers themselves, and laughing immoderately when the penalty was exacted.

When gaming, they were usually kind to the prisoners, but this ray of sunshine was frequently very suddenly overcast. Johnston ventured to ask an old Shawnee chief, how far they would be forced to travel, before reaching his village. The old man very good naturedly assured him, by drawing a diagram upon the sand with a stick, pointing out the situation of the Ohio river, of the Scioto, and of the various Indian villages, and pointing to the sun, he waved his hand once for every day which they would employ in the journey. Johnston then ventured to ask "how many inhabitants his village contained?" The old man replied, that the Shawanees had once been a great nation, but (and here his eyes flashed fire, and he worked himself into a furious passion) the long knives had killed nearly the whole of his nation. "However," continued he, "so long as there is a Shawanee alive, we will *fight! fight! fight!* When no Shawanee—then no fight."

The prisoners were also in great danger whenever the Indians passed through a forest which had been surveyed, and where the marks of the axe on the trees were evident. They would halt upon coming to such a tree, and after a few minutes' silence would utter the most terrible yells, striking the trees with their hatchets, and cursing the prisoners with a fierceness which caused them often to abandon all hopes of life. On one occasion, they passed suddenly from the most ferocious state of excitement, to the opposite extreme of merriment at a slight disaster which befel Johnston. They were often compelled to ford creeks, but upon one occasion, they attempted to pass upon a log. The morning was bitterly cold and frosty, and the log having been barked, was consequently very slippery. In passing upon this bridge, Johnston's foot slipped, and he fell into the cold water, with an outcry so sudden and shrill that the whole party, which the instant before had been inflamed with rage, burst at once into loud laughter, which, at intervals, was maintained for several miles. Sometimes they amused themselves by compelling their prisoners to dance, causing them to pronounce in a tone bordering on music, the words "Mom-ne-kah! He-kah-hah! Was-sat-oo—Hos-see-kah!" and this monotonous and fatiguing exercise was occasionally relieved by the more exciting one of springing over a large fire, when the blaze was at its highest, in which they could only escape

The painful journey had now lasted nearly a month, and the Indian towns were yet at a great distance. Hitherto, Skyles and Johnston had remained together, but by the whimsical fancy of their captors, they were now separated. Skyles was borne off to the Miami towns, while Johnson was destined for Sandusky. A few days after this separation, Johnston's party fell in with a Wayandott and a negro man, who, having run away from Kentucky, had been taken up by the Wayandott, and retained as an assistant in a very lucrative trade, which he was at that time carrying on with the Indians of the interior. He was in the habit of purchasing whiskey, powder, blankets, &c., at Detroit, generally upon credit, packing them upon horses into the interior, and exchanging them at a profit of nearly one thousand per cent. for furs and hides. This casual rencontre in the wilderness, was followed by great demonstrations of joy on both sides. The trader produced his rum, the Shawanees their merchandize, and a very brisk exchange ensued. Johnston's boots, for which he had paid eight dollars in Virginia, were gladly given for a pint of rum, and other articles were sold at a proportionate price. Johnston, as before, was removed from the immediate neighborhood of the travelers, and committed to the care of the two sober Indians, with strict injunctions to prevent his escape. They, accordingly, bound him securely, and passing the ends of the cord under their own bodies, lay down to sleep, one upon each side of their prisoner. At midnight Johnston was awakened by a heavy rain, although his guides slept on with most enviable composure. Unable to extricate himself, and fearful of awakening them, he was endeavoring to submit with patience, when the negro appeared and very courteously invited him to take shelter in his tent, which stood within fifty yards of the spot where he lay. Johnston was beginning to explain to his black friend the impossibility of moving without the consent of his guards, when they suddenly sprung to their feet, and seizing the negro by the throat, and at the same time grasping Johnston's collar, they uttered the alarm halloo in the most piercing tones. The whole band of drunken Indians instantly repeated the cry, and ran up, tomahawk in hand, and with the utmost ferocious gestures. Johnston gave himself up for lost, and the negro looked white with terror, but their enemies conducted themselves with more discretion, than, from their drunken condition, could have been anticipated. They seized Johnston, bore him off a few paces into the woods, and questioned him closely as to the conference between himself and the negro. He replied by simply and clearly stating the truth. They then grappled the negro, and menacing him with their knives, threatened to take his scalp on the spot, if he did not tell the truth. His story agreed exactly with Johnston's, and the Indians became satisfied that no plot had been concerted. The incident, however, had completely sobered them, and for several hours the rum cask gave way to the dancing ring, which was formed in front of the negro's tent, where Johnson had been permitted, after the alarm subsided, to take shelter from the rain. He quickly fell asleep, but was grievously tormented by the nightmare.

He dreamed that he was drowning in the middle of a creek which he had crossed on the morning, and his respiration became so painful and laborious, that he at length awoke. The song and the dance were still going on around him, and the cause of his unpleasant dream was quickly manifest. A huge Indian had very composedly seated himself upon his breast, and was smoking a long pipe, and contemplating the dancers, apparently very well satisfied with his seat.—Johnston turned himself upon his side and threw the Indian off.—He did not appear to relish the change of place much, but soon settled himself and continued to smoke with uninterrupted gravity.

At daylight, a new scene presented itself. The warriors painted themselves in the most frightful colors, and performed a war dance, with the usual accompaniments. A stake, painted in alternate stripes of black and vermillion, was fixed in the ground, and the dancers moved in rapid but measured evolutions around it. They recounted, with great energy, the wrongs they had received from the whites.—Their lands had been taken from them—their corn cut up—their villages burnt—their friends slaughtered—every injury which they had received was dwelt upon, until their passions had become inflamed beyond all control. Suddenly, Chickatommo darted from the circle of dancers, and with eyes flashing fire, ran up to the spot where Johnston was sitting, calmly contemplating the spectacle before him. When within reach he struck him a furious blow with his fist, and was preparing to repeat it, when Johnston seized him by the arms, and hastily demanded the cause of such unprovoked violence. Chickatommo, grinding his teeth with rage, shouted, "Sit down! sit down!" Johnston obeyed, and the Indian, perceiving the two white children within ten steps of him, snatched up a tomahawk, and advanced upon them with a quick step, and a determined look. The terrified little creatures instantly arose from the log on which they were sitting, and fled into the woods, uttering the most piercing screams, while their pursuer rapidly gained upon them with his tomahawk uplifted. The girl, being the youngest, was soon overtaken, and would have been tomahawked, had not Messhawa bounded like a deer to her relief. He arrived barely in time to arrest the uplifted tomahawk of Chickatommo, after which, he seized him by the collar and hurled him violently backward to the distance of several paces. Snatching up the child in his arms, he then ran after the brother, intending to secure him likewise from the fury of his companion, but the boy, misconstruing his intention, continued his flight with such rapidity, and doubted several times with such address, that the chase was prolonged to the distance of several hundred yards. At length Messhawa succeeded in taking him. The boy, thinking himself lost, uttered a wild cry, which was echoed by his sister, but both were instantly calmed. Messhawa took them in his arms, spoke to them kindly, and soon convinced them that they had nothing to fear from him. He quickly reappeared, leading them gently by the hand, and soothing them in the Indian language, until they both clung to him closely for protection.

No other incident disturbed the progress of the ceremonies, nor did Chickatommo appear to resent the violent interference of Messhawa.

Their rum was not yet exhausted, and after the conclusion of the war dance, they returned to it with renewed vigor. A lame Mingo, on a solitary hunting excursion, soon joined them, and with drunken hospitality, was pressed, and in some degree compelled to get drunk with them. They soon became very affectionate, and the Mingo, taking advantage of the momentary generosity produced by the rum, ventured to ask that Johnston might be given to him, for a particular purpose, which he explained to them. He said that he had lately killed a warrior of the Wyandott tribe, whose widow had clamorously demanded that he (the Mingo) should either procure her another husband, or lay down his own life as a penalty for the slain Wyandott. He added that he was too poor to procure her another husband, unless he should take that honorable office upon himself, for which he had but small inclination, the squaw in question being well stricken in years, tolerable crooked, and withal a most terrible scold, and that he must submit to the other alternative, and lay down his life, unless the Shawanees would have compassion upon him, and give him Johnston, who (he said) being young and handsome, would doubtless be acceptable to the squaw aforesaid, and console her faithful heart for the loss of her former husband. He urged his suit with so much earnestness, that the Shawanees relented, and assured him that Johnston should be delivered into his hands. This was accordingly done, without the slightest regard to the prisoner's inclination, and within an hour, the whole party took leave of him, shaking him heartily by the hand, and congratulating him upon his approaching happiness, telling him that there was a fine squaw waiting for him in the Wyandott town. Johnston would have liked the adoption better without the appendage of the bride, but thinking that if she were one of the furies, her society would be preferable to the stake and hot irons, he determined to make the best of his condition, and wear his shackles as easily as possible, until an opportunity offered of effecting his escape. His new master, after lingering around the late encampment until late in the day, at length shouldered his wallet, and moved off by the same route, which the Shawanees had taken. By noon on the following day, they came up with them, when a curious scene ensued. As soon as the Shawanees had become sober, they repented their late liberality, and determined to reclaim their prisoner; the Mingo stoutly demurred, and a long argument took place, accompanied by animated gestures and not a few oaths on both sides. At length Messhawa put an end to the wrangling by seizing a horse by the halter, and ordering Johnston instantly to mount. He then sprung upon another, and applying the lash smartly to both horses, he quickly bore the prisoner beyond the sound of the Mingo's voice. An hour's ride brought them to Upper Sandusky, where Messhawa dismounted, and awaited the arrival of Chickatommo. He quickly appeared, accompanied by his party and followed by the discontented Mingo.—The latter regarded Johnston from time to time with so earnest a countenance, and appeared so desirous of approaching him, that the

latter became alarmed, lest in the rage of disappointment, he should inflict upon the prisoner the vengeance which he dared not indulge against the Shawanees. But his fears were quickly relieved. The Mingo dogged him so faithfully, that he at length came upon him while alone, and approaching him with a good natured smile, presented a small pamphlet which Johnston had dropped on the preceding day. Having done this, he shook him by the hand, and immediately left the village.

At Sandusky, Johnston became acquainted with Mr. Duchouquet, a French trader, who had for several years resided among the Indians, and was extensively engaged in the fur trade. To him he recounted his adventures, and earnestly solicited his good offices in delivering him from the Indians. Duchouquet promptly assured him; that every exertion should be used for that purpose, and lost no time in redeeming his pledge. That evening he spoke to Chickatommo, and offered a liberal ransom for the prisoner, but his efforts were fruitless. The Shawanee chief did not object to the price, but declared that no sum should induce them to give him up, until they had first taken him to their towns. This answer was quickly reported to Johnston, and filled him with despair. But as the Shawanee party were engaged in another drinking bout, he entreated Duchouquet, to seize the favorable moment, when their hearts were mellowed with rum, and repeat his offer. The Frenchman complied, and was again peremptorily refused. Johnston now desired him to enquire of Chickatommo the name of the town to which he was to be taken, and the fate which was in reserve for him, upon his arrival there. To the first question Chickatommo promptly replied, that the prisoner was to be carried to the Miami villages, but to the second he gave no satisfactory answer, being probably ignorant himself upon the subject. The mention of the Miami villages, completely extinguished every spark of hope, which still existed in Johnston's breast, as those towns had heretofore been the grave of every white prisoner who had visited them. He had also heard, that the Indians carefully concealed from their victims the fate which awaited them, either from some instinctive feelings of compassion, or more probably from policy, in order to prevent the desperate efforts to escape, which were usual with prisoners who were informed of their destiny. Under these circumstances, he gloomily abandoned himself to despair, and lay down in helpless expectation of his fate. But no sooner had he abandoned the case, than fortune, as usual, put in her oar, and displayed that capricious but omnipotent power, for which she has so long and so deservedly been celebrated. The same Wyandott trader, who had encountered them in the wilderness, now again appeared at Sandusky, with several horses laden with kegs of rum, and in the course of two days, completely stripped them of every skin, blanket, and article of merchandize which had escaped his rapacity before.

On the morning of the third day, Chickatommo and his party awoke as from a dream, and found themselves poor, destitute, ragged

and hungry, without the means of supplying any of their wants.—Ashamed to return to their village in this condition, after having sent before them so magnificent a description of their wealth, they determined to return to the Ohio, in hopes of again replenishing their purses at the expense of emigrants. They accordingly appeared of their own accord before Duchouquet, and declared, that as the scalp of their prisoner would be transported more easily than his person, they had determined to burn him on that evening—but, if he still wished to purchase him, they would forego the expected entertainment for his sake, and let him have the prisoner upon good terms.—Duchouquet eagerly accepted the offer, and counted down six hundred silver broaches, the ordinary price of a prisoner. The Indians lost no time in delivering him into the trader's hands, and having taken an affectionate leave of him, they again sat out for the Ohio.

Johnston's gratification may easily be conceived, but on the following day his apprehensions returned with renewed vigor. To his great surprise, Chickatommo and his party again made their appearance at Sandusky, having abandoned their contemplated trip to Ohio, and loitered about the village for several days, without any visible cause for such capricious conduct. Johnston, recollecting their former whimsical bargain with the Mingo, was apprehensive that the same scene was to be repeated, and resolving not to be taken alive, he armed himself, and awaited calmly their determination. His suspicions, however, were entirely groundless. They passed him several times without the slightest notice, and at length set off in earnest for Detroit, leaving him at full liberty with his friend Duchouquet.

On the evening of their departure, a Delaware arrived from the Miami villages, with the heart rending intelligence, that his unfortunate companion, Flinn, had been burned at the stake a few days before. The savage declared that he himself had been present at the spectacle, had assisted in torturing him, and had afterwards eaten a portion of his flesh, which he declared "was sweeter than bear's meat." The intelligence was fully confirmed on the following day by a Canadian trader, who had just left the Miami towns. He stated that Flinn had been taken to their villages, and at first had entertained strong hopes of being adopted, as his bold, frank, and fearless character, had made considerable impression upon his enemies. But the arrival of some wild chiefs from the extreme northern tribes, most of whom were cannibals, had completely changed his prospects. A wild council was held, in which the most terrible sentiments with regard to the whites were uttered. The custom of adopting prisoners was indignantly reprobated, as frivolous and absurd, and the resolution proclaimed that henceforth no quarter should be given to any age, sex or condition. Flinn was accordingly seized and fastened to the stake. The trader was one of the spectators. Flinn quickly observed him, and asked if he was not ashamed to witness the distress of a fellow creature in that manner, without making some effort to relieve him, upon which he immediately ran to the village and brought out several kegs of rum, which he offered as a ransom

for the prisoner. The Indians, who, by this time, were in a terrible rage, rejected the offer with fierceness, and split the heads of the kegs with their tomahawks, suffering the liquor to flow unheeded upon the ground. The disappointed trader again returned to the village, and brought out six hundred silver broaches. They in turn were rejected, with additional fury, and not without a threat of treating him in the same manner, if he again interfered. The trader, finding every effort vain, communicated his ill success to Flinn, who heard him with composure, and barely replied, "Then all I have to say is, *God have mercy upon my soul!*" The scene of torture then commenced, amid whoops and yells, which struck terror to the heart of the trader, but which the prisoner bore with the most heroic fortitude. Not a groan escaped him. He walked calmly around the stake for several hours, until his flesh was roasted and the fire had burned down. An old squaw then approached in order to rekindle it, but Flinn, watching his opportunity, gave her so furious a kick in the breast, that she fell back totally insensible, and for several minutes was unable to take any further share in the ceremony. The warriors then bored his ancles, and passing thongs through the sinews, confined them closely to the stake, so that he was unable afterwards to offer the same resistance. His sufferings continued for many hours, until they were at length terminated by the tomahawk.

Within a few days, he also heard of Skyles. After leaving Johnston, this gentleman had been conducted to one of the towns on the Miami of the Lake, near the scene of Flinn's execution, where, as usual, he was compelled to run the gauntlet. The Indian boys were his chief tormentors. One of the little urchins displayed particular address and dexterity in his infernal art. He provided himself with a stout switch taken from a thorn tree, upon which one of the largest thorns had been permitted to remain. As Skyles passed him, he drove the keen instrument up to the head in his naked back. The switch was wrested from his grasp, and was bore by Skyles, sticking in his back, to the end of his painful career. He continued in the hands of the same crabbed master, who had taken such pleasure in tormenting him upon the march through the wilderness, but had found means to make himself so acceptable to his squaw, that his time was rendered more agreeable than he could have anticipated.—He carried water for her, gathered her wood, and soothed her sullen temper by a thousand little artifices, so that her husband, who stood in some awe of his helpmate, was compelled to abate somewhat of his churlishness. He at length reaped the fruit of his civility. The squaw returned one evening alone to the wigwam, and informed Skyles, in confidence, that his death had been determined on in council, and that the following day had been appointed for his execution. He at first doubted the truth of this startling intelligence, and retiring to rest as usual, feigned to be asleep, but listened attentively to the conversation of the old squaw with her daughter, a young girl of fifteen. His doubts were quickly dispelled. His approaching execution was the subject of conversation between them, and their lan-

guage soon became warm. The old lady insisted upon it that he was a good man, and ought to be saved, while the girl exulted at the idea of witnessing his agonies, declaring repeatedly that the "white people were all devils," and ought to be put to death. At length they ceased wrangling, and composed themselves to rest. Skyles immediately arose, took down his master's rifle, shot bag, and corn pouch, and stepping lightly over the bodies of the family, quickly gained the wood, and bent his steps to the bank of the Miami river. Without an instant's delay, he plunged into the stream, and swam to the opposite side. In so doing, however, he completely ruined his rifle, and was compelled to throw it away. Retaining the wallet of parched corn, he directed his steps to the southward, intending, if possible, to strike the settlements in Kentucky, but so poor a woodsman was he, that after a hard march of six hours, he again stumbled upon the Miami, within one hundred yards of the spot where he had crossed it before. While anxiously meditating upon the best means of avoiding the dangers which surrounded him, he heard the tinkle of a bell within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood, and hastily directed his steps towards it, he saw a horse grazing quietly upon the rank grass of the bottom. Instantly mounting him, he again attempted to move in a southern direction, but was compelled by the thickness of the wood, and the quantity of fallen timber to change his course so frequently that he again became bewildered, and abandoning his horse, determined to prosecute his journey on foot. Daylight found him in a deep forest, without a path to direct him, without the means of procuring food, and without the slightest knowledge of any of those signs by which an experienced woodsman is enabled to direct his course through a trackless wilderness with such unerring certainty. Fearful of stumbling unawares upon some Indian town, he lay concealed all day, and at night recommenced his journey. But fresh perplexities awaited him at every step. He was constantly encountering either a small village or a solitary wigwam, from which he was frequently chased by the Indian dogs, with such loud and furious barking, that he more than once considered detection inevitable. In this manner he wandered through the woods for several days, until, faint with hunger, he determined at all risks to enter an Indian village, and either procure food or perish in the attempt. Having adopted this resolution, he no longer loitered on the way, but throwing himself boldly upon the first path which presented itself, he followed it at a brisk and steady pace, careless to what it might lead. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he came so suddenly upon a village that it was impossible to retreat without exposing himself to detection, and as he considered it madness to enter it in daylight, he concealed himself among some old logs until nightfall, when he sallied out like an owl or a wolf in search of something to allay the piercing pangs of hunger. Nothing could be picked up upon the skirts of the village, as neither roasting ears nor garden fruit were in season, and it became necessary to enter the town or perish of hunger. Fortunately, the embers of a decayed

fire lay near him, in which he found a sufficient quantity of coal with which to black his face and hands, and having completely disguised himself in this manner, he boldly marched into the hostile town, to take such fate as it should please heaven to send. He fortunately had with him the remnant of a blanket, which he disposed about his person in the usual Indian manner, and imitating at the same time their straggling gait, he kept the middle of the street and passed unquestioned by squaw or warrior. Fortunately for him, the streets were almost entirely deserted, and as he afterwards learned most of the warriors were absent. Security, however, was not his present object so much as food, which indeed had now become indispensable. Yet how was he to obtain it. He would not have hesitated to steal, had he known where to look for the larders, nor to beg, had he not known that he would have been greeted with the tomahawk. While slowly marching through the village and ruminating upon some feasible plan of satisfying his wants, he saw light in a wigwam at some distance, which gave it the appearance of a trader's booth. Cautiously approaching, he satisfied himself of the truth of his conjecture. A white man was behind the counter, dealing out various articles to several squaws who stood around him. After some hesitation, Skyles entered the shop, and in bad English asked for rum.—The trader regarded him carelessly, and without appearing surprised at either his dress or manner, replied that he had no rum in the house, but would go and bring him some, if he could wait a few moments. So saying, he leaped carelessly over the counter and left the shop.—Skyles instantly followed him, and stopping him in the street briefly recounted the story, and throwing himself upon his mercy, earnestly implored his assistance. The trader appeared much astonished, and visibly hesitated. Quickly recovering himself, however, he assured Skyles that he would use every effort to save him, although in doing so he himself would incur great risk. He then informed him that a band of Shawanees had appeared at the village on that very morning in keen pursuit of a prisoner, who (they said) had escaped a few days before, and whom they supposed to be still in the neighborhood, from the zigzag manner in which he had travelled. Many of the warriors of the town were at that moment assisting the Shawanees in hunting for him. He added that they might be expected to return in the morning, in which case, if discovered, his death would be certain.—Skyles listened in great alarm to his account of the danger which surrounded him. If he left the village, he could scarcely expect to escape the numerous bands who were ranging the forests in search of him! If he remained where he was, the danger was still more imminent. Under these circumstances he earnestly requested the advice of the trader as to the best means of avoiding his enemies. The man replied that he must instantly leave the village, as keen eyes would be upon him in the morning, and his design would be penetrated.—That he must conceal himself in a hazel thicket, which he pointed out to him, where in a short time he would join him with food, where they could arrange some feasible plan of escape. They then sepa-

rated, the trader returning to his shop and Skyles repairing to the friendly thicket. Here within a few minutes he was joined by his friend, who informed him that he saw but one possible mode of escape. That it would be impossible for him either to remain where he was, or to attempt to reach the white settlements through the woods, but he declared that if he was diligent and active, he might overtake a boat which had left them that morning for Lake Erie, and offered him his own skiff for that purpose. He added that the boat was laden with furs, and was commanded by an English captain, who would gladly receive him on board. Skyles eagerly embraced the offer, and they proceeded without a moment's delay to the river shore, where a handsome skiff with two oars lay in readiness for the water. Having taken an affectionate leave of the trader, Skyles put off from shore, and quickly gaining the current, rowed until daylight with the zeal of a man who knew the value of life and liberty. His greatest apprehension was, that his flight would be discovered in time to prevent his reaching the boat, and at every rustling of the bushes on the bank of the river, or at every cry of the owl which arose from the deep forest around him, the blood would rush back to his heart, and he would fancy that his enemies were upon him. At length, between dawn and sunrise, he beheld the boat, which he had pursued so eagerly, only a few hundred yards in front, drifting slowly and calmly down the stream. He redoubled his exertions, and in half an hour was within hailing distance. He called aloud for them to halt, but no answer was returned. Upon coming along side, he was unable to see a single man on board. Supposing her crew asleep, he mounted the side of the vessel, and saw the man at the helm enjoying a very comfortable nap, with the most enviable disregard to the dangers which might await him in the waters of Lake Erie, which were then in sight. The helmsman started up, rubbed his eyes, looked around him, and after saluting his visiter, observed that "he had almost fallen asleep." Skyles agreed with him, and anxiously enquired for the captain. The latter soon made his appearance in a woollen night cap, and the negotiation commenced. The captain asked who he was, and what was the cause of so early a visit? Skyles was fearful of committing himself by a premature disclosure of his real character, and replied that he was an adventurer who had been looking out for land upon the Auglaize, but that he had been driven from the country by the apprehension of outrage from the Indians, who had lately become unusually incensed against the whites. The captain coolly replied, that he had heard of one white man having been burned a few days before, at one of the Miami villages, and had understood that another had avoided the same fate only by running away into the woods, where, unless retaken, it was supposed he would perish, as he had shown himself a miserable woodsman, and as numerous parties were in search of him. After a moment's hesitation Skyles frankly acknowledged himself to be that miserable fugitive, and threw himself at once upon their mercy. The English captain heard him apparently without surprise, and granted his request without hesitation. All was done with the utmost sang

froid. In a short time they arrived at Detroit, where, to his no small astonishment, he beheld Chickatommo, Messhawa and their party, who had just arrived from Sandusky, after the sale of Johnston.—Carefully avoiding them, he lay close in the house of a trader till the following day, when another large party arrived in pursuit of him, (having traced him down the river to Lake Erie,) and paraded the streets for several days, uttering loud complaints against those who had robbed them of their prisoner. Poor Skyles entertained the most painful apprehensions for several days, but was at length relieved by their departure. As soon as possible he obtained a passage to Montreal, and returned in safety to the United States.

In noticing the fate of the companions of Johnston's captivity, we are naturally led to say something of the only female of the party. The reader cannot have forgotten that one of the Misses Flemings was killed upon the Ohio, and that the other became a prisoner, and was assigned to the Cherokees. Johnston had been much surprised at the levity of her conduct, when first taken. Instead of appearing dejected at the dreadful death of her sister, and the still more terrible fate of her friends, she never appeared more lively or better reconciled to her fate than while her captors lingered upon the banks of the Ohio. Upon the breaking up of the party, the Cherokees conducted their prisoners toward the Miami villages, and Johnston saw nothing more of her until after his own liberation. While he remained at the house of Mr. Duchouquet, the small party of Cherokees to whom she belonged suddenly made their appearance in the village in a condition so tattered and dilapidated, as to satisfy every one that all their booty had been wasted with their usual improvidence. Miss Flemming's appearance, particularly, had been entirely changed. All the levity which had astonished Johnson so much on the banks of the Ohio, was completely gone. Her dress was tattered, her cheeks sunken, her eyes discolored by weeping, and her whole manner expressive of the most heartfelt wretchedness. Johnston addressed her with kindness, and enquired the cause of so great a change, but she only replied by wringing her hands and bursting into tears. Her master quickly summoned her away, and on the morning of her arrival she was compelled to leave the village, and accompany them to Lower Sandusky. Within a few days Johnston, in company with his friend Duchouquet, followed them to that place, partly upon business, and partly with the hope of effecting her liberation. He found the town thronged with Indians of various tribes, and there, for the first time, he learned that his friend Skyles had effected his escape. Upon enquiring for the Cherokees, he learned that they were encamped with their prisoner within a quarter of a mile of the town, holding themselves aloof from the rest, and evincing the most jealous watchfulness over their prisoner.—Johnston applied to the traders of Sandusky for their good offices, and, as usual, the request was promptly complied with. They went out in a body to the Cherokee camp, accompanied by a white man named Whittaker, who had been taken from Virginia when a

child, and had become completely naturalized among the Indians. This Whittaker was personally known to Miss Fleming, having often visited Pittsburg where her father kept a small tavern, much frequented by Indians and traders. As soon as she beheld him, therefore, she ran up to the spot where he stood, and bursting into tears, implored him to save her from the cruel fate which she had no doubt awaited her. He engaged very zealously in her service, and finding that all the offers of the traders were rejected with determined obstinacy, he returned to Detroit, and solicited the intercession of an old chief known among the whites by the name of "Old King Crane," assuring him (a lie which we can scarcely blame) that the woman was his sister. King Crane listened with gravity to the appeal of Whittaker, acknowledged the propriety of interfering in the case of so near a relative, and very calmly walked out to the Cherokee camp, in order to try the efficacy of his own eloquence in behalf of the white squaw. He found her master, however, perfectly inexorable. The argument gradually waxed warm, till at length the Cherokees became enraged, and told the old man that it was a disgrace to a chief like him, to put himself upon a level with "white people," and that they looked upon him as no better than "dirt."

At this insupportable insult, King Crane became exasperated in turn, and a very edifying scene ensued, in which each bespattered the other with a profusion of abuses for several minutes, until the Old King recollected himself sufficiently, to draw off for the present and concert measures for obtaining redress. He returned to the village in a towering passion, and announced his determination to collect his young men and rescue the white squaw by force, and if the Cherokees dared to resist, he swore that he would take their scalps upon the spot. Whittaker applauded his doughty resolution, but warned him of the necessity of despatch, as the Cherokees, alarmed at the idea of losing their prisoner, might be tempted to put her to death without further delay. This advice was acknowledged to be of weight, and before daylight on the following morning, King Crane assembled his young men, and advanced cautiously upon the Cherokee encampment. He found all but the miserable prisoner buried in sleep. She had been stripped naked, her body painted black, and in this condition, had been bound to a stake, around which hickory poles had already been collected, and every other disposition made for burning her alive at day-light. She was moaning in a low tone as her deliverers approached, and was so much exhausted as not to be aware of their approach, until King Crane had actually cut the cords which bound her, with his knife. He then ordered his young men to assist her in putting on her clothes, which they obeyed with the most stoical indifference. As soon as her toilet had been completed, the King awakened her masters, and informed them that the squaw was *his*! that if they submitted quietly, it was well!—if not, his young men and himself were ready for them. The Cherokees, as may readily be imagined, protested

loudly against such unrighteous proceedings, but what could words avail against tomahawks and superior numbers? They finally expressed their willingness to resign the squaw—but hoped that King Crane would not be such a “beast” as to refuse them the ransom which he had offered them on the preceding day! The King replied coolly, that he had the squaw now in his own hands—and would serve them right if he refused to pay a single broach—but that he disdained to receive any thing at their hands, without paying an equivalent! and would give them six hundred broaches. He then returned to Lower Sandusky, accompanied by the liberated prisoner. She was then painted as a squaw by Whittaker, and sent off, under the care of two trusty Indians to Pittsburg, where she arrived in safety in the course of the following week.

The Cherokees, in the evening, paraded the streets of Sandusky, armed and painted, as if upon a war party, and loudly complained of the violence which had been offered to them. They declared that they would not leave town until they had shed the blood of a white man, in revenge for the loss of their prisoner. Johnston and Duchouquet were compelled to remain close at home for several days, until to their great joy, the Cherokees finally left the village, and were seen no more.

The remainder of Johnston's narrative is easily despatched. He quickly left Lower Sandusky, and embarked in a boat laden with fur to Detroit. After remaining here a few days, he took a passage to Montreal, and for the first and last time, he had an opportunity of beholding the tremendous falls of Niagara.* Having arrived at Montreal in safety, he remained a few days in order to arrange his affairs, and as soon as possible, continued his journey by way of Fort Stanwix to New York. There he had an interview with President Washington, who, having been informed of his escape, sent for him, in order to make a number of inquiries as to the strength of the tribes through which he had passed, the force and condition of the British garrisons, and the degree of countenance which they had afforded to the hostile Indians. Having given all the information of which he was possessed, he was dismissed with great kindness, and in the course of the following week, he found himself in the bosom of his family. As the reader may probably take some interest in the fate of the Indians whom we have mentioned, we are enabled to add something upon that subject. Chickatommo was killed at the decisive battle of the “Fallen Timber,” where the united force of the north-western tribes was defeated by Gen. Wayne.—Messhawa fought at the same place, but escaped, and afterwards became a devoted follower of the celebrated Tecumseh. He fought at Tippecanoe, Raisin, and finally at the River Thames, where it was supposed he was killed. King Crane lived to a great age, was present at St. Clair's defeat, and at the “Fallen Timber,” but finally

* This was an Iroquois word, and in their language signifies “The Thunder of the waters!” It is pronounced O-ni na-gan-ra.

became reconciled to the Americans, and fought under Harrison at Thames. Whittaker, the white man, was in St. Clair's defeat and afterwards with the Indians against Wayne. Tom Lewis fought against the Americans in all the north-western battles, until the final peace in 1796, and then was one of the deputation who came on to Washington city, where Johnston saw him in '97. He afterwards rose to the rank of chief among the Shawnees, but having an incurable propensity to rum and thieving, he was degraded from his rank, and removed, with a band of his countrymen, to the country west of the Mississippi.

WARD, CALVIN AND KENTON.

In the month of April, 1792, a number of horses belonging to Capt. Luther Calvin, of Mason county, were stolen by the Indians; and, as usual, a strong party volunteered to go in pursuit of the enemy and recover the property. The party consisted of thirty-seven men, commanded by Captains Calvin and Kenton, and was composed chiefly of young farmers, most of whom had never yet met an enemy. They rendezvoused upon the Kentucky shore, immediately opposite Ripley, and crossing the river in a small ferry boat, pursued the trail for five or six miles with great energy.—Here, however, a specimen of the usual caprice and uncertainty attending the motions of militia, was given. One of the party, whose voice had been loud and resolute while on the Kentucky shore, all at once managed to discover that the enterprise was rash, ill advised, and if prosecuted, would certainly prove disastrous. A keen debate ensued, in which young Spencer Calvin, then a lad of eighteen, openly accused the gentleman alluded to of cowardice, and even threatened to take the measure of his shoulders with a ramrod, on the spot. By the prompt interference of Kenton and the elder Calvin, the young man's wrath was appeased for the time, and all those who preferred safety to honor, were invited instantly to return. The permission was promptly accepted, and no less than fifteen men, headed by the recreant already mentioned, turned their horses' heads and recrossed the river. The remainder, consisting chiefly of experienced warriors, continued the pursuit.

The trail led them down on the Miami, and about noon, on the second day, they heard a bell in front, apparently from a horse grazing. Cautiously approaching it, they quickly beheld a solitary Indian, mounted on horseback, and leisurely advancing towards them. A few of their best marksmen fired upon him and brought him to the ground. After a short consultation, it was then determined to follow his back trail, and ascertain whether there were

more in the neighborhood. A small, active, resolute woodsman, named McIntyre, accompanied by three others, was pushed on in advance, in order to give them early notice of the enemy's appearance, while the main body followed at a more leisurely pace.— Within an hour McIntyre returned, and reported that they were then within a short distance of a large party of Indians, supposed to be greatly superior to their own. That they were encamped in a bottom upon the borders of a creek, and were amusing themselves, apparently awaiting the arrival of the Indian whom they had just killed, as they would occasionally halloo loudly, and then laugh immoderately, supposing, probably, that their comrade had lost his way.— This intelligence fell like a shower-bath upon the spirits of the party, who, thinking it more prudent to put a greater interval between themselves and the enemy, set spur to their horses and galloped back in the direction from which they had come. Such was the panic, that one of the footmen, a huge hulking fellow, six feet high, in his zeal for his own safety, sprung up behind Captain Calvin, (who was then mounted upon Captain Ward's horse, the Captain having dismounted in order to accommodate him,) and nothing short of a threat to blow his brains out, could induce him to dismount.— In this orderly manner they scampered through the woods for several miles, when, in obedience to the orders of Kenton and Calvin they halted, and prepared for resistance in case (as was probable) the enemy had discovered them, and were engaged in the pursuit. Kenton and Calvin were engaged apart in earnest consultation. It was proposed that a number of saplings should be cut down and a temporary breast-work erected, and while the propriety of these measures were under discussion, the men were left to themselves.

Captain Ward, as we have already observed, was then very young, and perfectly raw. He had been in the habit of looking up to *one man* as a perfect Hector, having always heard him represented in his own neighborhood as a man of redoubted courage, and a perfect Anthropagus among the Indians. When they halted, therefore, he naturally looked around for his friend, hoping to read safety, courage, and assurance of success in that countenance, usually so ruddy and confident. But, alas! the gallant warrior was woefully chop-fallen. There had generally been a ruddy tinge upon the tip of his nose, which some ascribed to the effervescence of a fiery valor, while others, more maliciously inclined, attributed it to fumes of brandy.— Even this burning beacon had been quenched, and had assumed a livid, ashy hue, still deeper, if possible than that of his lips. Captain Ward thinking that the danger must be appalling, which could dampen the ardor of a man like ———, became grievously frightened himself, and the contagion seemed spreading rapidly, when Kenton and Calvin rejoined them, and speaking in a cheerful, confident tone, completely reanimated their spirits.

Finding themselves not pursued by the enemy, as they had expected, it was determined that they should remain in their present position until night, when a rapid attack was to be made in two di-

visions, upon the Indian camp, under the impression that the darkness of the night, and the surprize of the enemy, might give them an advantage, which they could scarcely hope for in daylight. Accordingly, every thing remaining quiet at dusk, they again mounted and advanced rapidly, but in profound silence, upon the Indian camp. It was ascertained that the horses which the enemy had stolen, were grazing in a rich bottom below their camp. As they were advancing to the attack, therefore, Calvin detached his son with several halters, which he had borrowed from the men, to regain their own horses, and be prepared to carry them off in case the enemy should overpower them. The attack was then made in two divisions. Calvin conducted the upper and Kenton the lower party. The wood was thick, but the moon shone out clearly, and enabled them to distinguish objects with sufficient precision. Calvin's party came first in contact with the enemy. They had advanced within thirty yards of a large fire in front of a number of tents, without having seen a single Indian, when a dog which had been watching them for several minutes, sprung forward to meet them, baying loudly. Presently an Indian appeared, approaching cautiously towards them, and occasionally speaking to the dog in the Indian tongue. This sight was too tempting to be borne, and Calvin heard the tick of a dozen rifles in rapid succession, as his party cocked them in order to fire. The Indian was too close to permit him to speak, but turning to his men he earnestly waved his hand as a warning to be quiet. Then cautiously raising his own rifle, he fired with a steady aim just as the Indian had reached the fire, and stood fairly exposed to its light.—The report of the rifle broke the stillness of the night, and their ears were soon deafened by the yells of the enemy. The Indian at whom Calvin had fired, fell forward into the burning pile of faggots, and by his struggling to extricate himself, scattered the brands so much, as almost to extinguish the light. Several dusky forms, glanced rapidly before them for a moment, which drew a volley from his men, but with what effect could not be ascertained. Calvin, having discharged his piece, turned so rapidly as to strike the end of his ramrod against a tree behind him, and drive it into its sheath with such violence, that he was unable to extricate it for several minutes, and finally fractured two of his teeth in the effort.

A heavy fire now commenced from the Indian camp, which was returned with equal spirit by the whites, but without much effect on either side. Trees were barked very plentifully, dogs bayed, the Indians yelled, the whites shouted, the squaws screamed, and a prodigious uproar was maintained for about fifteen minutes, when it was reported to Calvin that Kenton's party had been overpowered, and was in full retreat. It was not necessary to give orders for a similar movement. No sooner had the intelligence been received, than the Kentuckians of the upper division broke their ranks and every man attempted to save himself as he best could. They soon overtook the lower division, and a hot scramble took place for horses. One called upon another to wait for him until he could catch his horse, which

had broken his bridle, but no attention was paid to the request.—Some fled upon their own horses, others mounted those of their friends. "First come, first served," seemed to be the order of the night, and a sad confusion of property took place, in consequence of which, to their great terror, a few were compelled to return on foot. The flight was originally caused by the panic of an individual. As the lower division moved up to the attack, most of the men appeared to advance with alacrity.

Captain Ward, however, happened to be stationed next to M'Intyre, who was a practised woodsman and peculiarly expert marksman. Heretofore, he had always been foremost in every danger, and had become celebrated for the address, activity, and boldness with which he had acquitted himself. As they were ascending the gentle acclivity upon which the Indian camp stood, however, he appeared much dejected, and spoke despondingly of their enterprize. He declared that it had been revealed to him in a dream, on the preceding night, that their efforts would be vain, and that he himself was destined to perish. That he was determined to fight, as long as any man of the party stood his ground, but if the whites were wise, they would instantly abandon the attempt upon the enemy, and recross the Ohio, as rapidly as possible. These observations made but little impression upon Ward, but seemed to take deep root in the mind of the gentleman whose pale face had alarmed the company at the breastwork. The action quickly commenced, and at the first fire from the Indians, Barre, a young Kentuckian, was shot by ———'s side.—This circumstance completed the overthrow of his courage, which had declined visibly since the first encounter in the morning, and elevating his voice to its shrillest notes, he shouted aloud, "Boys! it wont do for us to be here—Barre is killed, and the Indians are crossing the creek!" Bonaparte has said, that there is a critical period in every battle, when the bravest men will eagerly seize an excuse to run away. The remark is doubly true with regard to militia. No sooner had this speech been uttered by one who had never yet been charged with cowardice, than the rout instantly took place and all order was disregarded. Fortunately, the enemy were equally frightened, and probably would have fled themselves, had the whites given them time. No pursuit took place for several hours, nor did they then pursue the trail of the main body of fugitives.—But it unfortunately happened that M'Intyre, instead of accompanying the rest, turned off from the main route, and returned to the breastwork where some flour and venison had been left. The Indians quickly became aware of the circumstance, and following with rapidity, overtook, tomahawked, and scalped him, while engaged in preparing breakfast on the following morning. Thus was his dream verified. The prediction in this case as in many others, probably produced its own accomplishment by confounding his mind, and depriving him of his ordinary alertness and intelligence. He certainly provoked his fate, by his own extraordinary rashness.

NOTE.—It is somewhat remarkable, that a brother of Captain Ward's was in the Indian camp at the moment when it was attacked. He had been taken by the Indians in 1758, being

at that time only three years old, had been adopted as a member of the Shawanee tribe and had married an Indian woman by whom he had several children, all of whom, together with their mother, were then in camp. Captain Ward has informed the writer of this narrative, that, a few seconds before the firing began, while he stood within rifle shot of the encampment, an Indian girl apparently fifteen years of age attracted his attention. She stood for an instant in an attitude of alarm, in front of one of the tents, and gazing intently upon the spot where he stood. Not immediately perceiving that it was a female, he raised his gun, and was upon the point of firing, when her open bosom announced her sex, and her peculiarly light complexion caused him to doubt for a moment whether she could be an Indian by birth. He afterwards ascertained that she was his brother's child.

WARD, BAKER AND KENTON.

It appears still more remarkable, that exactly one year afterwards, John Ward, the adopted Indian, should have been opposed to another one of his brothers, Capt. James Ward, of Mason, in a night skirmish somewhat resembling that which we have just detailed. Capt. James Ward, together with Kenton, Baker and about thirty others, while engaged in pursuit of some stolen horses, fell upon a fresh trail of Indians, that crossed the road which they were then pursuing.—Instantly abandoning their former object, they followed the fresh trail with great eagerness, and a short time after dark arrived at an encampment. Having carefully reconnoitered it, they determined to remain quiet until daylight, and then fall upon the enemy as before in two divisions, one to be commanded by Kenton and the other by Baker. Every thing remained quiet until four o'clock in the morning, when Baker moved at the head of his party, in order to take the appointed position, (which was very advantageous, and in conjunction with Kenton's, completely surrounded the enemy,) while Kenton remained stationary, awaiting the signal of attack. By some mistake, Baker moved in a false direction, and, to the surprize of both parties, instead of enclosing the Indian camp, he fell directly upon it. A heavy firing, and the usual yelling, quickly announced the fact to Kenton, who moved hastily up to the assistance of his friends. It was still perfectly dark and the firing was of course at random. Baker, in whose fiery character, courage predominated over every thing else, lost all patience at the restraint under which they lay, and urged strenuously, that they should rush upon the enemy, and decide the affair at once with the tomahawk; but Kenton, whom repeated misfortunes had rendered extremely cautious, opposed it so vehemently, that it was not done. One of their men had fallen, and they could hear one of the enemy, apparently not more than thirty yards from them, groan deeply, and occasionally converse with his companions in the Indian tongue. The wounded man was the unfortunate John Ward, whose hard fate it was, to fight against the whites in a battle in which his own father was killed, to encounter two of his brothers in the field, and finally to fall mortally wounded in a night skirmish,

when his brother was opposed to him, and was within hearing of his groans. His father perished in the long battle at the "Point," as it was called, near the mouth of the Kenawha. The whole force of the Shawanees was assembled at that point, and John Ward was then nineteen years of age, so that there can be but little doubt of his having been present.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HUBBELL.

IN the year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the State of Vermont, and who, after having fixed his family in the neighborhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to this country. On one of the tributary streams of the Monongahela, he procured a flat bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down the river Ohio, and soon after passing Pittsburg, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which, through carelessness, was suffered to run aground on an Island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river, it did not arrive, and has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, they had by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women, and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman, whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Galliopolis, confirmed the expectation, which appearances previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which was alternately to continue awake, and be on the look out for two hours at a time.—The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets, much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. About sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them, but as their passen-

gers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as soon after dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and dancing instead of preparing their arms, and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company, than to be alone. It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by the aid of the oars, and to leave those thoughtless fellow-travellers behind.— One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars, and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward *alone*. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering, and other evident indications were observed of the neighborhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

It was now agreed, that should the attack, as was probable, be deferred till morning, every man should be up before the dawn, in order to make as great a show as possible of numbers and of strength; and that, whenever the action should take place, the women and children should lie down on the cabin floor, and be protected as well as they could by the trunks and other baggage, which might be placed around them. In this perilous situation they continued during the night, and the Captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburg, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded him to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them in a plaintive tone repeatedly solicited them to come on shore, as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the Captain very naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice, and its only effect was to rouse the men, and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly advancing. With the utmost coolness the captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables, and other incumbrances were thrown into the river, in order to clear the deck for action. Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near, that, (to use the words of Captain Hubbell,) "the flash from the guns might singe their eye-brows;" and a special caution was given, that the men should fire successively, so that there might be no interval.— On the arrival of the canoes, they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they had approached within the reach of musket shot, a general fire was given from one them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The

three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern, and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The Captain, after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men, raised it to his shoulder, and was about to discharge it, when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The Captain was just in the act of raising his gun a third time, when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly *drawn up* by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached, that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was, he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol, he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat: but stepping back upon a pile of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him, that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively, that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes then discontinued the contest, and directed their course to Captain Great-house's boat, which was in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retired to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they killed the Captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands, again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men, either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women, who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But "self preservation is the first law of nature," and the Captain very justly remarked, there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell's boat, capable of defending it, and the Captain himself was severely wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigor. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the

first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian, who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round discharged his piece at him. When the smoke, which for a moment obstructed the vision, was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

Unfortunately the boat now drifted near to the shore, where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were soon rushing down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, were placed at the oars, and as the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for all to lie down in as safe a position as possible, and attempt to push forward with the utmost practicable rapidity.—While they continued in this situation, nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten in the other, without wounding the rowers, who were hidden from view, and protected by the sides of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this dreadful exposure to the fire of the savages, which continued about twenty minutes, Mr. Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian, whom he thought a favorable mark for his rifle, and, notwithstanding the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell, rose to shoot him. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was almost at the same moment shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, and presented to his afflicted daughters and fellow-travellers, who were witness of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which we need not further attempt to describe.

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream, and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemy's balls. Our little band reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women, and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling to the Indians to come on again if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which out of nine men, two only escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded, and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut, were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was over, came to the Captain, and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination, it appeared that a bullet which had passed through the side of the boat, had penetrated the forehead of this little hero, and remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, and the youth, observing, "*that is not all*," raised his arm, and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed, "why did you not tell me

of this?" "Because," he coolly replied, "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The Captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat, in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion. In this situation, tormented by excruciating pain, and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with the left arm, till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river, and who was induced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance.—By his aid and that of some other persons who were in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Brooks, Captain Hubbell, relieved from labor and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone, he found himself unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here he had his wound dressed, and continued for several days, until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homewards.

On the arrival of the party at Limestone, they found a considerable force of armed men, about to march against the same Indians, from whose attack they had so severely suffered. They now learned, that the Sunday preceding, the same party of the savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from Fort Washington, at the mouth of Licking river, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty-one out of twenty-two men, of which the detachment consisted.

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to witness the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism, and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly and perseveringly defended. On examination, it was found that the sides of the boats were literally filled with bullets and with bullet holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above the water, which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets, which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square, there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed and the escape of the fifth amidst such a shower of balls appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Captain Hubbell and his companions, the five remaining boats, which they had passed on the night preceding the battle, reached Limestone. Those on board remarked, that during the action they distinctly saw the flashes, but could not hear the reports of the guns. The Indians, it appears, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat, to attack a fleet, and

suffered them to pass unmolested; and since that time, it is believed that no boat has been assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out to disperse this formidable body of savages, discovered several Indians dead on the shore near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women, and children, who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes, and large rods, which seemed to have been worn with use, were observed lying near them.

ALEXANDER M'CONNEL.

EARLY in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander M'Connel, of Lexington, Ky., went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of five Indians, on one of their skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return. M'Connel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality. Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening, he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not, as he pleased.

M'Connel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible,

as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it more difficult. He, therefore, lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hand, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords, was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home, without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even though unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally as to destroy each one of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest:—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must inevitably be overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question. After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate being prepared for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzles upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprang to their feet, and stared wildly around them. M'Connel, who had run to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. M'Connel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner amongst the Indians on Mad river, made her

escape, and returned to Lexington. She reported, that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He related that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington, and had brought him safely as far as the Ohio;—that while encamped upon the bank of the river, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed all his companions, together with the poor defenceless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist!!

ROBERT AND SAMUEL M'AFEE.

EARLY in May, 1781, M'Affee's station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburgh, was alarmed. On the morning of the 9th, Samuel M'Affee, accompanied by another man, left the fort in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of three hundred yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who accompanied him instantly fell, and M'Affee attempted to regain the fort. While running rapidly for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the canebrake, planted himself directly in his path. There was no time for compliments. Each glared upon the other for an instant in silence, and both raising their guns at the same moment, pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while M'Affee's ball passed directly through his brain. Having no time to reload his gun, he sprung over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort. When within one hundred yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who at the report of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to return. James readily complied, but Robert, deaf to all remonstrances, declared that he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on, for that purpose, and having regaled himself with that spectacle, was hastily returning by the same path, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent upon taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind was now put in request. He ran rapidly from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flank, and reach one of the gates, and after a variety of turns and doublings in the thick wood, he found himself pressed by only one Indian. M'Affee, hastily throwing himself behind a fence, turned upon his pursuer, and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree. Both stood still for a moment—M'Affee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed upon the tree, at the spot where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds he was gratified.

The Indian slowly and cautiously exposed a part of his head, and began to elevate his rifle. As soon as a sufficient mark presented itself M'Affee fired, and the Indian fell. While turning, in order to continue his flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when from the opposite quarter, he received the fire of three more enemies, which made the bark fly around him, and knocked up the dust about his feet. Thinking his post rather too hot for safety, he neglected all shelter and ran directly for the fort, which, in defiance of all opposition, he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

The Indians now opened a heavy fire upon the fort, in their usual manner; but finding every effort useless, they hastily decamped, without any loss beyond the two who had fallen by the hands of the brothers, and without having inflicted any upon the garrison. Within half an hour, Major M'Gary brought up a party from Harrodsburgh at full gallop, and uniting with the garrison, pursued the enemy with all possible activity. They soon overtook them, and a sharp action ensued. The Indians were routed in a few minutes, with the loss of six warriors left dead upon the ground, and many others wounded, who, as usual, were borne off. The pursuit was continued for several miles, but from the thickness of the woods, and the extreme activity and address of the enemy, was not very effectual. M'Gary had one man killed upon the spot, and another mortally wounded.

BRYANT AND HOGAN.

ABOUT the same time Bryant's station was much harassed by small parties of the enemy. This was a frontier post, and generally received the brunt of Indian hostility. It had been settled in 1779, by four brothers from North Carolina, one of whom, William, had married a sister of Col. Daniel Boone. The Indians were constantly lurking in the neighborhood, waylaying the paths, stealing their horses and butchering their cattle. It at length became necessary to hunt in parties of twenty or thirty men, so as to be able to meet and repel those attacks, which were every day becoming more bold and frequent. One afternoon, about the 20th of May, William Bryant, accompanied by twenty men, left the fort on a hunting expedition down the Elkhorn creek. They moved with caution, until they had passed all the points where ambuscades had generally been formed, when, seeing no enemy, they became more bold, and determined, in order to sweep a large extent of country, to divide their company into two parties. One of them, conducted by Bryant in person, was

to descend the Elkhorn on its southern bank, flanking out largely, and occupying as much ground as possible. The other, under the orders of James Hogan, a young farmer in good circumstances, was to move down in a parallel line upon the north bank. The two parties were to meet at night, and encamp together at the mouth of Cane run. Each punctually performed the first of their plans. Hogan, however, had travelled but a few hundred yards, when he heard a loud voice behind him exclaiming in good English. "stop, boys!" Hastily looking back, they saw several Indians on foot pursuing them as rapidly as possible. Without halting to count numbers, the party put spurs to their horses, and dashed through the woods at full speed, the Indians keeping close behind them, and at times gaining upon them. There was a led horse in company, which had been brought with them for the purpose of packing game. This was abandoned and fell into the hands of the Indians. Several of them lost their hats in the eagerness of flight; but quickly getting into the open woods, they left their pursuers so far behind, that they had leisure to breathe and enquire of each other, whether it was worth while to kill their horses before they had ascertained the number of the enemy. They quickly determined to cross the creek, and await the approach of the Indians. If they found them superior to their own and Bryant's party united, they would immediately return to the fort—as, by continuing their march to the mouth of Cane run, they would bring a superior enemy upon their friends and endanger the lives of the whole party. They accordingly crossed the creek, dismounted, and awaited the approach of the enemy. By this time it had become dark, the Indians were distinctly heard approaching the creek upon the opposite side, and after a short halt, a solitary warrior descended the bank and began to wade through the stream. Hogan waited until they had emerged from the gloom of the trees which grew upon the bank, and as soon as he had reached the middle of the stream, where the light was more distinct, he took deliberate aim and fired. A great splashing in the water was heard, but presently all became quiet. The pursuit was discontinued, and the party, remounting their horses, returned home. Anxious, however, to apprize Bryant's party of their danger, they left the fort before daylight on the ensuing morning, and rode rapidly down the creek, in the direction of the mouth of Cane. When within a few hundred yards of the spot where they supposed the encampment to be, they heard the report of many guns in quick succession. Supposing that Bryant had fallen in with a herd of buffalo, they quickened their march in order to take part in the sport. The morning was foggy, and the smoke of the guns lay so heavily upon the ground that they could see nothing until they had approached within twenty yards of the creek, when they suddenly found themselves within pistol shot of a party of Indians, very composedly seated upon their packs, and preparing their pipes. Both parties were much startled, but quickly recovering, they sheltered themselves as usual, and the action opened with great vivacity. The Indians maintained their ground for half an hour, with some firmness, but being pressed in front, and

turned in flank, they at length gave way, and being closely pursued, were ultimately routed, with considerable loss, which, however, could not be distinctly ascertained. Of Hogan's party, one man was killed on the spot, and three others wounded—none mortally.

It happened that Bryant's company had encamped at the mouth of Cane, as had been agreed upon, and were unable to account for Hogan's absence. That, about day-light, they heard a bell at a distance, which they immediately recognized as the one belonging to the led horse which had accompanied Hogan's party, and which, as we have seen, had been abandoned to the enemy the evening before. Supposing their friends to be bewildered in the fog, and unable to find their camp, Bryant, accompanied by Grant, one of his men, mounted a horse, and rode to the spot where the bell was still ringing. They soon fell into an ambuscade, and were fired upon. Bryant was mortally, and Grant severely wounded, the first being shot through the hip and both knees, the latter through the back. Both being able to keep the saddle, however, they set spurs to their horses, and arrived at the station shortly after breakfast. The Indians, in the meantime, had fallen upon the encampment, and dispersed it, and while preparing to regale themselves after their victory, were suddenly attacked, as we have seen, by Hogan. The timidity of Hogan's party, at the first appearance of the Indians, was the cause of the death of Bryant. The same men who fled so hastily in the evening, were able the next morning, by a little firmness, to vanquish the same party of Indians. Had they stood at first, an equal success would probably have attended them, and the life of their leader would have been preserved.

MRS. WOODS.

ABOUT the middle of the summer of 1792, a gentleman named Woods, imprudently removed from the neighborhood of a station, and for the benefit of his stock, settled on a lonely heath, near Beargrass. One morning, he left his family, consisting of a wife, a daughter not yet grown, and a lame negro man, and rode off to the nearest station, not expecting to return until night. Mrs. Woods, while engaged in her dairy, was alarmed at seeing several Indians rapidly approaching the house. She screamed loudly, in order to give the alarm, and ran with her utmost speed, in order to reach the house before them. In this she succeeded, but had not time to close the door until the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. As soon as he entered, the lame negro grappled him and attempted to throw him upon the floor, but was himself hurled to the ground with violence, the Indian falling upon him. Mrs. Woods was too busily engaged in keeping the door closed against the party

without, to attend to the combatants, but the lame negro, holding the Indian in his arms, called to the young girl to cut his head off with a very sharp axe which lay under the bed. She attempted to obey, but struck with so trembling a hand, that the blow was ineffectual. Repeating her efforts under the direction of the negro, however, she at length wounded the Indian so badly, that the negro was enabled to rise and complete the execution. Elated with success, he then called to his mistress, and told her to suffer another Indian to enter, and they would kill them all one by one. While deliberating upon this proposal, however, a sharp firing was heard without, and the Indians quickly disappeared. A party of white men had seen them at a distance, and having followed them cautiously, had now interposed, at a very critical moment, and rescued a helpless family from almost certain destruction.

DAVIS, CAFFREE AND M'CLURE.

IN the spring of 1784, three young Kentuckians, Davis, Caffree, and M'Clure, pursued a party of southern Indians, who had stolen horses from Lincoln county, and finding it impossible to overtake them, they determined to go on to the nearest Indian settlement, and make reprisals—horse stealing being at that time a very fashionable amusement, and much practised on both sides. After travelling several days, they came within a few miles of an Indian town near the Tennessee river, called Chicacago. Here they fell in with three Indians. Finding themselves equal in point of numbers, the two parties made signs of peace, shook hands and agreed to travel together. Each, however, was evidently suspicious of the other.—The Indians walked on one side of the road and the whites upon the other, watching each other attentively. At length, the Indians spoke together in tones so low and earnest, that the whites became satisfied of their treacherous intentions, and determined to anticipate them. Caffree being a very powerful man, proposed that he himself should seize one Indian, while Davis and M'Clure should shoot the other two. The plan was a bad one, but was unfortunately adopted. Caffree sprung boldly upon the nearest Indian, grasped his throat firmly, hurled him to the ground, and drawing a cord from his pocket attempted to tie him. At the same instant Davis and M'Clure attempted to perform their respective parts. M'Clure killed his man, but Davis' gun missed fire. All three, i. e. the two white men, and the Indian at whom Davis had flashed, immediately, took trees, and prepared for a skirmish, while Caffree remained upon the ground with the captured Indian—both exposed to the fire of the others. In a few seconds, the savage at whom Davis had flashed, shot Caffree as he lay upon the ground and gave him a mortal

wound—and was instantly shot in turn by M'Clure who had reloaded his gun. Caffree becoming very weak, called upon Davis to come and assist him in tying the Indian, and directly afterwards expired. As Davis was running up to the assistance of his friend—the Indian, now released by the death of his captor, sprung to his feet, and seizing Caffree's rifle, presented it menacingly at Davis, whose gun was not in order for service, and who ran off into the forest, closely pursued by the Indian. M'Clure hastily reloaded his gun and taking the rifle which Davis had dropped, followed them for some distance into the forest, making all signals which had been concerted between them, in case of separation. All, however, was vain—he saw nothing more of Davis, nor could he ever afterwards learn his fate. As he never returned to Kentucky, however, he probably perished.

M'Clure finding himself alone in the enemy's country, and surrounded by dead bodies, thought it prudent to abandon the object of the expedition and returned to Kentucky. He accordingly retraced his steps, still bearing Davis' rifle in addition to his own. He had scarcely marched a mile, before he saw advancing from the opposite direction, an Indian warrior, riding a horse with a bell around its neck, and accompanied by a boy on foot. Dropping one of the rifles, which might have created suspicion, M'Clure advanced with an air of confidence, extending his hand and making other signs of peace. The opposite party appeared frankly to receive his overtures, and dismounting, seated himself upon a log, and drawing out his pipe, gave a few puffs himself, and then handed it to M'Clure. In a few minutes another bell was heard at the distance of half a mile, and a second party of Indians appeared upon horseback. The Indian with M'Clure now coolly informed him by signs that when the horsemen arrived, he (M'Clure) was to be bound and carried off as a prisoner with his feet tied under the horse's belly. In order to explain it more fully, the Indian got astride of the log, and locked his legs together underneath it. M'Clure, internally thanking the fellow for his excess of candour, determined to disappoint him, and while his enemy was busily engaged in riding the log, and mimicking the action of a prisoner, he very quietly blew his brains out, and ran out into the woods. The Indian boy instantly mounted the belled horse, and rode off in an opposite direction. M'Clure was fiercely pursued by several small Indian dogs, that frequently ran between his legs and threw him down. After falling five or six times, his eyes became full of dust and he was totally blind. Despairing of escape, he doggedly lay upon his face, expecting every instant to feel the edge of the tomahawk. To his astonishment, however, no enemy appeared, and even the Indian dogs, after tugging at him for a few minutes, and completely stripping him of his breeches, left him to continue his journey unmolested. Finding every thing quiet, in a few moments he arose, and taking up his gun continued his march to Kentucky. He reached home in safety, and in 1820 was still alive. This communication is from his own lips, and may be relied upon as correct.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

IN August, 1786, Mr. Francis Downing, then a lad, was living in a fort, where subsequently some iron works were erected by Mr. Jacob Myers, which are now known by the name of Slate Creek works. About the 16th, a young man belonging to the fort, called upon Downing, and requested his assistance in hunting for a horse which had strayed away on the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends traversed the woods in every direction, until at length, towards evening, they found themselves in a wild valley, at a distance of six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed, and repeatedly assured his elder companion, (whose name was Yates,) that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was confident that Indians were dogging them. Yates, being an experienced hunter, and from habit grown indifferent to the dangers of the woods, diverted himself freely at the expense of his young companion, often inquiring, at what price he rated his scalp, and offering to ensure it for six pence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed, that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sound continued to haunt them, and as Yates still treated his fears with the most perfect indifference, he determined to take his measures upon his own responsibility. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps in front of him, and immediately after descending a gentle hill, he suddenly sprang aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates, who at that time was performing some woodland ditty to the full extent of his lungs, was too much pleased with his own voice, to attend either to Downing or the Indians, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Downing, to his unspeakable terror, beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a canebrake, and looked out cautiously in the direction which Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety, but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, she went off before he had taken aim. He lost no time in following her example, and after having run fifty yards, he met Yates, who, alarmed at the report, was hastily retracing his steps. It was not necessary to inquire what was the matter. The enemy were in full view, pressing forward with great rapidity, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. Yates would not outstrip Downing, but ran by his side, although in so doing, he risked both of their lives. The Indians were well acquainted with the country, and soon took a path that diverged from the one which the whites followed, at one point and rejoined it at another, bearing the same relation to it that the string does to the bow. The two paths were at no point distant from each other more than one hundred yards, so that Yates and Downing could easily see the enemy gaining rapidly upon them. They reached the point of re-union first, however, and quickly came to a deep gully which it was necessary to cross, or retrace their steps. Yates cleared it without

difficulty, but Downing, being much exhausted, fell short, falling with his breast against the opposite brink, rebounded with violence, and fell at full length on the bottom. The Indians crossed the ditch a few yards below him and, eager for the capture of Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing. The latter, who at first had given himself up for lost, quickly recovered his strength, and began to walk slowly along the ditch, fearing to leave it lest the enemy should see him. As he advanced, however, the ditch became more shallow, until at length it ceased to protect him at all. Looking around cautiously, he saw one of the Indians returning apparently in quest of him. Unfortunately, he had neglected to reload his gun, while in the ditch, and as the Indian instantly advanced upon him, he had no resource but flight. Throwing away his gun, which was now useless, he plied his legs manfully, in ascending a long ridge which stretched before him, but the Indian gained upon him so rapidly, that he lost all hope of escape. Coming at length to a large poplar which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed it upon the other, doubtless expecting to intercept him at the root. But here the supreme dominion of fortune was manifested. It happened that a large she bear was sucking her cubs in a bed she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached that point first, she instantly sprung upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife, the bear growled and saluted him with one of her most endearing "hugs;"—while Downing, fervently wishing her success, ran off through the woods, without waiting to see the event of the struggle. Downing reached the fort in safety, and found Yates reposing after a hot chase, having eluded his pursuers, and gained the fort two hours before him. On the next morning, they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree, but no traces either of the Indian or bear were to be found. They both probably escaped with their lives, although not without injury.

COL. THOMAS MARSHALL.

In the course of the next year many families came down the Ohio in boats, landed at Maysville, and continued their route by land into such parts of the country as pleased them. Out of a number of incidents, which attended the passage of boats down the river, I shall select two, as worthy of being mentioned. Colonel Thomas Marshall, formerly commander of the third Virginia regiment on the continental establishment, and subsequently holding the same rank in the Virginia artillery, embarked with a numerous family on board of a flat bottomed boat, and descended the Ohio without any incident worthy of notice, until he had passed the mouth of the Kenhawa.—

Here, about ten o'clock at night, he was hailed from the northern shore, by a man who spoke good English, and announced himself as James Girty, the brother of Simon. The boat dropped slowly down within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and Girty making a corresponding movement on the beach, the conference was kept up for several minutes. He began by mentioning his name, and enquiring that of the master of the boat. Having been satisfied upon this head, he assured him that he knew him well, and respected him highly, &c., &c., and concluded with some rather extraordinary remarks. "He had been posted there," he said, "by the order of his brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of permitting themselves to be decoyed ashore. The Indians had become jealous of him, and he had lost that influence which he formerly had amongst them. He deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and wished to be restored to their society. In order to convince them of the sincerity of his regard, he had directed him to warn all boats of the snares spread for them. Every effort would be made to draw passengers ashore. White men would appear on the bank—and children would be heard to supplicate for mercy." But, continued he, "do you keep the middle of the river, and steel your heart against every mournful application which you may receive." The Colonel thanked him for his intelligence, and continued his course.

Nothing more was ever heard of Girty's wish to be restored to his situation in society; but his warning, by whatever motive dictated, was of service to many families.

CAPTAIN JAMES WARD.

ABOUT the same time, Captain James Ward, recently a highly respectable citizen of Mason county, Ky., was descending the Ohio, under circumstances which rendered a rencontre with the Indians peculiarly to be dreaded. He, together with half a dozen others, one of them his nephew, embarked in a crazy boat, about forty-five feet long, and eight feet wide, with no other bulwark than a single pine plank, above each gunnel. The boat was much encumbered with baggage, and seven horses were on board. Having seen no enemy for several days, they had become secure and careless, and permitted the boat to drift within fifty yards of the Ohio shore. Suddenly, several hundred Indians showed themselves on the bank, and running down boldly to the water's edge, opened a heavy fire upon the boat. The astonishment of the crew may be conceived. Captain Ward and his nephew were at the oars when the enemy appeared, and the Captain knowing that their safety depended upon their ability to regain the middle of the river, kept his seat firmly, and

exerted his utmost powers at the oar, but his nephew started up at the sight of the enemy, seized his rifle, and was in the act of leveling it, when he received a ball in the breast, and fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Unfortunately, his oar fell into river, and the Captain, having no one to pull against him, rather urged the boat nearer to the hostile shore than otherwise. He quickly seized a plank, however, and giving his own oar to another of the crew, he took the station which his nephew had held, and unhurt by the shower of bullets which flew around him, continued to exert himself, until the boat had reached a more respectable distance. He then, for the first time, looked around him in order to observe the condition of the crew. His nephew lay in his blood, perfectly lifeless—the horses had been all killed or mortally wounded. Some had fallen overboard—others were struggling violently, and causing their frail bark to dip water so abundantly, as to excite the most serious apprehensions. But the crew presented the most singular spectacle. A captain, who had served with reputation in the continental army, seemed now totally bereft of his faculties. He lay upon his back in the bottom of the boat, with hands uplifted and a countenance in which terror was personified, exclaiming in a tone of despair, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" A Dutchman, whose weight might amount to about three hundred pounds, was anxiously engaged in endeavoring to find shelter for his bulky person, which, from the lowness of the gunnels, was a very difficult undertaking. In spite of his utmost efforts, a portion of his posterial luxuriance, appeared above the gunnel, and afforded a mark to the enemy which brought a constant shower of balls around it. In vain he shifted his position. The hump still appeared, and the balls still flew around it, until the Dutchman, loosing all patience, raised his head above the gunnel, and in a tone of querulous remonstrance, called out, "Oh now! quit tat tam nonsense, tere—will you!" Not a shot was fired from the boat. At one time, after they had partly regained the current, Capt. Ward attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon them, but so violent was the agitation of the boat, from the furious struggles of the horses, that he could not steady his piece within twenty yards of the enemy, and quickly laying it aside, returned to the oar. The Indians followed them down the river for more than an hour, but having no canoes, they did not attempt to board; and as the boat was at length transferred to the opposite side of the river, they at length abandoned the pursuit and disappeared. None of the crew, save the young man already mentioned, were hurt, although the Dutchman's seat of honor served as a target for the space of an hour, and the continental captain was deeply mortified at the sudden, and, as he said, "unaccountable" panic which had seized him. Captain Ward himself was protected by a post, which had been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing.

THE WIDOW SCRAGGS.

On the night of the 11th of April, 1787, the house of a widow, in Bourbon county, became the scene of an adventure, which deserves to be related. She occupied what is generally called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county, one room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter, at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl not more than half grown. The hour was 11 o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterwards several knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English. The young man, supposing from the language, that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose and advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, sprung out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was immediately secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked. In the mean time the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran around the house wringing her hands, and crying out

that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unwilling to hear her cries without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a faint moan, and all was again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession.

The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case, there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other, their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extraordinary agility, effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawk of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one (the second daughter) carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight about thirty men were assembled under the command of Col. Edwards.—A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering on Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still

warm and bleeding upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprung from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party. The pursuit was renewed with additional ardor and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones.—The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them.—They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost. On the following morning the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. This affair must be regarded as highly honorable to the skill, address, and activity of the Indians, and the self devotion of the rear guard, is a lively instance of that magnanimity of which they are at times capable, and which is more remarkable in them, from the extreme caution and tender regard for their own lives, which usually distinguishes their warriors.

JOHN MERRIL.

DURING the summer, the house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson county, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He sank upon the floor and called upon his wife to shut the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guard-

ed it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney, but here, again, they were met by the the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather-bed which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke ascended the chimney, and quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she despatched them, and was instantly afterwards summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared, endeavoring to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him with a loud yell to relinquish his purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength and courage of the "long knife squaw!"

THE LOST SISTER.

VALLEY OF WYOMING.*

AFTER the battle and massacre, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a few stragglers returned from the mountains or wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, other cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House of Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There were in it, the mother, the daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsly, were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did, was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the door to get back to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright; and to have a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother.—They then took the Kingsley

* At page 308 of this volume will be found a brief account of the dreadful massacre of settlers upon the Wyoming flats, in 1778, in connection with which the following interesting facts have come to light.—Like many other of the remarkable events herein recorded, it carries with it much of the appearance of fictitious romance, and yet may be relied on as substantially true. The letter to which the writer alludes, was published in the Lancaster Intelligencer, in 1837, and was the means of leading the Slocum family, now residing in Luzerne county, Penna., to the discovery of their sister, who had been lost for sixty years.

boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances, aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the entreaties of the mother, they sat him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for *her* aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image probably was carried by the mother to her grave. About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grand-father, and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years, to the grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies! What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of the little Frances, I will not attempt to describe. Probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair-haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn anything respecting her fate. Four of these long journeys were made in vain. A silence, deep as that of the deepest forest through which they wandered, hung over her fate, and that for sixty years.

My reader will now pass over fifty-eight years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness, in the farthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich, for Indians have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin, under her dress, is also white.—She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember.—On reaching his home, the agent mentioned this story to his mother, she urged and pressed him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote and sent it to Lancaster, of this State, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office two years before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half years old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister,

taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape,) writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister are now (1838) on their way to see little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than three hundred miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilized sister, because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the black-smith shop when she was four years old."—They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like the Indians in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin, would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c., with the order of her father's family "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My older brother pounded it off, when I was a little child, in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was Frances, their long lost sister! They asked her what her Christian name was. She could not remember. Was it *Frances*? She smiled and said "yes." It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for sixty years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sat motionless and passionless—as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine chords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Slocum, was giving me this history, I said to him, "but could she not speak English!" "Not a word." "Did she know her age?" "No—had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "Sir, she didn't know when Sunday comes?" This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded! Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to their cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or run away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a Chief, as I believe. She had two daughters, both of whom are married and live in the glory of an Indian cabin, skin cloths, and cow skin head dresses. Not one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then, *a la Turk*,

mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers, and sister tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again on the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. They had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though they sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawny sister—to carry her some presents, and perhaps will go and petition Congress that if ever these Miamis are driven off, there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants. His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the helpless one, who, sixty-one years ago, was torn from the arms of the mother.—Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

I will only add that nothing has ever been heard of the boy Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living. This account, hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Slocum, the brother, and the same who was two and a half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume.



THE MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

IN the late American Revolution, Britain had the inhumanity to reward these sons of barbarity for depredations committed upon those who were struggling in the cause of liberty!—It was through their instigation that the hatchets of the Indians were made drunk with American blood!—the widow's wail, the virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry, was music in their ears. In cold blood they struck their cruel tomahawks into the defenceless head of a Miss M'CREA, a beautiful girl, who was that very day to have been married!—the particulars of the inhuman transaction follow:—Previous to the late war between America and Great Britain, a British officer by the name of JONES, an accomplished young man, resided near Fort Edward—his visits thither became more frequent when he found himself irresistibly drawn by charms of native worth and beauty.—Miss M'CREA, whose memory is dear to humanity and true affection, was the object of his peregrinations.

Mr. JONES had not taken the precautions necessary in hazardous love, but had manifested to the lady by his constant attention, undissembled and ingenious demeanor, that ardent affection, which a susceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return. In this mutual

interchange of passions, they suffered themselves to be transported on the ocean of imagination, till the unwelcome necessity of a separation cut off every springing hope. The war between Great Britain and America commenced—a removal from this happy spot was in consequence suggested to Mr. JONES, as indispensable. Nothing could alleviate their mutual horror, but duty—nothing could allay their reciprocal grief, so as to render a separate corporeal existence tolerable, but solemn vows, with the ideas of a future meeting. Mr. JONES repaired to Canada, where all intercourse with the Provincials was prohibited. Despair, which presented itself in aggravated colours when General BURGOTNE's expedition through the States was fixed, succeeded to his former hopes. The British army being encamped about three miles from the Fort, a descent was daily projected. Here Mr. JONES could not but recognize the spot, on which rested all his joys. He figured to his mind the dread, which his hostile approach must raise in the breast of her, whom of all others, he thought it his highest interest to protect. In spite of errettes and commands to the contrary, he found means secretly to convey a letter, intreating her not to leave the town with the family, assuring her, that as soon as the fort should have surrendered, he would convey her to an assylum, where they might peaceably consummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from discrediting the sincerity of him who could not deceive her, she heroically refused to follow the flying villagers. The remonstrances of a father, or the tearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends could not avail! It was enough that her lover was her friend—she considered herself protected by the love and voluntary assurance of her youthful hero. With the society of a servant maid, she impatiently waited the desired conveyance. Mr. JONES finding the difficulty into which he was brought, at length, for want of better convoy, hired a party of twelve Indians, to carry a letter to Miss M'CREA, with his own horse, for the purpose of carrying her to the place appointed. They set off, fired with the anticipation of their promised premium, which was to consist of a quantity of spirits, on condition that they brought her off in safety, which, to an Indian was the most cogent stimulus the young lover could have named. Having arrived in view of her window, they sagaciously held up the letter, to prevent the fears and apprehensions which a savage knows he must excite, in the sight of tenderness and sensibility. Her faith and expectations enabled her to divine the business of these ferocious missionaries, while her frightened maid uttered nought but shrieks and cries. They arrived, and by their signs convinced her from whom they had their instructions. If a doubt could remain, it was removed by the letter—it was from her lover. A lock of his hair, which it contained, presented his manly figure to her gloomy fancy.

Here, reader, guess what must have been her ecstasy. She resolved to brave even the most horrid aspect, which might appear between her and him, whom she considered already hers, without a sigh—she did not for a moment hesitate to follow the wishes of her

lover; and took journey with these bloody messengers, expecting very soon to be shielded in the arms of legitimate affection. A short distance only then seemed to separate two of the happiest of mortals.

Having risen the hill, at about equal distance from the camp and her former home, a second party of Indians having heard of the captivating offer made by Mr. JONES, determined to avail themselves of the opportunity. The reward was the great object. A clashing of real and assumed rights was soon followed by a furious and bloody engagement, in which several were killed on each side. The commander of the first party, perceiving that nought but the lady's death could appease the fury of either, with a tomahawk deliberately knocked her from her horse, mangled her scalp from her beautiful temples, which he exultingly bore as a trophy of zeal to the expectant and anxious lover!! Here, O disappointment, was thy sting! It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. JONES could be kept from total delirium. His horror and indignation could not be appeased; his remorse for having risked his most valuable treasure in the hands of savages, drove him almost to madness. When the particulars of the melancholy event reached Gen. BURGOWNE, he ordered the survivors of both those parties to immediate execution.

INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE DESERTION OF A YOUNG WHITE MAN FROM A PARTY OF INDIANS.

A few weeks after this melancholy affair, a very remarkable incident occurred in the same neighborhood. One morning about sun rise, a young man of wild and savage appearance, suddenly arose from a cluster of bushes in front of a cabin, and hailed the house, in a barbarous dialect, which seemed neither exactly Indian nor English, but a collection of shreds and patches from which the graces of both were carefully excluded. His skin had evidently once been white—although now grievously tanned by constant exposure to the weather. His dress in every respect was that of an Indian, as were his gestures, tones and equipments, and his age could not be supposed to exceed twenty years. He talked volubly, but uncouthly, placed his hand upon his breast, gestured vehemently, and seemed very earnestly bent upon communicating something. He was invited to enter the cabin, and the neighbors quickly collected around him. He appeared involuntarily to shrink from contact with them—his eyes rolled rapidly around with a distrustful expression from one to the other, and his whole manner was that of a wild animal, just caught, and shrinking from the touch of its captors. As several present understood the Indian tongue, they at length gathered the following circumstances, as accurately as they could be translated, out of a language which seemed to be an "omnium gatherum" of all that was mongrel, uncouth and barbarous. He said that he had been taken by the Indians, when a child, but could neither recollect his

name, nor the country of his birth. That he had been adopted by an Indian warrior, who brought him up with his other sons, without making the slightest difference between them, and that under his father's roof, he had lived happily until within the last month. A few weeks before that time, his father, accompanied by himself and a younger brother, had hunted for some time upon the waters of the Miami, about forty miles from the spot where Cincinnati now stands, and after all their meat, skins, &c., had been properly secured, the old man determined to gratify his children by taking them upon a war expedition to Kentucky. They accordingly built a bark canoe, in which they crossed the Ohio near the mouth of Licking, and having buried it, so as to secure it from the action of the sun, they advanced into the country and encamped at the distance of fifteen miles from the river. Here their father was alarmed by hearing an owl cry in a peculiar tone, which he declared boded death or captivity to themselves, if they continued their expedition—and announced his intention of returning without delay to the river. Both of his sons vehemently opposed this resolution, and at length prevailed upon the old man to disregard the owl's warning, and conduct them, as he had promised, against the frontiers of Kentucky. The party then composed themselves to sleep, but were quickly awakened by the father, who had again been warned in a dream that death awaited them in Kentucky, and again besought his children to release him from his promise and lose no time in returning home. Again they prevailed upon him to disregard the warning, and persevere in the march. He consented to gratify them, but declared he would not remain a moment longer in the camp which they now occupied, and accordingly they left it immediately, and marched on through the night, directing their course towards Bourbon county. In the evening they approached a house, that which he hailed and in which he was now speaking. Suddenly the desire of rejoining his people occupied his mind so strongly as to exclude every other idea, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, he had concealed himself in the bushes, and neglected to reply to all the signals which had been concerted for the purpose of collecting their party when scattered. This account appeared so extraordinary, and the young man's appearance was so wild and suspicious, that many of the neighbors suspected him of treachery, and thought that he should be arrested as a spy. Others opposed this resolution and gave full credit to his narrative. In order to satisfy themselves, however, they insisted upon his instantly conducting them to the spot where the canoe had been buried. To this the young man objected most vehemently, declaring that although he had deserted his father and brother, yet he would not betray them. These feelings were too delicate to meet with much sympathy from the rude borderers who surrounded him, and he was given to understand that nothing short of conducting them to the point of embarkation, would be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity. With obvious reluctance he at length complied. From twenty to thirty men were quickly assembled, mounted upon good horses, and under the guidance of the

deserter, they moved rapidly towards the mouth of Licking. On the road the young man informed them that he would first conduct them to the spot, where they had encamped when the scream of the owl alarmed his father, and where an iron kettle had been left concealed in a hollow tree. He was probably induced to do this from the hope of delaying the pursuit so long as to afford his friends an opportunity of crossing the river in safety. But if such was his intention, no measure could have been more unfortunate. The whites approached the encampment in deep silence, and quickly perceived two Indians, an old man and a boy, seated by the fire and busily employed in cooking some venison. The deserter became much agitated at the sight of them, and so earnestly implored his countrymen not to kill them, that it was agreed to surround the encampment, and endeavor to secure them as prisoners. This was accordingly attempted, but so desperate was the resistance of the Indians, and so determined were their efforts to escape, that the whites were compelled to fire upon them, and the old man fell mortally wounded, while the boy, by an incredible display of address and activity, was enabled to escape. The deserter beheld his father fall, and throwing himself from his horse, he ran up to the spot where the old man lay bleeding but still sensible, and falling upon his body, besought his forgiveness for being the unwilling cause of his death, and wept bitterly. His father evidently recognized him, and gave him his hand, but almost instantly afterwards expired. The white men now called upon him to conduct them at a gallop to the spot where the canoe was buried, expecting to reach it before the Indian boy and intercept him. The deserter in vain implored them to compassionate his feelings. He urged that he had already sufficiently demonstrated the truth of his former assertions, at the expense of his father's life, and earnestly entreated them to permit his younger brother to escape. His companions, however, were inexorable. Nothing but the blood of the young Indian would satisfy them, and the deserter was again compelled to act as a guide. Within two hours they reached the designated spot. The canoe was still there, and no track could be seen upon the sand, so that it was evident that their victim had not yet arrived. Hastily dismounting, they tied their horses and concealed themselves within close rifle shot of the canoe. Within ten minutes after their arrival the Indian appeared in sight, walking swiftly towards them. He went straight to the spot where the canoe had been buried, and was in the act of digging it up, when he received a dozen balls through his body, and leaping high into the air fell dead upon the sand. He was scalped and buried where he fell, without having seen his brother, and probably without having known the treachery by which he and his father had lost their lives. The deserter remained but a short time in Bourbon, and never regained his tranquility of mind. He shortly afterwards disappeared, but whether to seek his relations in Virginia or Pennsylvania, or whether disgusted by the ferocity of the whites, he returned to the Indians, has never yet been known. He was never heard of afterwards.

THE CAPTURED CHILDREN,

OR,

THE CAMANCHE FORAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD RICKS, THE GUIDE."

ONE bright morning, when most of the men were off on a mustang drive, a number of boys—children of my nearest neighbors—had collected to bathe in a pretty little basin, formed by an eddy of the river opposite my house. I heard their merry yells, and taking down my gun—a precaution growing as habitual, before going out, as putting on my cap—I walked listlessly down to the river bank to look at them.

There were five houses within half a mile above and below me. The women, with their sun-bonnets on, were tripping across from one house to the other, to pay neighborly gossiping visits; the house-dogs jogged lazily along behind them; the goats were frisking and butting at each other outside the picketing; a man ploughing was whistling a sleepy roundelay; groups of cattle in sight were reclining on the grass, slowly grinding away at the everlasting cud: and the thin wreaths of opaque smoke from the chimneys were clearly defined against the intensely brilliant transparency of a cloudless blue sky. The whole scene was the very ideal of quiet, delicious repose.

I remember being particularly struck with the happy and harmonious calm that had fallen upon our sometimes stormy home, and of thinking how perfectly the poet's dream might now be realized, how pleasant here,

"Until life's sunny day be quite gone down,
To sit and smile with joy,"

when suddenly the sound of a gun caused me to turn my head.

The first object that met my view was the whistling ploughman scampering, as if for dear life, towards his home, yelling, "Indians! Indians!" Further on, around the most distant house in sight, I could distinguish forty or fifty dark riders, who were galloping to and fro with great rapidity, gathering together our horses and mules. I sent on the warning cry, at the top of my lungs, to the women; and then such consternation, shrieks, and splashing as there was among the little scamps in the water, you can conceive if ever you have seen a hawk dive down among a covey of ducks.

I called to the boys to run to my house, which was about four hundred paces off, for I saw some of the Indians were coming towards us at full speed; and the little fellows, shaking the water from their dripping hair, some stopping to pick up a shirt, and others bare as they came into the world, scrambled up the bank and plied their tiny feet, scrambling all the way to the picketing. One or two of them were out some distance in the stream, and were delayed by their fright in getting up the bank; so that by the time they reached me the Indians were too close to permit them to escape to the house unaided, and but for my gun they would have lost their scalps.

The foremost Indian galloped up very close, but, on my raising my gun, wheeled to avoid my shot; and with my face turned toward the savage to keep him at bay—the little fellows almost frantic with fright, clinging to my legs—I commenced my backward retreat toward the house. The Camanches will seldom rush upon an American—who has a gun in his hand, and shows by his deliberation that he is perfectly cool—until he has fired; after that, they will swoop upon him before he can load again. It is, therefore, very easy to keep a number of them at a very respectful distance by raising your gun, as if to shoot, whenever they come too close. Four of the savage rascals had by this time come up and were circling around me, endeavoring, by their yells, clamors, and threatening gestures, to draw my fire. I was aware that if I fired I might be sure of instant death, and so backed slowly and steadily on toward the picketing.—The little boys clung to me so desperately with their naked limbs as seriously to impede my progress. The savages, with tufts of horse-hair streaming from their limbs, and circlets and plumes of gaudy feathers flaunting from their heads and the manes and tails of their horses, whooped, yelled, and clattered their long lances against their white shields of bull's hide, as they scudded to and fro around me with the swiftness of sea birds; becoming more and more eager, and closing their circle nearer as I approached the picket.

My gun, fortunately, was a double barrel. I knew they would make a final and desperate attempt to prevent my escape. We were now within eighty rods of the picket stiles; the main body of the Indians had nearly reached us, and there was no time to lose.

Two Indians, who seemed to take their position with the design of maintaining it, were between us and the stiles. I walked steadily toward them and levelled my gun. They swung themselves down behind the bodies of their horses, leaving nothing exposed but the leg by which they clung to the saddle. I told the boys to run toward them, intending to fire as they raised themselves in the saddle to strike; but the cunning rascals were watching them from under their horses' necks, and seeing that they must catch it if they raised themselves to shoot, wisely started their horses on, shooting several arrows without changing their position, and wounding the boys considerably.

I saw my young charges reach the steps. Now was my time to run for it, for fifty Camanches were within as many paces of me, thundering on at full speed. I started for my precious life. There was a general howl, and rush toward me from every side; and I felt the prick of several arrows. It was now only twenty paces to the stiles. I wheeled and fired at the nearest, a few desperate bounds, and my foot was on the low stile, when a lance whizzed past my ear and quivered in the post, while a deafening, furious roar burst from every throat.

I faced about again. The foremost Indian was within ten feet, standing in his horse's stirrups, in the act of plunging his lance at me. Quick as thought I fired in his face, and sprang or rather tumbled

over the stile into my yard. When I picked myself up I heard the hoarse gnashing of their disappointed rage, and the clatter of retreating hoofs.

This was a pretty close graze; nothing saved me but the last charge of my faithful double barrel, and, as it was, several of their confounded little arrows were sticking about me for mementoes.

The whole scene, long as it takes to give you an idea of it, could not have occupied over ten minutes, but in that paltry fraction of time how fiercely vivid had been the transition from the very poetry of rural quiet to the stormy and terrible reality of savage war! But this was not the last of it by a good deal.

I climbed to the top of the stiles again, after loading my gun, just in time to see the scalp torn from the head of one of our men who was returning from a hunt on foot and was so hard pressed as to be compelled to fire his rifle. He had been instantly borne to the earth by a dozen lances, in full view of his own house. Their failure and loss in my case greatly infuriated them, although poor Thomson had been steady and cool, like a veteran frontiersman as he really was, yet they had rushed upon him in a body determined to have a scalp if it cost a warrior. It did, too, and one of their chiefs, at that; for the eye and nerve of the gallant fellow did not fail him in that fearful moment, when they closed so madly dashing around him, that their lances met, grating, in his body. A chief, whose lance first touched him, tumbled stiffly forward, amid the trampling hoofs, and the hunter was avenged. One of the women made a very narrow escape, and was only saved by the courage of her dog, who sprang at the nose of the Camanche's horse, and made the animal shy just as the rider was about to transfix her, as she was climbing the picket stiles. She got over safe, and the baffled rascal pursued the gallant dog to the river, where it also escaped, much to my gratification.

During these scenes a portion of their number had been busily engaged in collecting all our mules and horses that were loose on the prairie, and now they started after the frightened animals who were tearing off like mad in the direction they wished to go. In a few minutes they were out of sight, and all was still for a little while as before; but, fortunately, we had not been quite so silly as to have turned out our favorite riding horses, and in a short time there was a gathering in hot haste, of all the men who were at home. They galloped up to my house from every direction, rifles in hand, with hot brows, flaming eyes, and curses deep-breathed between their teeth, eager to be led in pursuit for vengeance. Still more fortunately, just as we were starting on the trail, the very party which had been absent on the mustang drive came, breathless and foaming, up. It seems they had met with the Camanche trail, and suspecting what had occurred, had run their horses in at full speed. With a few hasty words, explaining the extent of the mischief, and a wild shout of vengeance for poor Thompson, we were off on the chase, numbering thirty determined men.

Of course there was no difficulty in tracing the trail, which was

broad as a wagon road through the grass; and we followed at the best pace of our horses; for our success in coming up with them, all depended upon the speed of our animals. As we swept by the farm of old Hicks, one of the earliest settlers, who had posted himself on the very outskirts of the grant, the gray-haired veteran was seen urging his horse across the field to meet us. As he approached, we could see, from the eagerness of his gestures, that something was wrong. We halted for an instant, and the glare of his eyes, and ashy pallor of his rigid face, as he joined us, was even more eloquent of his terrible news than the few words he with difficulty gasped out between his clenched teeth.

"My children!"

"Great God! which?"

"John and Mary! they've carried them off!"

Nothing was spoken, but, bending forward with a perfect howl of fury, the rangers lashed their horses like madmen. Such an incident was sufficiently calculated to arouse a delirium of wrath in their fiery natures. In addition to the other outrages, these two children had been torn from their old parent to be dragged off to a horrible captivity in the distant hills, unless we could catch the brutal spoilers before they had gained a covert. No marvel that horses were goaded even when faithfully at their utmost speed; that swollen veins were knotted along flushed temples, and curses and yells burst at intervals from tightly drawn lips, as the image of those fair young children, wreathing in the black, naked arms of a filthy and ferocious warrior, would rise up before us. For every body loved little Molly Hicks, "with the lint-white locks," and Johnny was a second "Benjamin, the child of his old age," to the hardy pioneer.

As he rode in front, which position he somehow maintained, with all the leading eagerness of the younger members of the party, with his features stiffened and set, his eyes fixed on the distance before him, and his long, white hair streaming from his uncovered head, I thought I had never looked upon a more striking picture of stern, mute agony. It was enough to have strung the nerves of a dastard to reckless daring, one look at that silent old man.

The trail was leading in the direction of the densest portion of the Cross Timber, where, too, among wooden and broken ridges, the head waters of the Trinity took their origin, breaking in numerous springs from dark gorges; and in this rugged and extensive tract we supposed they would endeavor to conceal themselves by throwing us off the trail.

Soon we were scudding beneath the shade of the tall forest.—There was no undergrowth, but the shaft-like trunks rose dark and bare to a considerable height, leaving long open vistas between them. A chill awe came over us at this swift transition from the sunny expanse of the prairie to the solemn gloom of this great natural temple.

Contrary to our expectations, the trail, instead of diverging north, towards the hills, kept on west, directly through the belt of the Cross Timber. These Indians have an unconquerable aversion to the brush,

and our hopes were greatly elated to find that, true to this *instinct*, they were keeping in the open woods, and probably making for the plains beyond the deep forest. This course offered us much *greater* assurance that we should be able to keep the trail, and finally *overhaul* them. But it was nearly six miles across, and our *reckless* haste was beginning to tell upon our horses; so that, with all the tumult and intensity of our excitement, we were obliged to check our gait. For several miles we continued silently galloping down those dim, leaf-fretted aisles, the old man still retaining his position in front, never for an instant turning his eye to the right or to the left, but *staring* fixedly ahead.

Suddenly he raised himself quickly in his stirrups, and with a sharp, shrill shout, "There!" plunged the spur into his horse. I looked ahead and could just distinguish objects gleaming swiftly past the trees before us. With a shout that made those tangled arches shiver again, we all followed him. The wild whirl of maddening excitement was beyond any description. The men fairly shrieked with the exultation of savage joy. Our horses caught the spirit and seemed energized with supernatural speed as they fled by the trees so swiftly that the trunks seemed run into each other, and to form a continuous wall. Now and then, through a widening before us, we would get a full, but momentary view of the spotted horses, of the foe streaking across it. Then such a burst of shouting from our men!

In this way the chase had continued for several miles, without lessening materially the distance between us, and we were beginning to fear that our horses would fail us even, when the old man, pointing ahead, laughed out with the exultation of a fiend; and, as we swept past the object, I saw it was a horse of one of the warriors that had dropped dead from exhaustion. How the men yelled at this sight.

Their horses were giving out, and we were sure of them! Another! and yet another! laid by the trail! I saw one of the warriors on foot, running off through the woods! But on! on! never mind him! The main body is before!

Suddenly we burst upon the dazzling light of the prairie. There they are. The whole body of them, within a quarter of a mile, strung winding about the deep grass like a great snake.

The clamor of pursuing wolves never sounded more terrible to a herd of exhausted deer than did our shout to those frightened thieves.

See how they look behind. They are uncertain what to do.

Ha! they make to the timber again. The rapid tramp of the avenger's tread turns too. They are panic-stricken. The old man, with the unearthly wildness of his mien, looks enough like a phantom of wrath to strike an army with terror. They rush to the edge of the timber, and throw themselves in frantic hurry from their horse's backs—some head foremost. We, too, having dismounted quicker than thought; the black tubes are ranged, and the platoon hurls a leaden hail among them before they reach the trees. Such staggering and tumbling! but not a sound from them. With clubbed guns we rushed after the old man in the timber; and now the struggle is hand to hand, and foot to foot, with the lithe, desperate wretches.

They turn at bay a moment behind the covert of the trunks; but the fury of our charge overbears everything. For a moment the rustle of struggling feet, the dull ring of crushing blows, the low groan and heavy fall are the only sounds that break the awful silence; and then the peal of our victorious shout proclaims that they are flying.

The pursuit is continued for some distance, but they are too swift for us, and one after another of the members of the scattered party, panting and exhausted, make their appearance on the prairie.

"The children! the children! Have they been seen?" I shouted.

"Here they are?" replied a deep voice from some distance in the woods.

We all ran in; and never shall I forget the scene. At the foot of a large tree the old man was bending over his boy, who had been pierced by a lance of a Camanche, and lay pleading for water, wreathing like a trodden worm. Little Mary, with large, blue, tearless eyes that looked as if they would never wink again, stood by him holding his hand. The shattered and bloody gun of the old man lay on the ground by him, while his nearest neighbor, a tall, powerful man, stood off, in respect for the sacredness of grief gazing upon the group with dimmed eyes.

There was a heavy pause. The old man looked up with blood-shot eyes, saying,

"Water, men! Water! water!"

We had all been so much shocked by the scene as to have lost our presence of mind for the moment; but instantly, as he spoke, a dozen men sprang off and ran to where our horses had been left, for their water-gourds.

The boy grasped one with a famished eagerness it is impossible to convey, and drank copiously. In a moment the color began to return to his blue lips, and light to his glazing eyes.

This convinced me that his wound was not so desperate as we had feared. No one had examined it; for there was the lance leaning against the tree, with the red stain upon its blade for several inches; and that, we had thought, was conclusive enough.

As I was stooping to bathe his feverish temples and examine the wound, little Molly turned her quiet eyes upon my face, and said, with a solemn innocence that thrilled me strangely, "The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me?" As if she felt that grievous injustice had been done in selecting Johnny instead of her. I could not resist catching the little creature in my arms and kissing her, while the hot tears burned over my lids at this touching exhibition of forgetfulness of self in the sister's love.

On examination the wound looked bad enough to be sure. There was nothing for it, however, but to prepare a litter, and get him home. This the men soon did with twigs and buffalo robes which the Indians had thrown away, together with all their arms in the flight.

Poor little boy! his plaintive moans were very distressing. The rudest of the men, with all the flush of flight upon them, seemed to be greatly moved; and gentle Molly was carried with as considerate

tenderness as if the crowns of all the world had been her heritage. Strange, incongruous animal is man! We were stepping over the corpses of the slain. A few minutes before, these men had been wilder than starved tigers for blood, and their eyes were now moistened at the sight of these two children and their old father. It is a custom, never deviated from by the Camanches, to kill their male prisoners of whatever age, when they see a probability of their being retaken. If it be a child, as in this instance, they say, with stern foresight, "It is one future warrior out of the way!" For, as their "hand is," emphatically, "against every man, and every man against them," all mankind are alike their enemies; but there is too much savage chivalry among them ever to kill or misuse a female prisoner, a thing they have never been known to do. They will kill them and take their scalps in attacking a town or settlement, but when they have once spared them as prisoners, their persons are forever afterwards sacred.

There is a vast deal of rude nobility about these Camanches; and if they should ever learn to use rifles well, they will be far the most formidable enemy our race have yet had to dispute the possession of territory with. That they have not yet overcome their superstitious dread of fire-arms is the sole reason why we are still able to cope with them at such disadvantages.

We learned from little Mary's story that the Indians having herself and brother in charge had, when we rushed into the timber after them—although she and her brother were standing hand-in-hand—only struck him down with the lance, and left her unmolested. "*The bad Injuns would'nt kill me!*"

We had lost two men in the skirmish among the timber, and had several wounded. There were ten Indians that we knew to be slain. We recovered all our horses and mules, and in addition, secured forty or fifty Indian horses, with all their quaint accoutrements. Some of these horses were noble animals, and most of them curiously and beautifully marked.

Our return home was a painful blending of sadness and triumph; but it was a prodigious relief to us all when we heard, next morning, that little Johnny was doing well. Indeed, in about two months he had almost entirely recovered.





THE DEAD CLEARING.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

SCHROON LAKE is the largest, and perhaps the finest body of water among the myriad lakes which form the sources of the Hudson. "The Schroon," as it is called by the country-people, has, indeed, been likened by travellers to the celebrated lake of Como, which it is said to resemble in the configuration of its shores. It is about ten miles in length, broad, deep, and girt with mountains, which, though not so lofty as many in the northern parts of the state of New-York, are still picturesque in form—while they enclose a thousand pastoral vallies and sequestered dells among their richly-wooded defiles.

In one of the loneliest of these glens, near a fine spring, well known to the deer-stalker, there flourished a few years since a weeping-willow, which, for aught we know, may be still gracing the spot. The existence of such an exotic in the midst of our primitive forest, would excite the curiosity of the most casual observer of nature, even if other objects adjacent did not arrest his attention, as he emerged from the deep woods around, to the sunny glade where it grew. On the side of a steep bank, opposite to the willow, there were the remains of an old fireplace to be seen; and blackened timbers, with indications of rough masonry, could be discovered, by turning aside the wild raspberry bushes that had overgrown the farther side of the knoll. These ruins betokened something more than the remains of a hunting-camp, and the forester who should traverse an extensive thicket of young beeches and wild-cherry trees, within a few hundred yards of this spot, would be at no loss to determine that he had lighted upon the deserted home of some settler—perhaps forty years back:—a scene where the toil, the privation, and the dangers of a pioneer's life had been once endured; but where the hand of improvement had wrought in vain; for the forest had already closed over the little domain that had been briefly rescued from its embrace, and the place was now, what, in the language of the country, is called a "dead clearing."

The story of this ruined homestead is a very common one in the private family annals of the State of New-York—which has always been exposed to the perils of frontier warfare; and which, for twenty years, at the close of the seventeenth century, and throughout the whole of that which followed it, was the battlefield of the most formidable Indian confederacy that ever arrayed itself against the Christian powers on the shores of this continent. The broken remains of that confederacy still possess large tracts of

valuable land in the centre of our most populous districts, while their brethren of the same colour, but of a feeble lineage, have been driven westward a thousand miles from our borders. And when this remnant of the haughty ONGWI-HONWI, ("the men who surpass all others,") shall have dwindled from among us, their names will still live in the majestic lakes and noble rivers that embalm the memory of their language. They will live, too, unhappily, in many a dark legend of ruthless violence, like which we have to relate.

It was the same year that Sullivan's army gave the finishing blow to the military power of the Iroquois, that a settler who had come in from the New-Hampshire grants, to this part of Tryon County—(as the northern and western region of New-York was at that time called)—was sitting with his wife, who held an infant to her bosom, enjoying his evening pipe beside his hearth. The blaze of the large maple-wood fire spread warmly upon the unpainted beams above, and lighted up the yellow timbers of the shanty with a mellow glow, that gave an air of cheerfulness and comfort to the rudely furnished apartment. From the gray hairs and weather-beaten features of the settler, he appeared to be a man considerably on the wrong side of forty, while the young, bright-haired mother by his side, had not yet passed the sunny season of early youth. The disparity of their years, however, had evidently not prevented the growth of the strongest affection between them. 'There was a soft and happy look of content about the girl, as she surveyed the brown woodsman, now watching the smoke-wreaths from his pipe, as they curled over his head—now taking his axe upon his lap, and feeling its edge with a sort of caressing gesture, as if the inanimate thing could be conscious of the silent compliment he paid to its temper, when thinking over the enlargement of the clearing he had wrought by its aid during the day. Nor did the eye of the young mother kindle less affectionately when the brawny pioneer—carefully depositing the simple instrument, which is the pride of an American woodsman, behind the chimney—turned to take the hand of the infant, which she pressed to her bosom, and shared at the same time with her the caresses which he bestowed upon the child.

"That boy's a raal credit to you, Bet. But I think if he cries to-night, as he has for the last week, I must make a pappoose-cradle for him to-morrow, and swing him somewhere outside of the shanty, where his squalling can't keep us awake. Your face is growing as white as a silver birch, from loss of sleep o' nights."

"Why, John, how you talk! I'm sure Yorpy never cries; never, I mean, worth talking of."

As the mother spoke, she pressed the unhappy youngster somewhat too closely to her bosom, and he awoke with one of those discordant outbreaks of infant passion, with which the hopeful scions of humanity so often test the comforts of married life.

"Baby—why baby—there—there now; what will it have?—does it want to see brother Ben? Hush—hush—he's coming with something for baby. Hush, now, darling—will it have this?"

"Why, Bet, my dear," said the father, "don't give the brat Ben's powder-horn to play with; for thof he does like you as much as he did my first missus, his own mother, and flesh and blood, the lad doesn't like to have his hunting-tools discomboberated. God's weather! where can the tormented chap be staying; he ought to be home by this time." With these words he walked to the door, and stood for a moment commenting upon the mildness of the night, and wondering why Ben did not return. But the mother was too much engaged in soothing the infant, by rocking him to and fro in her arms to reply.

"Now don't, don't gal," continued the kind hearted woodsman, turning from the door, which he left open: "you'll tire yourself to death. Let me take him—there, now—there," said he, as she relinquished the child to his arms; and addressing the last words to the poor, perverse little thing, he walked up and down the room with it, vainly trying to lull its gust of passion or peevishness.

"Hush! you little varmint, you!" said the father, at last, growing impatient; "hush! or I'll call in the Indians to carry you off—I will."

The settler was just turning in his walk, near the open threshold, as he uttered the ill-omened words, when a swarthy hand, reaching over his shoulder, clutched the child from his arms, and brained it against the door-post, in the same moment that the tomahawk of another savage struck him to the floor. A dozen painted demons sprang over his prostrate body into the centre of the room. The simple scene of domestic joy, but a moment before so sheltered and home-like, was changed on the instant. The mummied nursing was flung upon the embers, near the feet of its frantic mother, who slipped and fell in the blood of her husband, as she plucked her child from the coals, and sprang toward the door. It was a blow of mercy, though not meant as such, which dismissed her spirit, as she struggled to rise with her lifeless burden. The embers of the fire soon strewed the apartment; while the savages danced among them with the mad glee of the devil's own children, until the smoke and blaze ascending to the roof-tree, drove them from the scene of their infernal orgies.

The next day's sun shone upon that mouldering ruin as brightly as if unconscious of the horrors which his light revealed. So complete had been the devastation of the flames, that little but ashes now remained, and the blue smoke curled up among the embowering trees as gently as if it rose only from a hospitable fire. The oriole, perched upon a cedar top, whistled as usual for his mate, swinging in his nest upon the pendant branches of a willow that had been planted by the ill-fated settler near a spring not far from his door, while the cat-bird from the brier-thicket replied in mocking notes blither and clearer than those he aimed to imitate. The swallow only, driven from her nest in the eaves and whirling in disordered flight around the place, seemed in sharp cries to sympathise with the desolation which had come over it.

There was one human mourner, however, mid the scene. A youth

of sixteen sat with his head buried in his hands, upon a fallen tree hard by. So still and motionless he seemed, that his form might almost have been thought to be carved out of the gray wood with which his faded garments assimilated in color. It would not be difficult to surmise what passed in the bosom of the young forester, as at last after rising with an effort, he advanced to the funeral pyre of his household, and turning over the dry embers disengaged a half-burned, cloven skull from among them. He threw himself upon the grass and bit the ground with a fierce agony that showed some self-reproach must be mingled with his sorrow.

"My father! My father!" he cried, writhing in anguish, "why—why did I not come home at once when I heard the Black Wolf had gone north with his band!" A burst of tears seemed to relieve him for a moment, and then with greater bitterness than ever, he resumed, "Fool—thrice accursed fool that I was—I might have known that he would have struck for these mountains instead of taking the Sacondaga route, where the Palatine Yagers were out and on the watch for him. To die so like a brute in the hands of a butcher—without one word of warning—to be burnt like a wood-chuck in his hole—stricken to death without a chance of dealing one blow for his defence. My father! my poor father! Oh, God! I cannot bear it!"

But the youth knew not the self-renovating spirit of life's spring-time, when he thought that his first sorrow, bitter as it was, would blast his manhood for ever. A first grief never blights the heart of man. The sapling hickory may be bowed—may be shattered by the storm, but it has an elasticity and toughness of fibre that keeps it from perishing. It is only long exposure to a succession of harsh and biting winds that steals away its vigor, drinks up its sap of life, and sends a chill at last to the roots which nourished its vitality.

That day of cruel woe, like all others, had an end for the young forester, and when the waning moon rose upon the scene of his ruined home, her yellow light disclosed the boy kneeling upon the sod wherewith he had covered up the bones of his only earthly relatives. She, too, was sole witness to the vow of undying vengeance which he swore upon the spot against the whole race of redmen.

There are but too many traditions surviving in this region to prove the fulfilment of this fearful vow. But we leave the dire feats of "Bloody Ben," by which name only the avenger is now remembered, to some annalist who finds greater pleasure than we do in such horrible details. Our business here is only to describe the first deed in which he requited the murderous act of the Indians; and even this has been so faithfully portrayed by the artist in the spirited engraving before our readers; that but little is left for our pen to tell.

The seasons had twice gone their round since destruction had come over the house of the settler, and his son had never yet revisited the spot; which, with the exuberant growth of an American soil, had partially relapsed into its native wilderness from the wild vines and thickets which had overgrown the clearing. The

strong arm of government had for a while driven the Indians beyond the reach of private vengeance; but now again they were returning to their favorite hunting-ground north of the Mohawk, and around the sources of the Hudson. Some even had ventured into Albany to dispose of their packs of skins and carry back a supply of powder and other necessities of the hunter to the wilderness. It was two of these that the orphan youth dogged from the settlements, on their way through the northern forests to the very spot where his oath of vengeance had been recorded. The sequel may best be told in the words of an old hunter, under whose guidance we made our first and only visit to the Dead-Clearing.

"It was about two o'clock of a hot August afternoon, that Ben, after thus following up their trail for three days, came upon the two Injuns jist where the moose run way makes an opening in the forest and lets the light down upon yon willow that still flourishes beside the old hemlock. The Injuns were sitting beneath the willow, thinking themselves sheltered by the rocky bank opposite, and a mass of underwood which had shot up around the top of an oak, which had been twisted off in a tornado in some former day, and then lay embedded in weeds beneath the knoll. But a few yards from this bank, in that thicket around the roots of yon mossy old beech, Ben found a shelter, from which, at any moment, he could creep up and cover either with his fire from behind the knoll. But as he had only a 'one-bar'l piece, it required full as cool a hand as his to wait and take both the creeters at one shot. Bloody Ben, though, was jist the man to do it. Like enough he waited there or manoeuvred round for an hour to get his chance, which did come at last, howsomdever. The Injuns, who, in their own way, are mighty talkers you must know—that is when they have really something to talk about, got into some argument wherein figures, about which they know mighty little, were concerned. One took out his scalping-knife to make marks upon the earth to help him, while the other, trying to make matters clearer with the aid of his fingers, their heads came near each other just as you may have seen those of white people when they get parroiching right in airnest. So they argued and they counted, getting nearer and nearer as they became more and more eager, till their skulls, almost touching, came within the exact range of Ben's rifle; and then Ben he up's and sends the ball so clean through both, that it buried itself in a sapling behind them. And that, I think, was pretty well for the first shot of a lad of eighteen, and Bloody Ben never confessed to making a better one afterwards."

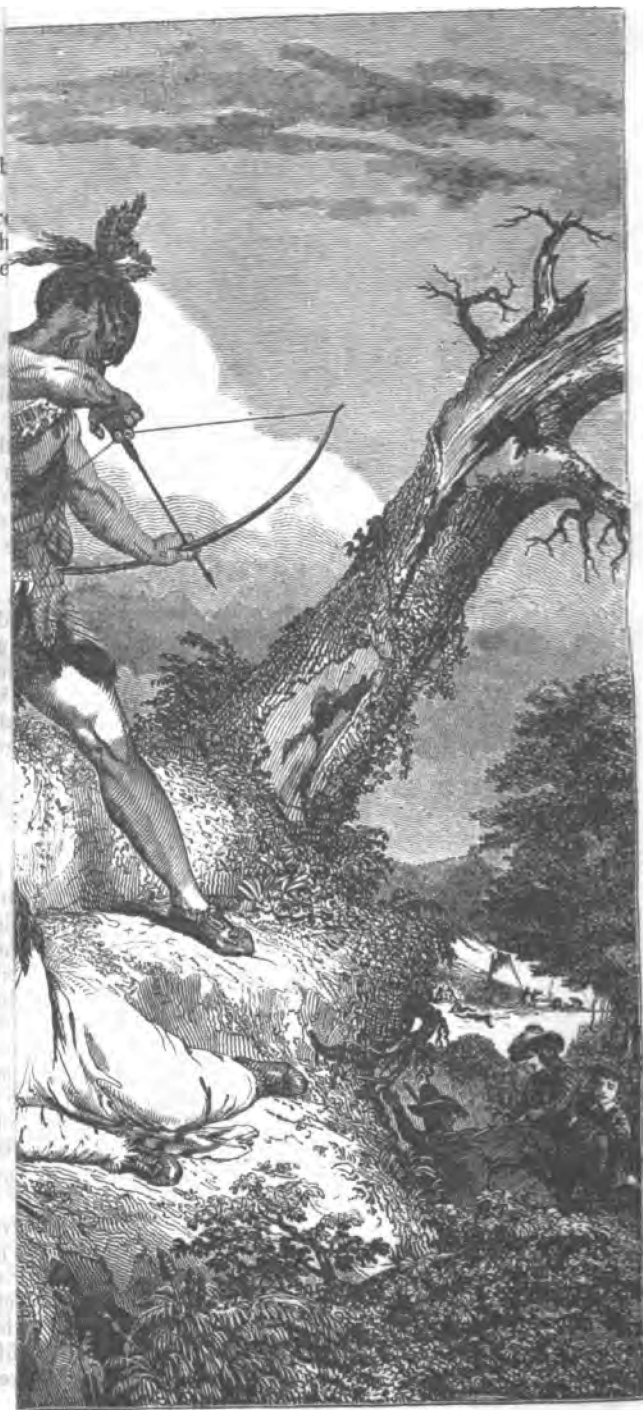
The tourist who should now seek the scene of this adventure, would perhaps look in vain for the graceful exotic that once marked the spot. The weeping willow, which was only a thrifty sapling when the Indians met their death beneath its fatal shade, was changed into an old decayed trunk with but one living branch when we beheld it; and a ponderous vine was rapidly strangling the life from this decrepid limb. The hardy growth of the native forest had

nearly obliterated the improvements of the pioneer. The wild animals in drinking from the spring hard by, had dislodged the flat stones from its brink ; tall weeds grew amid the spreading pool, and the fox had made his den in the rocky knoll upon whose side once stood the settler's cabin of THE DEAD CLEARING.



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The Last Arrow.

THE LAST ARROW.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And who be ye who rashly dare
To chase in woods the forest child?
To hunt the panther to his lair—
The Indian in his native wild!"—*Old ballad.*

THE American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition undertaken by the vicegerent of Louis the Fourteenth, the governor-general of New France, against the confederated Five Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild-wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the tameless Iroquois.

It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush forever the powers of the Aganashion confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier de Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette, and the montaigneers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies, and Algonquins, and these the Baron de Bencourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebuses, and other small-arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which, with the tents and other camp equipage, were transported in a large *battaux* built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of Lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debouched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served un-

der Turenne, Vauban and the great Conde, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside the half-naked Huron and Abenakis; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk and Landen, or rustled above the troopers that Luxemburgh's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Waldeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy that this gallant host were seeking, unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations had been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina, and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, a half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which, we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac, was said to have had other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master, the Grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France, and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor-general, and in whom, indeed, M. de Frontenac was said to have a parental interest, was carried off with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit, from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of claiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were,

among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not now hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances; but offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitrament to the young Mohawk chief Kiodego, (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodego, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer-camp, among the wild hills about Konnedieu;* and, when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodego, might be once more given to his arms; a small, but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon his duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodego. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighborhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companions in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village, secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war-parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep, when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible, but now superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled

*Since corrupted into "Canada;" "Beautiful Water:" probably so called from its amber color—now Trenton Falls.

warriors leaped, all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pike-men, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some overwhelmed with dismay, sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's paths around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corslets, ruddy with the reflected fires mid which they fought, glinted back still brighter sparks from the hatchets of flint that crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *melee*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk, before he could make a movement in his defence. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the farther side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodego, beneath whose hand he had fallen. That chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodego, in the meantime had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about again to rush into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodego, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms she urged her flight over crag and dell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodego is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodego looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there were no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodego's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death-agony, among tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodego again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognized the

scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that that wily traitor, instead of being misled by this *ruse*, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then leaving his foot-marks, dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grais, Hanyost, and a French musketeer, were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at that very instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer, pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning toward his follower; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. Thy wife—— But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still griped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffening thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodego had not lost its power.* The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless: while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate and fury toward the instrument of his misfor-

*The English mode of holding the arrow, as represented in the plate, is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

tunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodego aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bow-string dismisses his last arrow upon its errand. The hand of THE SPIRIT could alone have guided that shaft! But WANEYO smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances toward the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose corslet clanged among the rocks, as the two went rolling down together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stiffening corpse.

What more is there to add. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodego descended from his eyry to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance on their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Coun de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterward, and the existence of his half-blood daughter was soon forgotten. And—though among the dozen old families in New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodego and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of CHAPMAN and ADAMS, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's LAST ARROW!

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INDIAN PARENTS AT THEIR CHILD'S GRAVE.

THE subjoined picture was suggested by the beautiful poem of Bryant on "An Indian at the burying-place of his fathers," and can scarcely fail to interest the beholder by its affecting approach to nature.

In order to appreciate more fully the spirit of the picture, it is necessary that the mind should recur to those primitive days, when, upon the very ground where we have built our homes, the "red ruler of the shade"

"Walk'd forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf and grapple with the bear."

The simple Indian is the "forest hero" of this western world, and the white man has but just set his foot upon its unsubdued shores. At an opening in the border of the forest, for

———"They laid their dead
By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves,"

an Indian and his young and tender wife are observed weeping over the grave of their first-born that they have just yielded to the earth.

"A low green hillock, two small gray stones,
Rise over the place that hold his bones."

The swarthy Indian has set himself down beside a rude rock, and leans upon it, hiding his face in sorrow. Long raven hair veils the face of the young wife as she droops in the fulness of grief upon her protector's knee. In the rudeness and simplicity of their condition, they wear but the customary blanket to shield their bodies, and the ornamented leathern moccasin to protect their feet. The only guaranty of a livelihood for the morrow, the sorrowing Indian grasps, in his right hand, his bow.—At their side lies the swathing board, that but recently bore the young innocent, whose lifeless body the "green hillock" has prematurely covered.—Close at hand sits their faithful companion, the dog, not altogether lacking sympathy, gazing listlessly into the trees.—As if to soothe the loneliness of grief, nature has arrested her elements, and a "vast solemn stillness" seems to reign around. While, on the one side, the huge trunk of a mighty oak ascends, spreading its branches high over the scene, the aspiring saplings upon the other seem striving to reach with their topmost boughs the nethermost limbs of that father of the forest. The affections of the wife have intertwined themselves with those of her hardy companion and protector, upon whom she reclines with confidence—fit emblem of the tender relation of that gentler portion of the wedded pair, a vine has entwined itself around the oak, and acquiring assurance in the enduring strength of its supporter, has extended itself into the branches.

A little beyond the group, a plowed field extends itself, whence the white man

——“Hewed the dark old woods away,
And gave the virgin fields to day.”

Carrying the view still further in the distance, and over various cultivated fields, undulating, and studded here and there with clumps of trees, the eye meets a beautiful river, which, after threading its way among rocky hills and beetling cliffs, and along the overshadowing forests, debouches peacefully into the sea. Its quiet bosom, however, bears a busy squadron of the white men's ships, that have come to burthen themselves with the riches of this new-treasure land. Full of new zeal, the white man has set his encroaching foot upon the Indian's shore, and elated with his glories and successes, he has reared up a city there, a monument of his bold enterprize, and easily acquired wealth. The landscape lessens among the hills, and the distance is lost among the far-retiring mountains on the one side, and the ocean which confuses its bounds with the horizon on the other.

The following is the poem referred to, and illustrated in the engraving:

It is the spot I came to seek—
My father's ancient burying place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to war,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid

Brought wreaths of buds and flowers,
And the gay chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders there.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hide the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest,
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white man's eyes are blind,
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the regions spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
The lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet.



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